THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE BLASPHEMER'S WARNING.

A LAY OF ST. ROMWOLD.

By Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq.

Mox Regina filium peperit a multis optatum et a Deo sanctificatum. Cumque Infans natus fuisset, statim clarâ voce, omnibus audientibus, clamavit "*Christianus sum! Christianus sum! Christianus sum!*" Ad hanc vocem Presbiteri duo, Widerinus et Edwoldus, dicentes *Deo Gratias*, et omnes qui aderunt mirantes, ceperunt cantare *Te Deum laudamus*. Quo facto rogabat Infans cathecumenum a Widerino sacerdote fieri, et ab Edwoldo teneri ad presignaculum fidei et Romwoldum vocari. —Nov. Legend. Angl. in Vita Scti Romualdi.

In Kent, we are told,
There was seated of old,
A handsome young gentleman, courteous and bold,
He'd an oaken strong-box, well replenish'd with gold,
With broad lands, pasture, arable, woodland, and wold,
Not an acre of which had been mortgaged or sold;
He'd a Plesaunce and Hall passing fair to behold,
He had beeves in the byre, he had flocks in the fold,
And was somewhere about five-and-twenty years old.
His figure and face,
For beauty and grace,
To the best in the county had scorn'd to give place.
Small marvel then,
If, of women and men
Whom he chanced to foregather with, nine out of ten
Express'd themselves charm'd with Sir Alured Denne.

From my earliest youth,
I've been taught, as a truth,
A maxim which most will consider as sooth,
Though a few, peradventure, may think it uncouth;
There are three social duties the whole of the swarm
In this great human hive of ours ought to perform,
And that too as soon as conveniently may be;

The first of the three—
Is, the planting a Tree!
The next, the producing a Book—then, a Baby!
(For my part, dear Reader, without any jesting, I
So far at least, have accomplish'd my destiny.)

From the foremost, *i. e.*,
The "planting the Tree,"
The knight, may, perchance, have conceived himself free,
Inasmuch as that, which way soever he looks
Over park, mead, or upland, by streamlets and brooks
His fine beeches and elms shelter thousands of rooks;
In Twelve eighty-two,
There would also accrue
Much latitude as to the article, Books;
But if those we've disposed of, and need not recall,
Might, as duties, appear in comparison small,
One remain'd, there was no getting over at all,
—The providing a male Heir for Bonnington Hall;
Which, doubtless, induced the good Knight to decide,
As a matter of conscience, on taking a Bride.

It's a very fine thing, and delightful to see
Inclination and duty unite and agree,
Because it's a case
That so rarely takes place;
In the instance before us then Alured Denne
Might well be esteem'd the most lucky of men,
Inasmuch as hard by,
Indeed so very nigh,
That her chimneys from his you might almost descry,
Dwelt a Lady at whom he'd long cast a sheep's eye,
One whose character scandal itself could defy,
While her charms and accomplishments rank'd very high,
And who would not deny
A propitious reply,
But reflect back his blushes, and give sigh for sigh.
(A line that's not mine, but Tom Moore's, by-the-bye.)

There was many a gay and trim bachelor near,
Who felt sick at heart when the news met his ear,
That fair Edith Ingoldsby, she whom they all
The "Rosebud of Tappington" ceased not to call,
Was going to say,
"Honour, love, and obey"
To Sir Alured Denne, Knight, of Bonnington Hall,
That all other suitors were left in the lurch,
And the parties had even been "out-asked" in church,
For every one says,
In those primitive days,
And I must own I think it redounds to their praise,
None dream'd of transferring a daughter or niece

As a bride, by an "unstamp'd agreement," or lease,
'Fore a Register's Clerk, or a Justice of Peace,
While young ladies had fain
Single women remain,
And unwedded maids to the last "crack of doom" stick,
Ere marry by taking a jump o'er a broomstick.

So our bride and bridegroom agreed to appear
At holy St. Romwold's, a Priory near,
Which a long while before, I can't say in what year,
Their forebears had join'd with the neighbours to rear,
And endow'd, some with bucks, some with beef, some with beer,
To comfort the friars, and make them good cheer,
Adorning the building,
With carving and gilding,
And stone altars, fix'd to the chantries and fill'd in;
(Papistic in substance and form, and on this count
With Judge Herbert Jenner Fust justly at discount.
See *Cambridge Societas Camdeniensis*
V. Faulkner, tert. prim. Januarii mensis.
With "Judgment reversed, costs of suit, and expenses")
All raised to St. Romwold, with some reason styled
By Duke Humphrey's confessor,* "a Wonderful Child,"
For ne'er yet was Saint, except him, upon earth
Who made his "profession of faith" at his birth,
And when scarce a foot high, or six inches in girth,
Converted his "'Ma," and contrived to amend a
Sad hole in the creed of his grandsire, King Penda.

Of course to the shrine
Of so young a divine
Flow'd much holy water, and some little wine,
And when any young folks did to marriage incline,
The good Friars were much in request, and not one
Was more "sought unto" than the Sub-prior, Mess John;
To him, there and then,
Sir Alured Denne
Wrote a three-corner'd note with a small crow-quill pen,
To say what he wanted, and fix "the time when,"
And, as it's well known that your people of quality
Pique themselves justly on strict punctuality,
Just as the clock struck the hour he'd named in it,
The whole bridal party rode up to the minute.

Now whether it was that some rapturous dream,
Comprehending "fat pullets and clouted cream,"
Had borne the good man, in its vision of bliss,
Far off to some happier region than this—

* Honest John Capgrave, the veracious biographer of "English Saints," author, or rather compiler of the "Nova Legenda Angliæ," was chaplain to Humphrey, "the Good Duke" of Gloucester. A beautiful edition of his work was printed by Wynkyn de Worde.

Or whether his beads, 'gainst the fingers rebelling,
Took longer than usual that morning in telling;
Or whether, his conscience with knotted cord purging,
Mess John was indulging himself with a scourging,
In penance for killing some score of the fleas,
Which infesting his hair-shirt deprived him of ease,
Or whether a barrel of Faversham oysters,
Brought in, on the evening before, to the cloisters,
Produced indigestion,
Continues a question,
The particular cause is not worth a debate;
For my purpose it's clearly sufficient to state
That, whatever the reason, his rev'rence *was* late,
And Sir Alured Denne,
Not the meekest of men,
Began banning away at a deuce of a rate.

Now here, though I do it with infinite pain,
Gentle reader, I find I must pause to explain
That there was—what, I own,
I grieve to make known—
On the worthy knight's character one single stain,
But for which all his friends had borne witness, I'm sure,
He had been *sans reproche*, as he still was *sans peur*.

The fact is, that many distinguish'd commanders
"Swore terribly (*teste* T. Shandy) in Flanders."
Now into these parts our knight chancing to go, countries
Named from this sad, vulgar custom, "The *Low* Countries,"
Though on common occasions as courteous as daring,
Had pick'd up this shocking bad habit of swearing,
And if any thing vex'd him, or matters went wrong,
Was giv'n to what low folks call, "Coming it strong."
Good, bad, or indifferent then, young or old,
He'd consign them, when once in a humour to scold,
To a place where they certainly would not take cold.
—Now if there are those, and I've some in my eye,
Who'd esteem this a crime of no very deep dye,
Let them read on—they'll find their mistake by-and-bye.

Near or far
Few people there are
But have heard, read, or sung about Young Lochinvar,
How in Netherby Chapel, "at morning tide,"
The Priest and the Bridegroom stood waiting the Bride;
How they waited, "but ne'er
A Bride was there,"
Still I don't find, on reading the ballad with care,
The bereaved Mr. Graham proceeded to swear,
And yet to experience so serious a blight in
One's dearest affections is somewhat exciting.

'Tis manifest then
That Sir Alured Denne
Had far less excuse for such bad language, when
It was only the Priest not the Bride who was missing—
He had fill'd up the interval better with kissing.
And 'twas really surprising,
And not very wise in
A Knight to go on so anathematising,
When the head and the front of the Clergyman's crime
Was but being a little behind as to time;—
Be that as it may
He swore so that day
At the reverend gentleman's ill-judged delay,
That not a bystander who heard what he said
But listen'd to all his expressions with dread,
And felt all his hair stand on end on his head;
Nay many folks there
Did not stick to declare
The phenomenon was not confined to the hair,
For the little stone Saint who sat perch'd o'er the door,
St. Romwold himself, as I told you before,
What will scarce be believed,
Was plainly perceived
To shrug up his shoulders, as very much grieved,
And look down with a frown
So remarkably brown,
That all saw he'd now quite a different face on
From that he received at the hands of the mason;
Nay, many averr'd he half rose in his niche,
When Sir Alured, always in metaphor rich,
Call'd his priest an "old son of —" some animal—which,
Is not worth the inquiry—a hint's quite enough on
The subject—for more I refer you to Buffon.

It's supposed that the Knight
Himself saw the sight,
And it's likely he did, as he easily might;
For 'tis certain he paused in his wordy attack
And, in nautical language, seem'd "taken aback,"
In so much that when now
The "prime cause of the row,"
Father John, in the chapel at last made his bow,
The Bridegroom elect was so mild and subdued
None could ever suppose he'd been noisy and rude,
Or made use of the language to which I allude;
Fair Edith herself, while the knot was a tying,
Her bridemaids around her, some sobbing, some sighing,
Some smiling, some blushing, half-laughing, half-crying,
Scarce made her responses in tones more complying
Than he who'd been raging and storming so recently,
All softness now, and behaving quite decently.
Many folks thought too the cold stony frown

Of the Saint up aloft from his niche looking down,
Brought the sexton and clerk each an extra half-crown,
When, the rite being over, the fees were all paid,
And the party remounting, the whole cavalcade
Prepared to ride home with no little parade.

In a climate so very unsettled as ours
It's as well to be cautious and guard against showers,
For though about One
You've a fine brilliant sun,
When your walk or your ride is but barely begun,
Yet long ere the hour-hand approaches the Two,
There is not in the whole sky one atom of blue,
But it "rains cats and dogs," and you're fairly wet through
Ere you know where to turn, what to say, or to do;
For which reason I've bought, to protect myself well, a
Good stout *Taglioni* and gingham umbrella,
But in Edward the First's days I very much fear
Had a gay cavalier
Thought fit to appear
In any such "toggery"—then 'twas term'd "gear"—
He'd have met with a highly significant sneer,
Or a broad grin extending from ear unto ear
On the features of every soul he came near;
There was no taking refuge too then, as with us,
On a slip-sloppy day, in a cab or a *'bus*,
As they rode through the woods
In their wimples and hoods,
Their only resource against sleet, hail, or rain
Was, as Spenser describes it, to "pryck o'er the plaine,"
That is to clap spurs on, and ride helter-skelter
In search of some building or other for shelter.

Now it seems that the sky
Which had been of a dye
As bright and as blue as your lady-love's eye,
The season in fact being genial and dry,
Began to assume
An appearance of gloom
From the moment the Knight began fidget and fume,
Which deepen'd and deepen'd till all the horizon
Grew blacker than aught they had ever set eyes on,
And soon, from the far west the element's rumbling
Increased, and kept pace with Sir Alured's grumbling.
Bright flashes between,
Blue, red, and green,
All livid and lurid began to be seen;
At length down it came—a whole deluge of rain,
A perfect Niagara, drenching the plain,
And up came the reek,
And down came the shriek
Of the winds like a steam-whistle starting a train;

And the tempest began so to roar and to pour,
That the Dennes and the Ingoldsbys, starting at score,
As they did from the porch of St. Romwold's church door,
Had scarce gain'd a mile, or a mere trifle more,
Ere the whole of the crew
Were completely wet through.
They dash'd o'er the downs, and they dash'd through the vales,
They dash'd up the hills, and they dash'd down the dales,
As if elderly Nick was himself at their tails;
The Bridegroom in vain
Attempts to restrain
The Bride's frighten'd palfry by seizing the rein,
When a flash and a crash,
Which produced such a splash
That a Yankee had called it "an Almighty Smash,"
Came down so complete
At his own courser's feet
That the rider, though famous for keeping his seat,
From its kickings and plungings, now under now upper,
Slipp'd out of his demi-pique over the crupper,
And fell from the back of his terrified cob
On what bards less refined than myself term his "Nob,"
(To obtain a *genteel* rhyme's sometimes a tough job).—

Just so—for the nonce to enliven my song
With a Classical simile cannot be wrong—
Just so,—in such roads and in similar weather,
Tydides and Nestor were riding together,
When, so says old Homer, the King of the Sky,
The great "Cloud-compeller" his lightnings let fly,
And their horses both made such a desperate shy
At this freak of old Zeus,
That at once they broke loose,
Reins, traces, bits, breechings were all of no use;
If the Pylian Sage, without any delay,
Had not whipp'd them sharp round and away from the fray,
They'd have certainly upset his *cabriolet*,
And there'd been the—a name I can't mention—to pay.

Well, the Knight in a moment recover'd his seat;
Mr. Widdicombe's mode of performing that feat
At Astley's could not be more neat or complete,
—It's recorded, indeed, by an eminent pen
Of our own days that this *our* great Widdicombe, then
In the heyday of life, had afforded some ten
Or twelve lessons in riding to Alured Denne,—
It is certain the Knight
Was so agile and light
That an instant sufficed him to set matters right,
Yet the Bride was by this time almost out of sight;
For her palfrey, a rare bit of blood, who could trace
Her descent from the "pure old Caucasian race,"

Sleek, slim, and bony, as
Mr. Sidonia's
Fine "Arab steed"
Of the very same breed,
Which that elegant gentleman rode so genteelly,
—See "Coningsby" written by "B. D'Israeli."—
That palfrey, I say,
From this trifling delay
Had made what at sea's call'd "a great deal of way,"
"More fleet than the roe-buck" and free as the wind,
She had left the good company rather behind;
They whipp'd and they spurr'd and they after her prest,
Still Sir Alured's steed was "by long chalks" the best
Of the party, and very soon distanced the rest,
But long ere e'en he had the fugitive near'd,
She dash'd into the wood and at once disappear'd.
It's a "fashious" affair when you're out on a ride,
—Ev'n supposing you're *not* in pursuit of a bride,
If you are it's more fashious, which can't be denied,—
And you come to a place where three cross-roads divide,
Without any way-post, stuck up by the side
Of the road, to direct you and act as a guide,
With a road leading here, and a road leading there,
And a road leading no one exactly knows where.
When Sir Alured came
In pursuit of the dame
To a fork of this kind,—a three-prong'd one—small blame
To his scholarship if in selecting his way
His respect for the Classics now led him astray;
But the rule, in a work I won't stop to describe, is
In medio semper tutissimus ibis,
So the knight being forced of the three paths to enter one,
Dash'd, with these words on his lips, down the centre one.

Up and down hill,
Up and down hill,
Through brake and o'er briar he gallops on still
Aye, banning, blaspheming, and cursing his fill
At his courser because he had given him "a spill;"
Yet he did not gain ground
On the palfrey, the sound,
On the contrary, made by the hoofs of the beast
Grew fainter, and fainter,—and fainter—and—ceased!
Sir Alured burst through the dingle at last,
To a sort of a clearing and there—he stuck fast.
For his steed, though a freer one ne'er had a shoe on,
Stood fix'd as the Governor's nag in "Don Juan,"
Or much like the statue that stands, cast in copper, a
Few yards south-east of the door of the opera,
Save that Alured's horse had not got such a big tail,
While Alured wanted the cock'd hat and pig-tail.

Before him is seen
A diminutive Green
Scoop'd out from the covert—a thick leafy screen
Of wild foliage, trunks with broad branches between
Encircle it wholly, all radiant and sheen,
For the weather at once appear'd clear and serene,
And the sky up above was a bright mazarine,
Just as though no such thing as a tempest had been,
In short it was one of those sweet little places
In Egypt and Araby known as "oases."
There, under the shade
That was made by the glade,
The astonish'd Sir Alured sat and survey'd
A little low building of Bethersden stone,
With ivy and parasite creepers o'ergrown,
A *Sacellum*, or cell
In which Chronicles tell
Saints and anchorites erst were accustom'd to dwell;
A little round arch, on which, deeply indented,
The zig-zaggy pattern by Saxons invented
Was cleverly chisell'd, and well represented,
Surmounted a door
Some five feet by four,
It might have been less or it might have been more,
In the primitive ages they made these things lower
Than we do in buildings that had but one floor.
And these Chronicles say
When an anchorite gray
Wish'd to shut himself up and keep out of the way
He was commonly wont in such low cells to stay,
And pray night and day on the *rez de chaussée*.

There, under the arch I've endeavour'd to paint,
With no little surprise,
And scarce trusting his eyes,
The Knight now saw standing that little Boy Saint!
The one whom before,
He'd seen over the door
Of the Priory shaking his head as he swore—
With mitre, and crosier, and rochet, and stole on,
The very self-same—or at least his Eidolon!
With a voice all unlike to the infantine squeak,
You'd expect, that small Saint now address'd him to speak;
In a bold, manly tone, he
Began, while his stony
Cold lips breathed an odour quite *Eau-de-Cologne-y;*
In fact, from his christening, according to rumour, he
Beat Mr. Brummell to sticks, in perfumery.*

* In eodem autem prato in quo baptizatus Sanctus Romualdus nunquam gratissimus odor deficit; neque ibi herbæ pallescunt, sed semper in viriditate permanentes magnâ nectaris suavitate redolent.—*Nov. Legend. Angl.*

"Sir Alured Denne!"
Said the Saint, "be atten-
—tive! Your ancestors, all most respectable men,
Have for some generations been vot'ries of mine,
They have bought me mould candles, and bow'd at my shrine,
They have made my monks presents of ven'son and wine,
With a right of free pasturage, too, for their swine.
And, though you, in this
Have been rather remiss,
Still I owe you a turn for the sake of 'Lang Syne.'
And I now come to tell you, your cursing and swearing
Has reach'd to a pitch that is really past bearing.
'Twere a positive scandal
In even a Vandal,
It ne'er should be done, save with bell, book, and candle;
And though I've now learn'd, as I've always suspected,
Your own education's been somewhat neglected;
Still, you're not such an uninform'd pagan, I hope,
As not to know cursing belongs to the Pope!
And his Holiness feels, very properly jealous
Of all such encroachments by paltry lay fellows.
Now, take my advice,
Saints never speak twice,
So take it at once, as I once for all give it;
Go home! you'll find there all as right as a trivet,
But mind, and remember, if once you give way
To that shocking bad habit, I'm sorry to say,
I have heard you so sadly indulge in to-day,
As sure as you're born, on the very first trip
That you make—the first oath that proceeds from your lip,
I'll soon make you rue it!
—I've said it—I'll do it!
'Forewarn'd is forearmed,' you shan't say but you knew it;
Whate'er you hold dearest and nearest your heart,
I'LL TAKE IT AWAY, if I come in a cart!
I will, on my honour! you know it's absurd,
To suppose that a Saint ever forfeits his word
For a pitiful Knight, or to please any such man—
I've said it! I'll do't—if I don't, I'm a Dutchman!"—
He ceased—he was gone as he closed his harangue,
And some one inside shut the door with a bang!
Sparkling with dew,
Each green herb anew
Its profusion of sweets round Sir Alured threw,
As pensive and thoughtful he slowly withdrew,
(For the hoofs of his horse had got rid of their glue,)
And the cud of reflection continued to chew
Till the gables of Bonnington Hall rose in view.
Little reck'd he what he smelt, what he saw,
Brilliance of scenery,
Fragrance of greenery
Fail'd in impressing his mental machinery;

Many an hour had elapsed, well I ween, ere he
Fairly was able distinction to draw
'Twixt the odour of garlic and *bouquet du Roi.*

Merrily, merrily sounds the horn,
And cheerily ring the bells;
For the race is run,
The goal is won,
The little lost mutton is happily found,
The Lady of Bonnington's safe and sound
In the Hall where her new lord dwells!
Hard had they ridden, that company gay,
After fair Edith, away and away;
This had slipp'd back o'er his courser's rump,
That had gone over his ears with a plump,
But the Lady herself had stuck on like a trump,
Till her panting steed
Relax'd her speed,
And feeling, no doubt, as a gentleman feels
When he's once shown a bailiff a fair pair of heels,
Stopp'd of herself, as it's very well known,
Horses will do when they're thoroughly blown,
And thus the whole group had foregather'd again,
Just as the sunshine succeeded the rain.

Oh, now the joy, and the frolicking, rollicking
Doings indulged in by one and by all!
Gaiety seized on the most melancholic in
All the broad lands around Bonnington Hall,
All sorts of revelry,
All sorts of devilry,
All play at "High Jinks" and keep up the ball.
Days, weeks, and months, it is really astonishing,
When one's so happy, how Time flies away;
Meanwhile the Bridegroom requires no admonishing
As to what pass'd on his own wedding-day;
Never since then,
Had Sir Alured Denne
Let a word fall from his lip or his pen
That began with a D, or left off with an N!

Once, and once only, when put in a rage,
By a careless young rascal he'd hired as a Page,
All buttons and brass,
Who in handing a glass
Of spiced hippocras, throws
It all over his clothes,
And spoils his best pourpoint, and smartest trunk hose,
While stretching his hand out to take it and quaff it (he
'd given a rose noble a yard for the taffety),
Then, and then only, came into his head,
A very sad word that began with a Z,

But he check'd his complaint,
He remember'd the Saint,
In the nick—Lady Denne was beginning to faint!
That sight on his mouth acted quite as a bung,
Like Mahomet's coffin, the shocking word hung
Half-way 'twixt the root and the tip of his tongue.

Many a year
Of mirth and good cheer
Flew over their heads, to each other more dear
Every day, they were quoted by peasant and peer
As the rarest examples of love ever known,
Since the days of *Le Chivaler D'Arbie* and *Joanne*,
Who in Bonnington chancel lie sculptured in stone.
Well—it happen'd at last,
After certain years past,
That an Embassy came to our court from afar—
From the Grand-duke of Muscovy—now call'd the Czar,
And the Spindleshank'd Monarch, determined to do
All the grace that he could to a Nobleman, who
Had sail'd all that way from a country which few
In our England had heard of, and nobody knew,
With a hat like a muff, and a beard like a Jew,
Our arsenals, buildings, and dock-yards to view,
And to say how desirous,
His Prince Wladimirus
Had long been with mutual regard to inspire us,
And how he regretted he was not much nigher us,
With other fine things,
Such as Kings say to Kings,
When each tries to humbug his dear Royal Brother, in
Hopes by such "gammon" to take one another in—
King Longshanks, I say,
Being now on his way
Bound for France, where the rebels had kept him at bay,
Was living in clover
At this time, at Dover,
I' the castle there, waiting a tide to go over.

He had summon'd, I can't tell you how many men,
Knights, nobles, and squires to the wars of Guienne,
And among these of course was Sir Alured Denne,
Who, acting like most
Of the knights in the host,
Whose residence was not too far from the coast,
Had brought his wife with him, delaying their parting,
Fond souls, till the very last moment of starting.
Of course, with such lots of lords, ladies, and knights,
In their *Saracenettes*,* and their bright chain-mail tights,

* This silk, of great repute among our ancestors, had been brought home, a few years before by Edward, from the Holy Land.

All accustom'd to galas, grand doings, and sights,
A matter like this was at once put to rights;
'Twould have been a strange thing,
If so polish'd a king,
With his Board of Green Cloth, and Lord Steward's department,
Couldn't teach an Ambassador what the word "Smart" meant.
A banquet was order'd at once for a score,
Or more, of the *corps* that had just come on shore,
And the King, though he thought it "a bit of a bore,"
Ask'd all the *élite*
Of his *levée* to meet
The Illustrious Strangers and share in the treat;
For the Boyar himself, the Queen graciously made him her
Beau for the day, from respect to Duke Wladimir.
(Queer as this name may appear in the spelling,
You won't find it trouble you,
Sound but the W,
Like the first L in Llan, Lloyd, and Llewellyn.)

Fancy the fuss, and the fidgetty looks
Of Robert de Burghersh, the constable's, cooks;
For of course the *cuisine*
Of the King and the Queen
Was behind them at London, or Windsor, or Sheene,
Or wherever the Court ere it started had been,
And it's really no jest,
When a troublesome guest,
Looks in at a time when you're busy and prest;
Just going to fight, or to ride, or to rest,
And expects a good lunch when you've none ready drest.
The servants no doubt,
Were much put to the rout,
By this very *extempore* sort of set out
But they wisely fell back upon Poor Richard's plan
"When you can't what you would, you must do what you can!"
So they ransack'd the country, folds, pig-styes, and pens,
For the sheep, and the porkers, the cocks and the hens;
'Twas said a Tom-cat of Sir Alured Denne's,
A fine tabby-gray
Disappear'd on that day
And whatever became of him no one could say;
They brought all the food
That ever they cou'd,
Fish, flesh, and fowl, with sea-coal and dry wood,
To his Majesty's *Dapifer*, Eudo (or Ude),
They lighted the town up, set ringing the bells,
And borrow'd the waiters from all the hotels.
A bright thought moreover came into the head
Of *Dapifer* Eudo, who'd some little dread,

As he said, for the thorough success of his spread.
So he said to himself "What a thing it would be
Could I have here with me
Some one two or three
Of their outlandish scullions from over the sea!
It's a hundred to one if the *Suite* or their Chief
Understand our plum-puddings, and barons of beef;
But with five minutes' chat with their cooks or their valets
We'd soon dish up something to tickle their palates!"
With this happy conceit for improving the Mess,
Pooh-poohing expense, he dispatch'd an express
In a waggon and four on the instant to Deal,
Who dash'd down the hill without locking the wheel,
And, by means which I guess but decline to reveal,
Seduced from the Downs, where at anchor their vessel rode,
Lumpoff Icywitz, serf to a former Count Nesselrode,
A cook of some fame,
Who invented the same
Cold pudding that still bears the family name.
This accomplish'd, the *Chef's* peace of mind was restored,
And in due time a banquet was placed on the board
"In the very best style," which implies in a word,
"All the dainties the season" (and king) "could afford."
There were snipes, there were rails,
There were woodcocks and quails,
There were "peacocks served up in their pride (that is tails),
Fricandeaux, fricassees,
Ducks and green peas,
Cotelettes à Indienne, and chops *à la Soubise*
(Which last you may call "onion sauce" if you please),
There were barbecu'd pigs
Stuff'd with raisins and figs,
Omelettes and *haricots*, stews and *ragouts*,
And pork griskins, which Jews still refuse and abuse.
Then the wines,—round the circle how swiftly they went!
Canary, Sack, Malaga, Malvoisie, Tent;
Old Hock from the Rhine, wine remarkably fine,
Of the Charlemagne vintage of seven ninety-nine,—
Five cent'ries in bottle had made it divine!
The rich juice of Rousillon, Gascoygne, Bourdeaux,
Marasquin, Curaçoa,
Kirschen Wasser, Noyeau,
And Gin which the company "voted No Go;"
The guests all hob-nobbing,
And bowing and bobbing;
Some prefer white wine, while others more value red,
Few, a choice few,
Of more orthodox *goût*,
Stick to "old crusted port," among whom was Sir Alured;
Never indeed at a banquet before
Had that gallant commander enjoy'd himself more.

Then came "sweets"—served in silver were tartlets and pies—in
glass
Jellies composed of punch, calves' feet, and isinglass,
Creams, and whipt-syllabubs, some hot, some cool,
Blanc-mange, and quince-custards, and gooseberry fool.
And now from the good taste which reigns it's confest
In a gentleman's, that is an Englishman's, breast,
And makes him polite to a stranger and guest,
They soon play'd the deuce
With a large *Charlotte Russe;*
More than one of the party dispatch'd his plate twice
With "I'm really ashamed, but—another small slice!
Your dishes from Russia are really *so* nice!"
Then the prime dish of all! "There was nothing so good in,
The whole of the Feed"
One and all were agreed,
"As the great Lumpoff Icywitz' Nesselrode pudding!"
Sir Alured Denne who'd all day, to say sooth,
Like Iago, been "plagued with a sad raging tooth,"
Which had nevertheless interfered very little
With his—what for my rhyme I'm obliged to spell—vittle,
Requested a friend,
Who sat near him to send
Him a spoonful of what he heard all so commend,
And begg'd to take wine with him afterwards, grateful
Because for a spoonful he'd sent him a plateful.
Having emptied his glass—he ne'er balk'd it or spill'd it—
The gallant Knight open'd his mouth—and then fill'd it!

You must really excuse me—there's nothing could bribe
Me at all to go on and attempt to describe
The fearsome look then
Of Sir Alured Denne!
—Astonishment, horror, distraction of mind,
Rage, misery, fear, and iced pudding—combined!
Lip, forehead, and cheek—how these mingle and meet
All colours, all hues, now advance, now retreat,
Now pale as a turnip, now crimson as beet!
How he grasps his arm-chair in attempting to rise,
See his veins how they swell! mark the roll of his eyes!
Now east and now west, now north and now south,
Till at once he contrives to eject from his mouth
That vile "spoonful"—what
He has got he knows not,
He isn't quite sure if it's cold or it's hot,
At last he exclaims, as he starts from his seat,
"A SNOWBALL by ——!" what, I decline to repeat,—
'Twas the name of a bad place, for mention unmeet.

Then oh what a volley!—a great many heard
What flow'd from his lips, and 'twere really absurd
To suppose that each man was not shock'd by each word;

A great many heard too, with mix'd fear and wonder,
The terrible crash of the terrible thunder,
That broke as if bursting the building asunder,
But very few heard, although every one might,
The short, half-stifled shriek from the chair on the right,
Where the Lady of Bonnington sat by her Knight;
And very few saw--some—the number was small,
In the large ogive window that lighted the hall,
A small stony Saint in a small stony pall,
With a small stony mitre, and small stony crosier,
And small stony toes that owed nought to the hosier,
Beckon stonily downward to *some one* below,
As Merryman says, "for to come for to go!"
While every one smelt a delicious perfume
That seem'd to pervade every part of the room!

Fair Edith Denne,
The *bonne et belle* then,
Never again was beheld among men!
But there was the *fauteuil* on which she was placed,
And there was the girdle that graced her small waist,
And there was her stomacher brilliant with gems,
And the mantle she wore, edged with lace at the hems,
Her rich brocade gown sat upright in its place,
And her wimple was there—but where—WHERE WAS HER FACE?
'Twas gone—with her body—and nobody knows,
Nor could any one present so much as suppose
How that Lady contrived to slip out of her clothes!

But 'twas done—she was quite gone—the how and the where,
No mortal was ever yet found to declare;
Though inquiries were made, and some writers record
That Sir Alured offer'd a handsome reward.

* * * * *

King Edward went o'er to his wars in Guienne,
Taking with him his barons, his knights, and his men,
You may look through the whole
Of that King's muster-roll,
And you won't find the name of Sir Alured Denne;
But Chronicles tell that there formerly stood
A little old chapel in Bilsington wood;
The remains to this day,
Archæologists say,
May be seen, and I'd go there and look if I could.
There long dwelt a hermit remarkably good,
Who lived all alone,
And never was known
To use bed or bolster, except the cold stone;
But would groan and would moan in so piteous a tone,
A wild Irishman's heart had responded "Och hone!"
As the fashion with hermits of old was to keep skins
To wear with the wool on—most commonly sheep-skins

He, too, like the rest was accustom'd to do so;
His beard, as no barber came near him, too, grew so,
He bore some resemblance to Robinson Crusoe,
In Houndsditch, I'm told, you'll sometimes see a Jew so.

He lived on the roots,
And the cob-nuts and fruits,
Which the kind-hearted rustics, who rarely are churls
In such matters, would send by their boys and their girls;
They'd not get him to speak,
If they'd tried for a week,
But the colour would always mount up in his cheek,
And he'd look like a dragon if ever he heard
His young friends use a naughty expression or word.
How long he lived, or at what time he died,
'Twere hard, after so many years, to decide,
But there's one point on which all traditions agree,
That he *did* die at last, leaving no legatee,
And his linen was marked with an A and a D.

Alas! for the glories of Bonnington Hall!
Alas, for its splendour! alas, for its fall!
Long years have gone by
Since the trav'ler might spy
Any decentish house in the parish at all.
For very soon after the awful event,
I've related, 'twas said through all that part of Kent
That the maids of a morning, when putting the chairs
And the tables to rights, would oft pop unawares
In one of the parlours, or galleries, or stairs,
On a tall, female figure, or find her, far horrider,
Slowly o' nights promenading the corridor;
But whatever the hour, or wherever the place,
No one could ever get sight of her face!
Nor could they perceive,
Any arm in her sleeve,
While her legs and her feet too, seem'd mere "make-believe,"
For she glided along with that shadow-like motion
Which gives one the notion
Of clouds on a zephyr, or ships on the ocean;
And though of her gown they could *hear* the silk rustle
They saw but that side on't *ornée* with the bustle.
The servants, of course, though the house they were born in,
Soon "wanted to better themselves" and gave warning,
While even the new Knight grew tired of a guest
Who would not let himself or his family rest;
So he pack'd up his all,
And made a bare wall
Of each well-furnish'd room in his ancestors' Hall,
Then left the old Mansion to stand or to fall,
Having previously barr'd up the windows and gates,

To avoid paying sesses and taxes and rates,
And settled on one of his other estates,
Where he built a new mansion, and call'd it Denne Hill,
And there his descendants reside, I think, still.

Poor Bonnington, empty, or left, at the most,
To the joint occupation of rooks and a Ghost,
Soon went to decay,
And moulder'd away,
But whether it dropp'd down at last I can't say,
Or whether the jackdaws produced, by degrees, a
Spontaneous combustion like that one at Pisa
Some cent'ries ago,
I'm sure I don't know,
But you can't find a vestige now ever so tiny,
"*Perierunt*," as some one says, "*etiam ruinæ*."

MORAL.

The first maxim a couple of lines may be said in,
If you *are* in passion, don't swear at a wedding!

Whenever you chance to be ask'd out to dine,
Be exceedingly cautious—don't take too much wine!
In your eating remember one principal point,
Whatever you do have your eye on the joint!
Keep clear of side-dishes, don't meddle with those
Which the servants in livery, or those in plain clothes,
Poke over your shoulder and under your nose;
Or, if you *must* live on the fat of the land,
And feed on fine dishes you don't understand,
Buy a good book of cookery! I've a compact one,
First rate of the kind, just brought out by Miss Acton,
This will teach you their names, the ingredients they're made of,
And which to indulge in, and which be afraid of,
Or else, ten to one, between ice and cayenne,
You'll commit yourself some day like Alured Denne.

"To persons about to be married," I'd say,
Don't exhibit ill-humour, at least on The Day!
And should there perchance be a trifling delay
On the part of officials, extend them your pardon,
And don't snub the parson, the clerk, or chuchwarden!

To married men this—For the rest of your lives,
Think how your misconduct may act on your wives!
Don't swear then before them, lest haply they faint,
Or—what sometimes occurs—run away with a Saint!

T. I.

Tappington Everard,
Feb. 15, 1845.

THE TALLEYRAND PAPERS.

PART X.

"THE sudden change from the frivolous *papillotage* of the ancient *régime* to the sombre enthusiasm, which broke out at the epoch of the American war, made but little impression on M. de Talleyrand. He was evidently prepared, and at once declared his opinion, not by pamphlets or inflammatory speeches, but by an argument far more forcible than either. Conjointly with his friend, the Count Choiseul Gouffier, he equipped a privateer, which he called the "Holy Cause," and which left the harbour of Brest in the month of May, 1779. The Duc de Castries, then minister of marine, furnished the guns. This single fact would almost serve to paint the time. A vessel of war armed and equipped by the *agent général du clergé de France*, aided by a *savant* of the *haute noblesse*, and countenanced by one of the ministers, exhibits at once the utter confusion of ideas which must have existed just then.

"I have heard that the privateer, which, placed under command of a runaway scion of nobility, was to have carried death and destruction among the English merchant ships trading from the West Indies, never more made its reappearance on the French coast. Be this as it may, I know that the prince does not like to talk of this little episode in his life, and the other day, when questioned rather closely upon the subject, he answered, '*Laissons cela, c'est un de mes péchés de jeunesse.*'

"One of the most curious documents in the world, and which I hope will be preserved in the prince's memoirs, must be his answer to the letter of Pope Benedict XIV. His holiness had thought fit to pass censure upon the warlike demonstration of the Abbé de Perigord, and the Abbé de Perigord had excused himself in a reply so full of wit and eloquence, so full of instances taken from the history of every country, that the good-natured prelate fairly owned himself vanquished, and withdrew with much grace and frankness from the contest. This I think is the first action by which the Abbé de Perigord publicly displayed his adherence to the new principles, and separated himself in opinion from the *haute clergé* and the *haute noblesse*, who all, with scarcely an exception, were loud in their disapprobation of the unjust and unjustifiable interference of France, in the quarrel between Great Britain and her rebellious colony. The step was considered in the light of a secession from the society of which he was a member, both by his lofty birth and holy profession; and many and many a prognostic was now beginning to be drawn, of his future eminence or his approaching degradation, according to the mind which judged him.

"It was during the few years which elapsed between this period, and the events of 1789, that M. de Talleyrand first became acquainted with the Abbé Cerutti, the friend and colleague of Mirabeau, and that together with them, he laid the foundation of the very first popular journal ever published in France. The design was spirited and audacious; it was addressed to the inhabitants of the distant provinces of the kingdom; and immediately on its appearance obtained a success hitherto unrivalled in this species of literature.

"It has been falsely accused of having excited many of the atrocities of the Revolution. It did not appear until the flames had spread, and could no longer be repressed, and he who now turns to the *Feuille Villageoise*, will recognise at once, amid the burning columns from the pen of Mirabeau, and the cold, bitter irony of Cerutti, the calm reflective genius of Talleyrand, in those articles on the Division of Church Property—on the Improvements in National Education—on the Abuse of Power—on the Unity of Weights and Measures—which served to act as soothing balsam to the irritation produced by the fiery appeals of his more impassioned colleagues.

"He puts forth in these addresses to the people, the promulgation of which has been deemed so criminal, nothing which he had not said before—not a single word of what he does not maintain the most powerful conviction, ay, even to this very hour. Some of them might be quoted as models of reasoning and eloquence, although failing in the refinement of style and diction, which can only be acquired by that early familiarity with the classics, of which he has lamented the privation throughout his whole life.

"Cerutti was a man gifted with the most splendid talents. His peculiar position claimed, perhaps, undue attention, from the very moment that he first appeared upon the revolutionary horizon. The reception of this champion of the people was most enthusiastic. Wherever he went, he was followed by an admiring crowd—every public meeting resounded with his praise—streets were called after his name; in short, he tasted every gratification of *amour propre* arising from popularity. But Cerutti was a misanthrope, and far from seeking distinction, shrank with disgust from publicity. The canker-worm was at his heart, and I have heard M. de Talleyrand declare, that during the whole time that their intimacy lasted, he never once beheld him smile. His was another of those anomalous existences created by the Revolution. A gentleman, bred in indolence, yet adopting the obligations and active vigilance of a Jesuit; then becoming even a priest, the better to defend the cause of his beloved order; chosen as the private counsellor and friend of the dauphin (father of Louis Seize), and then—suddenly—without a pause, without gradation—plunging headlong into the delirium of democracy.

"It is singular that the cause of this unnatural course of events should never have been thoroughly investigated by any one of the historians of the time, who all seem to agree in passing, without comment, the motives which actuated Cerutti, or else in declaring them either altogether inscrutable or the instigations of insanity. The close observer of the human heart, can, however, at once discern the existence of some secret spring of action; some powerful incentive to this inconsistency, and will not remain satisfied with the abuse heaped upon poor Cerutti by the Abbé Georgel, the wordy historian of the diamond necklace, defender, *coûte qui coûte*, of Louis de Rohan; nor yet with the light indifference with which he is mentioned by another author, who describes him in few words as a man of some capacity both as an orator and writer, but whose career was too short to allow him to display that ability in government, which he seemed confident of possessing. He was of a sombre and taciturn character, which, combined with his almost total deafness, rendered him of difficult access. 'Tis said that the hopeless passion he

had conceived for one of the ladies of the court had brought on paralysis, which occasioned his infirmity, and ultimately ended in his death.

"I have heard the history of Cerutti from M. de Talleyrand himself, and it forms one of the most extraordinary episodes of this extraordinary time. The prince related to me, that one evening after their work was over, the three *collaborateurs* of the *Feuille Villageoise*, led on by the very nature of the composition upon which they had been engaged, began to talk of the events of their past lives, and of the various causes which had led to the desertion of caste, of which all three had been guilty. What a glorious study would it have been for the moralist, to have listened to those dark histories—as told by those three fiery spirits—each the hero of his own bitter tale. One can imagine all the hatred and the scorn of Mirabeau, as he related the circumstances of his youth of strife and misery; of his manhood, crushed and blighted by his father's unjust tyranny; his burning satire and his bitter scoffing must have been terrific. Then came the calm, deep mockery of Talleyrand; *his* history of neglect and injustice must have been more frightful still. Three mighty souls were they, rising in condemnation of the country and the times in which they had thus been spurned and persecuted.

"Every one knows the history of Mirabeau's long imprisonment and harsh treatment, and I have already told you the events which marked the youth of Talleyrand; but the story of Cerutti is known but to the few with whom he was most intimate, and is perhaps more illustrative of the spirit of the times than those of either of his friends. The man's career was short, and very like the flash which precedes the tempest, every thing, while he was on the stage moving before the public eye—nothing, so soon as his part was over and the curtain dropped. He died and left nought behind to save him from oblivion—not even the memory of the manner in which he had performed his character, and in which he had been so much applauded. His father was a wealthy silk-grower in the environs of Turin, and his childhood was passed amid the shady groves, which stretched for miles around the château where his family resided. His younger brother had taken to books and learning, and had been appointed to accompany the young Count Hercules V—— on his travels; while Joseph Cerutti, the eldest of the family, remained at home to assist his father in the direction of his fortune and the improvement of the estate. His life was that of an Italian gentleman of the middle class at the time—that is to say, his studies were neither very deep nor his occupations very grave, and his days passed pleasantly enough in the exercise of small practices of piety—the cultivation of small adventures of gallantry—very little reading, and great indulgence in the *dolce far niente*; added to which he was compelled to superintend the progress of the silkworms, which formed the whole wealth of the father, and the patrimony of his sons. But this occupation was far from being sufficiently interesting to arouse him from the dream in which he lived, and in which his days might all have passed, had it not been for the one event which, sooner or later, will turn the tide of all men's lives, making the hitherto troubled sea of existence at once calm and placid, or changing its smooth surface into a raging hell.

"Count Hercules V—— returned from Rome, whither he had been journeying with young Cesario Cerutti, the brother of our hero. The estate of

the noble family of V—— joined that of the Cerutti, and from the friendship which existed between the young nobleman and the companion of his studies, sprung an intimacy between the two families, which was at variance with the Italian habits of the period, when distinctions and caste were more respected than in any other country in Europe.

"'I was struck,' said the Abbé Cerutti, as he told the story to his fellow-labourers, 'with the change which a few months had made in the habits and temper of my brother Cesario. He had left us full of the enthusiasm and spirit natural to his age; he had returned taciturn and reserved in speech, gloomy and abstracted in manner. He seemed to have a weight of care and misery upon his mind, which neither the affectionate attentions of his family nor the fondness of his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, could succeed in shaking off. I observed that he was for ever seeking me, and requesting me to converse in private with him, as though he had something of moment to communicate, and then would suddenly check himself, and talk of light matters, so much in contrast with the mournful tone of his voice and the gloom upon his brow, that the contemplation was most painful. But I dared not question him concerning the cause of this change in his disposition, fearing to exasperate him, in the irritable mood in which he was. One day that he seemed more communicative then usual, I sought to enliven our conversation by endeavouring to extort from him some little narrative of his journey to Rome, concerning which he had hitherto preserved an unnatural silence.

"'He said he had been happy, very happy with Count Hercules (and yet he shuddered as he spoke the words), and the kindness of the good Abbé Giordoni, the young count's preceptor, had so mingled pleasure with study, that the time had passed away swiftly and pleasantly as in a charmed dream. Why then did he gaze upon me with that strange expression in his eye? I could not resist the impulse which prompted me to seize the opportunity of seeking to discover the cause of his melancholy, and said, as I pressed his hand with affection, 'Dearest Cesario, do not suffer the secret which hangs so heavy on your soul to crush you thus beneath its ponderous weight. Confide in me, my brother. What is it has disturbed your happiness, and thus changed your very nature?'

"'You are deceived,' replied Cesario, hastily, and with a kind of convulsive laugh; 'I never was more happy or in better spirits than at this moment. Come with me this evening to the Villa V——, and see if it be not as I tell you. By-the-bye, I had forgotten to mention, that the whole family at the villa are anxious to welcome you, the old count and his son, and the abbé, and—and—(he hesitated)—in short, the whole of them will be glad to see you. So come to-night—yes, to-night—'tis time!'

"'His head sank upon his bosom as he concluded, and he once more relapsed into his abstracted musing. I made no observation regarding the singular forgetfulness of which he had been guilty, nor of the want of attention on the part of the V—— family, in not inviting me in person to the villa, but seized with avidity upon the opportunity thus afforded of penetrating the secret of my brother's altered demeanour. I already knew Count Hercules, a studious and pious youth, who was considered the pattern of the whole country. I had also frequently seen the

Abbé Giordoni, the preceptor, towards whom I felt an instinctive aversion, although railed at by my friends for my too great facility in 'taking dislikes;' but there yet remained one member of the V—— family whom I had not yet beheld, and a sudden conviction seized upon my mind, that she was the cause of my brother's misery, and that it was her name at which he had hesitated in his speech to me. I was therefore determined to watch every look, to listen to every word which should pass between the pair, and to base my counsels to my brother upon what I should observe.

"'At the hour appointed we set forth to pay our evening visit at the villa. The gloom and preoccupation of my brother increased as we drew near to our destination, and I began to doubt if such would have been the bearing of an impassioned expectant lover.

"'We entered the great saloon unannounced. Cesario was free and intimate as a *fils de la maison*. The room was large, and dimly lighted by the shaded lamp upon the mantelpiece. The old count was buried in a slumber in his large arm-chair, and his gray head stood out from the fauteuil, calm and peaceful, the very emblem of contented and respectable old age. Not so was the expression of the individual who was seated near, and upon whom the light of the lamp fell as if on purpose to light up the shadow which was passing at the very moment over his countenance—a very gleam of hell! It was the Abbé Giordoni who was seated at the small table, ostensibly playing chess with the young Count Hercules—that is to say, the chess-board was placed between them, and the chess-men stood upright upon the board; but I instantly perceived that not one single piece had been disturbed from its primitive position, and it was evident that their occupation was of far more import, for the young man sat pale and trembling before the abbé, whose infuriated countenance and vehement gesture plainly bespoke the violence of the discussion in which he had been engaged, although I could not judge of its nature, from the low tone in which it had been carried on, doubtless, through fear of disturbing the poor old count, who slumbered, little dreaming of the storm of hate and passion which had been conjured up close at his very ear.

"'Our entrance disturbed the conversation, and I was struck painfully with the eagerness of welcome with which Count Hercules rushed forward to greet my brother; and which, considering that he had already seen him in the morning, and that almost every day, since his return, had been spent in his company, seemed forced and unnatural. He started from his chair, upsetting the table and the chess-board in his haste, and throwing his arms around my brother's neck, he exclaimed faintly, 'God be praised, you are come at last, Cesario!'

"'The abbé meanwhile advanced towards me with ecclesiastical grace and dignity. I should at once have suspected the man who could so easily replace the expression of rage which his features wore when I entered by the smile of intense delight with which he held forth his hand to me, uttering, by a singular coincidence, almost the very words which Count Hercules had whispered to my brother, '*Ecolo alfin—questo caro amico.*'

"'I should have suspected such heartiness of welcome from one who had displayed hitherto no stronger feeling than that of common courtesy whenever by chance we had met, which was but seldom, in our walks

and drives around the neighbourhood. I could understand such warmth of greeting between the two young friends, but was sorely puzzled to discover by what right and title *I* was admitted to share in such strong demonstrations of friendship. However, any feeling of astonishment which I might have experienced was soon forgotten in the courteous reception which I met from the old count, who thus rudely aroused from slumber by the falling of the table and the upsetting of the chess-men, rose to meet us with all the frank politeness which has ever distinguished the Piemontese gentlemen of the old school, and completely put me at my ease, by immediately entering upon the subject which he knew would be most interesting to me, the improvement of my father's land, and the culture of our mulberry grounds. The two young men were soon engaged in deep and earnest conversation together, and the Abbé Giordoni shaded his eyes with his hand and sedulously observed them both.

"'The evening passed away pleasantly enough, but I thought of little else besides the young countess, whom I had not yet seen, and when the door opened slowly, and she was announced, my heart beat so violently, for my brother's sake that any one who had witnessed my emotion would have imagined I was already deeply in love with her myself. She advanced without embarrassment, in spite of the strangers whom she found assembled in the saloon, and whom she had not expected to meet there, up to her father, and kissed him on the forehead, and then turning to us saluted us gracefully. I was struck with her extreme beauty, and at the first glance felt sure that my suspicions were right, and that Cesario was enslaved; but presently all my suspicions fell to the ground; for as soon as she caught his eye, she stepped lightly across the floor, and accosted him easily and with grace, but with the happy calm of perfect indifference; while he, although roused for an instant by the duties of courtesy, having bowed politely, sank backwards in the fauteuil from which he had risen on her entrance, without a word—without a glance (for I watched him narrowly), and resumed the conversation with Count Hercules, which had been interrupted on her entrance.

"'I was fairly puzzled by this unexpected *denoûment* to the intrigue I had been at so much pains to invent. It was in vain that I sought to detect the slightest intelligence between them—there was none. The young girl seemed engrossed during supper by her attentions to her father, and scarcely raised her eyes towards any of us, save in the courtesy which she might consider to be due from the hostess to her guests, while my brother, whose seat at table was immediately opposite to her's, never once even glanced towards her! I left the villa that night full of strange feelings, and from that hour my existence was changed!

"'How *can* I tell you, my friends, how it became so? I know not myself, save that a web was spun around me, from which I am not freed at this very hour! There seemed from the very first an overstrained demonstration of attachment towards me, an absolute *appropriation* of my time and of my actions, nay, my very thoughts were no more my own. The Abbé Giordoni was never absent from my side, and what seemed stranger still, he was acquainted with the most minute secrets of our existence—the value of our land—the produce of our plantations—the revenue which we drew from the silkworms; he even knew of the circumstances of the loan we had been compelled to raise a few years

before, and which we thought had been kept a profound mystery between ourselves and the party of whom the money had been borrowed. I have lain awake whole nights to discover how this could be, and yet could not compass the mystery. I cannot tell you how much this circumstance preyed upon my spirit, for heaven had gifted me with an independent soul, and an utter abhorrence of control, and the invisible fetters with which I felt myself manacled, became more and more galling as I grew more determined to be free.

" 'It was on the occasion of my father's death that I felt this most of all. The abbé took upon himself, unsolicited and unapproved, the whole management of our affairs. He it was who arranged the retirement of our mother to the neighbouring convent of the Annunciata, to which I most decidedly objected; but my opinion in this as well as in every thing else was entirely overruled by that of the abbé. The next occurrence in the family, which gave me the strangest trouble and perplexity, was the determination of Cesario to sell the portion of the estate which had become his by my father's will; and my amazement was increased tenfold upon learning who was the purchaser—it was the Abbé Giordoni! I was angry with my brother, and reproached him bitterly, but he replied in a despairing voice, and with the tears flowing from his eyes,

" 'What could I do? The land was needed by the good abbé!'

" 'My God, what could be the meaning of all this? How came it that this man had thus obtained such influence? Day by day did it increase and grow more irksome, still drawing as it were a charmed circle round my very existence, diminishing in circumference until it had grown so small that I could not even turn without feeling wounded by its pressure; every day and every hour drew the coils yet closer. It was then I ended where I ought to have begun, and set myself earnestly to work to examine the character of the man, who had in my despite gained such ascendancy over my family. To my great astonishment, I found him a man of the keenest wit and most consummate knowledge of the world, whose practical learning and experience were universal, whose energy and perseverance were dauntless. I soon discovered, with a feeling of terror which I cannot describe, that he had fathomed my character with as much accuracy as though I had lived with him from my youth upwards. He *knew* of my contempt and hatred of restraint, and therefore had used none. He *knew* that I was of a proud and melancholy temperament, and therefore had never roused my ire by opposition. I felt a bitter contempt for myself, when I found that in all things it was his system to *humour* me. The hour came at last, however, for the unravelling of all the mystery.

" 'One day, Giordoni came to me with busy and important looks, and with a hurried air, to consult me upon the plan of a building he was about to erect upon the ground which he had bought of Cesario. It was within view of the windows of my own château, and therefore it was the act of a friend to consult me upon the form and fashion of its structure, and, as in duty bound, I thanked him heartily for the kind attention.

" 'It was a chapel to Saint Ignatius which he was about to erect, '*en attendant* the convent,' he added, with a smile bland and affable, 'which it was his intention to found when he should grow richer.'

"'The dedication startled me.

"'Not a convent of Jesuits?' said I, faintly, for I had imbibed a share of the popular hatred, which just at that time the order had inspired throughout the whole of Europe.

"'The abbé smiled again, yet more peaceably than before. 'Pardon me,' replied he, in a gentle tone, 'our order has need of a station in this part of the country. We are poorly represented, my friend, observe—' and he drew forth his memorandum-book, 'from Saint Tomaso to Mabli, eight leagues, from Mabli to this place, seventeen; it is too far.'

"'The secret then was out; the whole mystery of the man, his perseverance and his patience, his confidence in himself, his utter contempt of me. He was a Jesuit—an active, busy, meddling Jesuit—one who held a degree in the order—one who had command and authority, and could bid any one of his underlings, slaves to his will, who was himself a slave, do his pleasure at the moment and without a murmur, even though the order should have been to murder his best friend, or betray to death his own mother; who himself durst not hesitate in the commission of any crime, providing it were done for the honour and advancement of the 'Blessed order of Jesus!'

"'I am now convinced that natural and simple as this avowal then appeared, it had been prepared *de longue main*, and that much was at that very moment depending upon the manner in which it would be received by me. He managed well, however, in hiding the emotion which my startled manner, and my exclamations of surprise and displeasure, must have occasioned him, and launched forth at once with graceful eloquence upon the advantages of the order of Jesus over all others—the power, the influence, which the meanest member of the 'society' possessed over every individual within his sphere. He said that the confidence and strength of the association were so great that naught could resist its influence. He showed me on the map how its ramifications had spread throughout Europe, until they had enveloped every civilised country as in a web, from whence it was impossible to get free, and when he had concluded he took me out to inspect the workmen at the chapel, and to view the new plantation which he had commenced. I beheld it indeed, and with a sad presentiment remarked that the avenues of lime trees which were already laid down were all turned in the direction of my own château. I scarcely knew what it was that I had in dread, and yet felt a certainty of coming evil which completely overpowered every faculty.

"'You will smile at the determination which I took that very night—you will say that it was that of a schoolboy—a coward—but you cannot know the terror in which the population of our country at that very period stood, at the subtlety of the Jesuits. It had become the bugbear of society. The feeling had been nursed by the secret enemies of the order sent from France, where its dissolution had already been decreed in the boudoirs of Trianon, by the vindictive hatred of Madame de Pompadour. I determined then to fly—to leave my property in the hands of the agent, and to travel for awhile, until the power of the serpent which was thus gaining ground upon me was weakened, or that I felt myself strong enough to encounter its cold and slimy coils without fear. I passed several days in making my preparations for the journey I meant to take, and confided my intentions to no one on earth save the overseer of the estate in whose hands I was about to place my interest. Cesario was

absent. I would not even venture to write to him until I had set forth, for my terror of betrayal had grown so puerile that I even feared the letter might be opened!

"'Every thing was ready for my departure. The agent, a plain, honest man, had sworn to be as secret as the grave, and when one evening I took my leave of the eternal Giordoni, who now passed not a single day without paying me his lengthened visit, I laughed at his form of farewell.

"'*A demain, à demain!*' called he from the gate, 'to-morrow we will talk about the road from your grounds to my chapel—there *must* be a road, Cerutti—the high wall must come down. What need of walls between such friends as we?'

"'I laughed as I pressed his hand in feigned warmth, echoing his portentous words of adieu. I knew that on the morrow I should be far enough away. He smiled likewise as he exclaimed, once more looking me earnestly in the face, 'Farewell, my friend, my dearest friend, *à demain donc, à demain!*'

"'He turned, and I watched his retreating form gradually fade in the moonlight, with a heart bounding with gratitude and joy at the prospect of my approaching deliverance. The horses were waiting on the bye-road by the side of the château, and I could hear their joyous neigh from the gate where I was leaning to gaze after Giordoni. Every thing seemed to breathe of peace and happiness. There was a nightingale perched among the branches of the mulberry tree beneath which I stood, and her joyous melody gushed forth unsubdued, more free and unconstrained methought when the shadow of Giordoni no longer darkened the pathway—multitudes of the bright green glow-worms peculiar to the summer nights of our country were chasing each other over the smooth turf. I thought I had never beheld a night of such calm, such placid beauty.

"'I was like the schoolboy about to escape the dominion of his pedagogue; eager to be free, yet scarce as yet decided on the use that he would make of his long coveted liberty. I had many plans in view, but none as yet decided.

"'I will go from hence to Lyons,' said I to myself, as I returned with light step towards the house; 'there will I remain for a while to study the manners of the people of whom I have heard so much; then on—on to Paris; 'tis there and there alone, '*qu'on trouve le génie si on n'en à pas.*' I could scarcely contain my feelings at the thought of the change which by my own address and discretion I was about to work in my destiny, and I whistled and sang aloud in glee at the bare thought of so much happiness.

"'No more slavery, no more espionnage, and—shall I own it, my friends?—no more fear of a cold and disdainful love! Yes, *there* was the secret of the discontented misery of the last few months of my existence. From the evening of my first visit at the villa of Count V—— I had become the slave of the fair Signora Isabella. Her disdain of my advances; her coldness, had served to increase my passion, but had changed its character. Hope had given way to defiance—defiance to despair, yet still I loved, *and this was the reason why I wished to fly in secret* from the home where I was born, like a thief or an usurper—this it was that drove me forth to seek elsewhere the liberty I felt that I had lost—the repose which I so greatly needed. All these subjects for the

future passed rapidly through my mind as I returned up the avenue. I had just gained the hall, I was ascending the steps which led to my apartment, when I was startled by the sound of footsteps close behind me. I was alarmed: I knew that the domestics had been all dismissed, and had long before retired from that part of the building, while the agent had my orders to await me with the horses. I turned in trepidation, my heart fluttered in my bosom, and my cheek grew pale as marble —it was *Giordoni who followed me!*

"'Such was the state of abject fear in which I lived, that in the nervous agitation of the moment I was about to confess my guilty design, and to sue for pardon, but there was neither anger nor suspicion upon the brow of the Jesuit, and it was with a calm and gracious smile that he spoke as he held up before me a little billet which scented the air with the sweetest perfume.

"'See what a faithless messenger am I,' said he, shaking his head with a *bonhommie* quite paternal, 'I was commissioned to deliver this letter with great dispatch, and had wellnigh forgotten it altogether! 'Twas well I thought of it before I got home, for I know not how I might have been received had I returned without the answer.'

"'I was seized with sudden faintness as I mechanically unsealed the billet and gazed at the signature. It was from the demoiselle Isabella de V——, and as I read the contents my very soul gave way beneath the influence of the kindness and the *tender* tone it breathed.

"'Need I say that I departed not that night—that I even retired to rest *rejoicing* that I had been prevented from listening to the rash suggestions of my evil genius, for such I was soon taught to believe the secret warnings of my better reason, to which had I but hearkened then I should have been saved a whole life of misery.

"'To you, who are both men of the world, there is no need to describe the sequel. Before three months had elapsed I had become as fervent a proselyte to the principles which governed the 'blessed order' as Giordoni himself!—In three months more the land which my father had saved with so much care and pains, and which I myself had toiled so carefully to improve, deeming it a heritage to descend to my children's children, was no longer my own; it belonged by promise to the holy company of Jesus, of whom I now was proud to sign myself a weak, unworthy member! During all this time I had lived in a dream—a delusion the more wild and stirring inasmuch as I am of a cold and torpid character, requiring the most powerful emotions to rouse me from my apathy. I do not think that I ever reflected on the future. It was enough that the Contessa Isabella loved me. She told me so again and again, and each time that she had spoken the words I had granted some concession of which I repented not, deeming no sacrifice too great to win that single smile which I had by this time learned to prize more highly than my fortune—than my very life—to deem more precious than my father's memory or my mother's love! I was aroused from the trance into which I had fallen by a letter from my brother Cesario, which was put into my hand on my return home late one evening from the villa V——. It contained but few words, full of darkness and mystery—the restraint of one labouring under the terror of discovery.

"'I have much to tell you,' wrote he; 'beware, you are deceived. I shall be with you to night, but let it not be known. I wish but to speak

one single word with you, and must depart again before dawn, without leaving the slightest trace of my visit. Let the gate at the bottom of the garden be left unlocked to-night, and when all in the château have retired to rest, meet me by the tank close to the entrance. Hesitate not —I shall wait there till you come. You will find upon the first step of the reservoir a branch of the alder which grows there, which I will cut directly I arrive, as a signal that I am waiting for you.'

"'I cannot describe to you the perplexity into which I was thrown by the contents of this letter—nor the anxiety with which I awaited the opportunity of complying with the request therein contained. It seemed as if that moment was destined never to arrive, so tediously did the evening pass—so slow did the domestics seem in their preparations for retiring to rest.

"'At length all was quiet in the château, and with thanks to Heaven that it should at last be so, I muffled myself in my cloak, and ventured forth. The night was dark; there was neither moon nor stars; but so impressed was I by the tone of mystery in which my brother wrote, that I did not even carry with me the lantern with which I had returned from the villa, and drove back with blows my faithful dog who had attempted to follow me as usual, lest his bark might alarm the servants. It was a calm still night—not a whisper was heard among the trees—nor the movement of any living thing among the bushes which skirted the garden-path down which I trod with beating heart towards the tank. It was situated in a hollow at the bottom of the garden, and in a place well fitted for concealment, being embosomed in trees, and surrounded by a thick hedge, in order to shade the water from the sun, so that even in the heat of summer the air always struck damp and chill to any one coming to it from the broad sunlit alleys of the garden.

"'At the end of the narrow path, so narrow that even two persons could not walk in it abreast, a flight of stone steps, always wet and slippery, reached to the edge of the reservoir, which at certain seasons of the year was extremely deep and dangerous. I stood upon the steps, and endeavoured to penetrate the darkness, but I could discern nothing, save here and there the reflection in the water of some faint vapoury star, struggling to disperse the cloud which hung before it. I stooped and ran my hand along the stone. Cesario was already there—the branch of alder was laid were he had mentioned in his letter. I called in low whispers, 'Are you here, Cesario?' There was no answer—not a sound save just at the very moment, and almost as if in reply, the low, melancholy howling of the dog whom I had repulsed on leaving the château, and who had remained watching at the door! I walked round stealthily to the gate by which my brother must have entered—perhaps I should find him awaiting me there. But no, the gate was open—he *must* be in the garden. Again did I call, and again, and still the same silence, and so I fancied that he must have arrived early, and tired of tarrying in the same spot, was wandering through the grounds, but would most assuredly return to the place where he had appointed me to meet him. I sat down on the steps of the reservoir, consoled with this reflection, and waited on.

"'Once or twice I fancied I heard footsteps approaching, and then I rose and paced in the direction whence I fancied the echo came. Then would I again call upon Cesario—again to meet with disappointment,

and to sink once more upon the cold stone in a paroxysm of anguish and impatience. By degrees, however, my ear became accustomed to the silence, and my eye to the utter darkness; and it happened with me then, as it has often done with others—my faculties became fatigued with watching and with listening, and I bent my head upon my knees, and fell into an unquiet slumber. I know not how long I remained thus, but when I awakened it was already dawn—the cold gray early dawn which precedes the rising of the sun. The birds were already twittering and chattering in the branches above my head, and old Volpe, the hound, whom I had beaten back on the night preceding, apparently set free by the opening of the door, was thrusting his cold nose into my hand, to attract my attention. I patted him kindly—he looked up into my face with an expression I shall never forget, and howled so very piteously, that the sound thrilled to my very soul.

"'I rose from my seat—every limb was paralysed with cold—every joint stiffened by the uneasy posture which I had maintained so long. I walked to and fro for an instant, in order to dissipate the sensation of misery which I experienced, and reflected with vexation on the situation in which I had been compelled to pass the night. I could not help accusing Cesario of negligence and want of feeling, in thus leaving me to watch and wait in uncertainty for so many hours. I was about to move from the spot, when I know not what instinct prompted me to gaze around the place once more. I even looked over the hedge down into the tank, and the dog ran hurriedly down the steps and stood at the bottom, whining in that sorrowful, uneasy tone, which expresses a sense of misery and danger with more power than any human language. I was attracted by the peculiar steadiness with which the animal stood looking towards the opposite side of the tank, and mechanically I suffered my gaze to wander in the same direction.

"'Suddenly the beating of my heart was stilled—my very respiration checked—and the cold perspiration oozed in large drops from my forehead, as though I had been standing beneath the heat of a burning sun! There, beneath the leaden light of the misty dawn, I could distinctly see a human form lying at the water's-edge, still and motionless; the face was concealed, turned downwards from the light; but I *knew* it was my brother; and with a shriek of agony I sprang forwards to the spot with frantic excitement, tearing through the bushes which impeded my path. Before I had touched the body, I knew that life must be extinct. Not for a single moment did I labour under the puerile delusion so common to people in the like situation, but at once felt the certitude that my brother lay dead before me!

"'Death is at all times a ghastly spectacle, but there are hours and seasons wherein its presence inspires far less horror than at others: the bed of sickness—the darkened room—the lighted tapers—the priest murmuring consolation to the lingering soul;—these are the natural attendants on death, and soften the disgust and dread we feel at its approach. But here, in the full light of the rising dawn, the birds carolling amid the branches—the distant song of the merry vintagers who were already busy at their labours on the opposite hill, all seemed to jar upon the feelings, and to inspire a supernatural horror, from which I am not freed even now when thinking of that hour. I raised my brother in my arms. He had fallen forward from the bank, for his head

was in the water, which circumstance I thought at first might have caused suffocation. The bank was steep and slippery, likely to have given way beneath his feet, and he must have been thus precipitated into the water, from whence he could not extricate himself without help. This was my first impression, but as I raised that lifeless form to the light, I perceived a deep and ghastly wound in his side, from which the blood had flowed, not freely, but in a thick, turbid pool, and, as it were, drop by drop! The knife with which the deed was done lay by his side upon the grass. I recognised it as his own—my father's gift to him when a boy—the very knife he must have used to cut the branch from the alder, as the signal of his arrival in the garden. Cesario had died thus, this miserable death, while I had been the whole night within sight of his dying struggles—within hearing of his dying groan, and yet had seen—had heard nothing—and when tired of cursing his tardiness, had sat me down and *slept* almost within arm's length of his bleeding corpse!

"'The event caused the greatest consternation throughout the whole country. We were much beloved for my father's sake, and every inquiry was set on foot which could lead to a discovery of the means by which Cesario had met with his death. But every measure proved fruitless, and I was forced to console myself with the opinion of Giordoni, who expressed a conviction that my brother, giving way to the melancholy which so long had preyed upon his mind, had committed suicide. The letter I had received seemed to many, by its tone of mystery, to betray symptoms of the excitement which usually precedes the execution of such a deed. Cesario was the first person buried in the new chapel of Saint Ignatius, Giordoni generously consenting to give absolution for his crime, and to attribute its commission to insanity. As my destiny had begun so did it proceed. The whole of my property was given up to the order. I had been led on step by step by the hope of meeting with my reward—the hand of Isabella—she who had prevailed upon me to concede every point to Giordoni, by promises of eternal love. In the hopes she had held out, consisted now my only happiness, for I had no longer a future of my own. Of the flourishing fortune which my father left me, I was permitted but to claim the share which fell to me as one of the meanest members of the 'society.'

"'Even then I did not despair—for how could I imagine that I was to be deceived! How can I tell you all that followed? How the illusions, one by one, dropped from my vision, and left me as I am—without faith—without belief either in God or man!

"'I had for some time observed a change in Isabella—an embarrassment for which she herself, when taxed with it by me, would account by attributing it to the perpetual disputes and *tracasseries* which she had to endure with her father, concerning her attachment to me. The old count had long since forbidden all intercourse between us, but we had kept up an active correspondence, and obtained frequent interviews together, by means of the Abbé Giordoni, and I was therefore justified in believing in her truth. Judge, then, of my despair when told that the contessa, weary of the struggle she had to endure in her own home on my account, had resolved to retire to a convent, with the determination never to see or correspond with me until her father should consent to our union! She well knew that this condition was equivalent to a total rup-

ture. I had given up every thing for her sake, and she now deserted me!

"'You, my friends, have both of you passed through the ordeal of passion, and can best judge of the storm of hate and rage which this conviction raised within my bosom. How in my bitterness I foreswore her love, and cursed her very name! It was then that Giordoni came to my aid by his specious arguments and eloquent reasonings. He pointed out to me the utter nothingness of human love, and persuaded me to turn my energies into another channel, and by taking priest's orders, to seek forgetfulness of my wrongs in satisfied ambition.

"'I was now, as I have told you, without resource, a blighted and a disappointed man; his proposition suited well with the state of feeling which I experienced at the time, and I accepted it without hesitation. I was actuated in taking this step by a sentiment of revenge, and was glad to prove to the faithless Isabella that I relied no longer on her *promises* —that I reckoned no longer on her love! You know how well and how truly I fulfilled my office—how ardently I strove in the cause of the Jesuits—and how at Lyons I succeeded in my mission—and when the dauphin called me to be his counsellor and director, how indefatigably I strove to avert the evil day, which I felt was dawning for the 'society.'

"'I worked in earnest, and spared neither toil nor anxiety in the fulfilment of my task. I might have persisted to this day, had it not been for a circumstance which changed the whole end and aim of my existence. I had not been long an inmate of Saint Cloud when I received from Turin a packet from my agent (the man whom I had chosen to manage the estate when I was about to depart, to fly from the influence of Giordoni). He had written to me when at the point of death, and the torments of his conscience had instigated him to make a full confession of the deceptions of which I had been the victim, and in which he had been assisted by Giordoni. The order of Jesus had long coveted the estate belonging to the Cerutti. The abbé had undertaken to acquire it. My unhappy brother, being of a religious turn, had fallen an easy victim. Once a member of the order, his task was to betray every word and action which passed in our family, to act as spy upon every proceeding in his father's house. It was his remorse at the part he was compelled to play, which had caused the bitter melancholy which had so distressed me in former years. He had been commissioned to draw me to the villa V——. This he had resisted, well knowing to what end I was to be attracted thither. My own desire had, however, served his vow of blind obedience; but as he had proved himself a weak servant, he was dismissed in disgrace, and despatched to another station. The agent was chosen in his stead, and well did he execute his foul task. Not a look, not a thought of ours but what was written down and conveyed to Giordoni; not a letter but was opened, not a message but was reported. As you have seen, I fell an easy prey to the cunning of the Jesuit—the falsehood of the *Jesuitess.*

"'The man, in his confession, went on to relate, with tears of repentance, he said, that he himself had stabbed Cesario by 'higher command.' He had read the letter before delivering it to me, and the person 'in command' had feared that our meeting would have marred all.

"'There was no further revelation; the name of the person 'in command' was withheld, but hypocritical still, even at the dying hour, the fellow ended abruptly by calling on me to offer up my prayers for the repose of his eternal soul. *My* prayers! he has my everlasting curses even in his grave.'

"M. de Talleyrand told me that Cerutti had grown so excited while relating the latter portion of his history that the two friends desired him to desist, and to leave the recital till another time. It appears that even with this dread secret on his mind, further misery was yet in reserve for Cerutti. The order of Jesus was tottering to its base. Agents of the society filled every court in Europe, in spite of the contumely cast upon them, most especially in France, yet was it there that they were most active in their manœuvres. By a fatality, which, however, will not appear singular when we remember the talent which she had already displayed, and the high position she held in the order—it was the Contessa Isabella de V——, now become Marquise de F——t, who was deputed to Saint Cloud, which had become the head-quarters of Jesuitical intrigue. There was no witness to the first interview which took place between Cerutti and his faithless love, but they say that the scene must have been terrific, for he was carried from the apartment to his bed in a senseless state, and remained for months paralysed in every limb. He never recovered from the shock which this event had given to his constitution. Twenty years afterwards, when intimate with Mirabeau and Talleyrand, he could not mention the name of the Marquise de F——t, without betraying every symptom of the most powerful emotion, and would confess that even amid the excitement of the stirring events in which he had been called to take a part, her image was never absent from his mind.

"There is little doubt that had circumstances taken their natural course, she would have regained as great an influence as she had before possessed. It is certain that during the proscription of the nobility, *her* safety alone caused anxiety to Cerutti, and even at his latest hour her name was hovering on his lips.

"The death of Cerutti was severely felt by the republicans, who hesitated not to accord to him a greater share of talent than even that possessed by Mirabeau, and I have heard M. de Talleyrand frequently declare that the plan of every speech pronounced by the latter, was submitted to Cerutti before it was uttered in the assembly.

"The attachment of the two friends was ardent and sincere, proof against calumny, and firm in spite of jealous intrigue. Chosen to pronounce the funeral oration of Mirabeau, Cerutti burst into tears as he concluded, declaring that he should not long survive the loss he had sustained. His prediction was fulfilled. In less than a year from that very day he himself descended to the tomb, and M. de Talleyrand alone remained of that all-powerful trio, whose efforts combined would have given another turn to the destinies of Europe."

LIGHTS AND SHADES

IN THE LIFE OF A

GENTLEMAN ON HALF PAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO."

No. IX.

LORD ——'S WARD—FIRST LOVE—WILL THE RANGER.

Ferdinand. Hear my soul speak:
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service; there resides,
To make me slave to it.
Miranda. Do you love me?
Ferdinand. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true; if hollowly, invert
What best is boded me, to mischief! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i' the world,
Do love, prize, honour you.
Miranda. I am a fool
To weep at what I am glad of.

THE TEMPEST.

"HAVING given ample directions to 'mine host' of the Black Bear, to ensure the safe return of the earl's vehicle and cloak, we proceeded to the next town, where we had determined to obtain some necessary clothing, and consider what course should be adopted for present security and future support. It appeared manifest that some singular freak of fortune had linked our destinies together—and, that united by the bond of misfortune, the same fate was reserved for both.

"You may think it odd that I have not described the personal appearance of one to whom I had been so strangely introduced, and through whose agency the means of escape from death had been afforded. From the first evening I had seen her in the garden, events had followed each other with a rapidity, which made them seem rather the wild creations of a fearful dream, than actual realities; and it was not until, safe from pursuit, we found ourselves seated quietly in a country inn, that I had calmness and opportunity to examine the features, and learn the private history of my fair companion and preserver.

"She was decidedly handsome—but hers was but the wreck of beauty. The outline of the face was regular—the eye dark and intelligent—and while coal-black hair and well-arched brows, contrasted with cheeks pale as the marble of an artist, the whole expression of the face had a melancholy wildness which might denote unsettled intellect, or have arisen from the painful excitement attendant upon 'hope deferred,' and blighted fortunes. Her figure was particularly graceful, and, although attenuated, its proportions were unexceptionable—none could look upon the

unknown without mingled feelings—and it was doubtful whether pity or admiration would predominate the most.

"Misfortune, it is said, accustoms men to strange bed-fellows—and a community in suffering and danger, is still more powerful in uniting persons by the mutual interest which springs from reciprocated sympathy. Such feelings influenced me and the unknown. An acquaintance, originating in accident, had been hurried into intimacy—and long before we knew the other's history, we had played a desperate game, and tested our mutual fidelity. We felt like isolated beings flung on each other for support—she the protected—I the protector.

"'Mary,' I said, as I took her hand in mine, 'how close the union of our fortunes seems, and yet how little we know of the secret causes which bind our fates together. Would you confide in me, and tell me the story of an early life in which so much mystery appears to be involved?'

"'Willingly,' was the reply. 'The child of misfortune has nothing to blush for, save the villany of others. Mine is a sad tale, but from you concealment would be unnecessary—nay, ungenerous. God knows, how heavily I have been wronged—how foully faith plighted to a dying parent was violated—how villanously, was helpless orphanage abused!'

"She paused for a minute as if to collect her wandering thoughts, and then commenced her melancholy narrative.

"'I am well descended—my mother was the heiress of Sir Philip Rawleigh, and my father's family one of the oldest on the borders. In birth my parents were tolerably equal—but fortune was entirely on the lady's side, as Sir Philip had acquired wealth in the Indies, while my father was left an unportioned orphan. Intended for the church, by the bounty of a distant relative, he had passed one of the English universities and taken its highest honours. As a scholar and gentleman none held a higher reputation—and, singular as it may appear, to that proud distinction the misfortunes of his unhappy orphan may be traced.

"'The Earl of ——, in public estimation, was second to no peer in Britain. A favourite with the monarch, he was at the same time an object of general popularity. To parliamentary talent, he united the attainments of the scholar—and were one desired to name a noble of the highest caste at that day, the claim of the noble earl to this most honourable pre-eminence would have passed unquestioned. He had an only son—the heir to his ancient title and estates—who had been carefully educated under his parent's eye, and on entering Oxford, the earl made diligent inquiry for one to whom his further literary progress should be intrusted. My father was recommended—the task of completing the young nobleman's education was offered to him—and, unfortunately, he undertook the duty.

"'The collegiate career of his noble pupil was not satisfactory to his tutor. He had talents, but he would not cultivate them—and irregularities in his conduct were often and severely censured. At last, Lord —— graduated—my father's tutelage ended—and under the charge of a foreigner of showy accomplishments and fashionable manners, he left his native land to travel.

"'The new preceptor and the pupil were worthy of each other. Without a shade of principle, the Chevalier de Bomont was an infidel and a voluptuary—but the most artful scoundrel in existence; his specious

manners and boundless duplicity masked his true character effectually. No wonder then, that one whose disposition was inherently vicious, under such tutelage matured every bad principle nature had implanted. For five years Lord —— continued on the continent, and a shorter probation would have rendered him what he returned, an adept in vice, and familiar with profligacy in all its phases. A more dangerous individual was never loosed upon society—sensual and cold-blooded, he veiled heartless depravity under an imposing address—bland and open manners lulled the destined victim into false security, and when about to stab, the earl concealed his purpose with a smile.

"'During his quondam pupil's absence on the continent, my father had left the university, obtained a benefice, and married. The income of his living was small, but my mother's fortune was ample—and a year after the union, by the death of Sir Philip Rawleigh, my father succeeded to fifty thousand pounds. Wealth, however, brought no addition to his happiness. His lady's health became seriously impaired—the seeds of consumption showed themselves, and by medical advice, a warmer climate was resorted to. Change of country failed to arrest the progress of this most insidious of diseases, and after lingering a year, my mother left him a widower, and me, in infancy, an orphan.

"'The sudden demise of his excellent and lamented parent had recalled the present earl to England, and when he took possession of the ancient hall, as my father's vicarage was in the immediate vicinity of —— Park, the quondam tutor and his pupil renewed their former intimacy. Never were two beings less adapted for the society of each other—the one, confiding, charitable, and unsuspicious—thinking no guile himself, he imputed none to others—and with an open heart and generous disposition, he looked upon men and their actions as they pretended to be, and not as they were. In a word, he was from his better nature framed to become a dupe, and unhappily, he fell into the power of one gifted with every evil quality to make him one.

"'Nothing could surpass the matchless artifice with which the earl led on his victim, step by step, until he had obtained a boundless influence over his acts—nay, over his very thoughts. Years wore on—'wild youth passed,' but time wrought no change in the character of Lord ——. In other relations of life he had been tried and found wanting—a cold-hearted and grasping landlord, his tenantry disliked him—tales of criminality abroad, and profligacy at home, were more than whispered. It was reported that he was a confirmed gambler, and any thing but a fair one—a cold and faithless husband, and a brutal father.

"'And yet he maintained over my deluded parent an ascendancy almost magical, and time, which might have been expected to remove the delusion, appeared only to confirm it. Attacked by a chronic disease, tedious, but incurable, as my father's health failed, and the mind weakened with the body, the earl's power became paramount, and the dying man became a mere puppet in the hands of his betrayer. On his deathbed he appointed him my guardian—placed my fortune under his absolute control—committed me solemnly to his care—and expired in a full assurance that in his false friend his child had found a father, and that the look upturned to Heaven, with which the earl invoked God to witness how sacredly his duty to the orphan should be performed, indicated the fidelity with which the pledge should be redeemed. Alas! 'twas but

the acting of a finished hypocrite, and his promises to the dying dupe were 'false as dicers' oaths!'

"'I was educated at a public school—years passed away—I had never known a parent's care, but falling into kind and able hands, I had become attached to the family, and an order from my noble guardian to remove me, occasioned the first severe grief I can remember. I was now fifteen—well-grown—in appearance almost a woman, in knowledge of what the world was, less than a child in experience.

"'The house to which I was removed was situated in a retired neighbourhood, and tenanted by a lady, by whom, as I was informed by my guardian, my education was to be completed. My curiosity was much excited by the earl's letter which announced this unexpected intelligence, and during my journey to this new abode, I amused myself by conjecturing what sort of person my new protectress would prove. I had secret misgivings that I should not find the motherly kindness which for eight years had been bestowed upon me by the clergyman's wife, under whose maternal care I had been brought up—and I had sad cause afterwards to discover that these ominous apprehensions were but too well founded.

"'When on the second evening of my journey I reached my destination, and was introduced to Madame d'Arville, I could not but draw a mental, and I must add, a very unfavourable contrast between my new preceptress and the gentle and modest personage whose roof I had quitted for ever. In middle age, Mrs. Mordaunt was a favourable specimen of an English wife. Her beauty was matronly, her dress plain, neat, and becoming,—the expression of her face, mild intelligence—and, during an intimacy of eight years, I never saw her unruffled temper display even a momentary impatience. Exemplary as a mother and a wife, to all, in their respective relations, she discharged her duty faithfully—and a happy home and well-regulated family attested the value of a pure heart and good example. Madame d'Arville was in her thirtieth year. Her beauty was a little *passé*, but still it was more than attractive. Her cast of countenance was decidedly foreign, and her dark hair and lustrous eyes were magnificent. A figure, tall, voluptuous, and commanding, had every advantage which art could bestow upon it. Every movement was graceful—every look intended for effect—but nothing had been left to nature—all was studied—all was artificial—and while the eye was fascinated, the heart remained untouched. When I was introduced to her boudoir she received me with open arms, kissed me with the ardent warmth of a sister, and lavished praises on my beauty. Oh! how different was the parting embrace, the fond farewell of Mrs. Mordaunt, as she held me to her throbbing bosom! Commending me to God's protection, she did no homage to my beauty, but whispered that the world had trials and temptations for the young—and told me that personal advantages required a closer communion with Heaven, to obtain the only true support that would enable me to pass through the ordeal which awaited me uninjured.

"'Mine had been a sound and serious education, and in a few days I discovered the utter incompetency of Madame d'Arville to succeed to the charge my reverend instructress had executed so admirably. Generally uninformed, and almost illiterate, she possessed but two accomplishments—music and dancing—and she considered that they embraced all

that a female should be taught. In dress her whole thoughts were concentrated—the business of the toilet was to her the occupation of existence—and, ere a fortnighthad elapsed, young as I was, I could not but regard with every feeling but reverence, a woman whose character was even in my inexperienced eyes, so thoroughly contemptible.

"'I had brought with me a small collection of excellent books, mostly presents and prizes given me by Mrs. Mordaunt, and I need scarcely observe that religion and instruction formed their subjects. They were cursorily looked over by madame. Some she examined with indifference, while the titles of others excited a sneer. All were thrown aside with the designation 'stupid nonsense,' and a sarcastic observation of 'what a ridiculous old frump Mrs. Mordaunt must have been!' To other books, however, she directed my attention—French novels and Italian tales. Never was I more astonished than when I glanced over their contents. All were offensive to morality, and some so indelicate that I felt my cheeks redden as I flung them from me in disgust.

"'Lonely as the mansion was, still the style of the establishment, though small, was particularly elegant. To the simple comforts I had enjoyed in Mr. Mordaunt's parsonage, the luxury of Madame d'Arville's château was strongly contrasted. Every meal was attended with display,—the few domestics were dressed in the richest liveries—the beaufet presented a variety of costly wines, and in her domicile it was evident that economy was little consulted.

"'With two exceptions, the servants were foreigners—and these were the gardener and a very interesting village girl. All besides, the lady of the mansion not excepted, spoke English imperfectly—and in a remote district whose dialect was remarkable, but for the assistance of these native domestics, the household communications with the peasantry, would at times have been with difficulty maintained. Susan, upon my arrival, was named my personal attendant—and, only two or three years older than myself, the handsome villager and I became sincerely attached. The male attendants on Madame d'Arville were Italians—her maid, in whom unbounded confidence appeared to be reposed, a Neapolitan—and Carlotta exercised a singular and undisputed authority not only over the mansion, but over the mistress herself.

"'This favourite domestic was a few years younger than her lady, and, with a neat figure and pretty face, united great shrewdness and decision. She had talents to render her an able ally, or a dangerous foe—intuitive insight into character, quick perception, profound cunning, and a determination of purpose rarely found in woman. In the management of this secluded household every thing was in obedience to her will—and yet while all were directed like puppets, none could trace the agency by which the movements were effected.

"'Had I knowledge of the world, much of the secret history of the château would have been speedily disclosed to me. I had been taught French and Italian—knew both languages literally—but from natural diffidence, declined attempting to speak either in the presence of madame. When in answer to her inquiries I assured her that I was an indifferent musician, and a most unaccomplished *danseuse*, she lifted her hands and eyes together in astonishment. 'Do you not speak French fluently?' My answer was a decided negative. 'Nor converse in Italian?' I shook my head. This slight conversation confirmed a previous estimate of my

general ignorance, and because I did not *speak* the language, it was never suspected that I *understood* it; and under this misconception, the lady and her domestics conversed with as unreserved freedom in my presence as they did in that of the young villager.

"'Several months passed; my life was dull and uniform, and, excepting at meals, Madame d'Arville and I seldom met. She complained of climate and want of covered carriages, and rarely walked farther than the garden—Carlotta, in-doors and out of doors, her constant attendant—while I, hitherto accustomed to a life of active employment in which mental and bodily exercise were happily combined, read and worked if the weather were unpropitious, and, if favourable, in Susan's company wandered over the adjacent heaths and sea-beach.'

"I must acquaint you," said the outcast, addressing himself to me, "that four-and-twenty years since the coast of —— was the constant scene of wild adventure, and consequently, of the crimes to which lawless enterprise will always tend. Smuggling then was at its height—not the sneaking, shuffling system of deception by which it is now carried on, but by a bold brigandage which challenged opposition, and placed the majesty of law at defiance. The means taken to prevent it were irregular and imperfect—daring and experience generally evaded detection—cargoes were landed wholesale, while a decoy boat not worth its capture carried away every official in false chase—the shadow saved the substance—and the *contrabandistas*, stimulated by success, more extensively and more desperately plunged into fresh adventures. The domestic occurrences of these times will tell the rest. Conflictions ending in homicide—witnesses foully removed—law angrily and vindictively administered—a fatal system opposed to every principle of honesty, producing a demoralised peasantry, on the other part met by a strong hand ill-directed—law against licence—encouraging crime by faulty measures for repression, and, 'few and far between,' when accident placed the offender within the reach of justice, he was visited with an uncompromising ferocity which elicited pity for the criminal, and, even in cases of murder, destroyed the effect which example can only warrant in the infliction of capital punishment. This digression will be necessary to render the narrative of my fair companion sufficiently intelligible.

"'It was during one of these rambles,' she continued, 'that the first adventure of my life occurred. Susan and I were returning from an evening stroll by the sea-side, and were slowly ascending a pathway that wound from the beach to the moorland, when at a bending of the narrow road a figure dashed wildly past us. By a sudden impulse he checked his headlong flight, listened for a moment, then in a low but rapid tone of voice muttered, 'Be silent, or my life is sacrificed!' sprang from the pathway into a fissure in the cliff. All this was the action of half a minute.

"'I was terror-stricken, and remained riveted to the spot, with my eyes fixed upon the chasm in the bank, where the stranger had disappeared. Susan's, however, was a bolder spirit—she listened. 'They come,' she said. 'Go forward, lady, or the poor fellow will be murdered.' She caught my arm—hurried me up the path-way—and we had barely cleared the ravine, when half-a-dozen savage-looking men, armed and well-mounted, rushed at a gallop from the beach.

"'The leader instantly pulled up—I cowered behind my companion—but Susan's presence of mind did not desert her.

"'So ho!' he exclaimed, 'you saw a man run past. Which way did he head?'

"'A man run past?' returned my bolder companion, while I nearly sank upon the ground.

"'Ay—a man—not a minute since—speak. What frightens that silly girl? We will not harm her. Which way did the fellow take?'

"'No man passed here,' returned the attendant.

"'Hell and furies!' exclaimed a second rider, 'we have overrun the chase completely. I told you he would dodge us at Black Dick's Gap. But you're always so devilish positive.'

"'No,' returned the leader, angrily; 'he passed it—I'll swear he—'

"'Bah!' exclaimed the other. ''Tis impossible—these girls must have seen him.'

"'What, in the devil's name, is to be done?'

"'Why, we have made a wrong cast, and we must redeem the mistake,' was the reply. 'No chance but one remains. He'll make for Squire Davis's plantations, and skulk there till night. If he gain the wood, he's safe as if on board the lugger. Damnation! had my advice been followed, we should have shared one hundred pounds. But let us be off, as it is no use jawing longer. If we can cross the heath before him, he can't escape us after all.'

"'As he spoke, the rider turned his horse's head, and spurring over the moorland at full speed, in a few minutes the party disappeared.

"'All this passed so rapidly, that I remained in breathless astonishment, and it was only when these wild horsemen vanished in the dipping of the heath, that I recovered my self-possession. Susan, with fearless determination, watched them out of sight.

"'Thank Heaven!' she ejaculated, as the hindmost rider disappeared. 'He is saved. Come, madame, we must secure him from running again into the danger he has so narrowly avoided.'

"'Turning back, my companion led the way, descended the path, and I followed. Stopping before the chasm where the fugitive had taken shelter, she announced that his pursuers had crossed the heath. Next moment the unknown issued from his concealment, advanced with dignity, took our hands in his, and with the ease and language of a gentleman, thanked us warmly for his deliverance.

"'To your fidelity and discretion I am indebted for my life—and never was a man succoured in his extremity by fairer preservers. Say, lady,' he continued, addressing himself to me, 'who shall I name as my good angel in my prayers? and to whom is Will the Ranger bound for ever to be grateful?'

"'Will the Ranger!' exclaimed my companion, as she recoiled.

"'Fear nothing, pretty one,' said the stranger, with a smile. 'What—harm thee? Oh—no—I would shed my heart's blood to prove my gratitude, could it but pay the debt I owe thee.'

"'And are you the man whom all admire and all dread?' inquired my attendant, timidly.

"'I am, indeed, him, surnamed the Ranger,' returned the stranger, with a smile. 'Alas! in a lawless life there is little to admire, and were the truth known, perhaps, in me as little to be dreaded. But say, who do I address?—where do you reside?—and when shall I again have an opportunity to see and thank my fair preservers?'

"'While this brief conversation passed between Susan and the stranger, I had been eagerly examining a personage who seemed to carry terror with his very name—but in his appearance there was nothing to excite alarm, and whatever dreaded qualities he professed, were concealed under an exterior calculated to produce very different impressions.

"'The Ranger was remarkably handsome—his figure tall, active, and commanding—and as he had removed his sea-cap while addressing us, I could carefully examine his face, and none could be more prepossessing. A laughing eye of brilliant hazel—a high, bold forehead, half-hidden by the brown hair which curled profusely around it—nose, mouth, and teeth, all in perfect keeping with each other—united to form a countenance, which none could deny to be eminently handsome, but whose expression was even more winning than its regularity. His dress was the ordinary one worn by seafaring men—probably of superior materials. He was armed—for in a black waist-belt he carried a cutlass and pistols, while the haft of a dagger peeped from a side-pocket in his jacket.

"'At his repeated entreaties, we told him who we were, and pointed out the château, as the house was termed by its foreign occupants—and when we parted, we gave him an assurance that on the following evening we would revisit the place, where this first interview occurred under such singular and alarming circumstances.

"'As we proceeded home, I need scarcely tell you, that the Ranger engrossed our conversation, and that I learned all the particulars of his history and exploits with which Susan was acquainted. Her information, however, on the subject was confined to village rumour, and was not very extensive. He was a smuggler and an outlaw, admired vastly by the peasantry, and dreaded by excisemen. For two or three years, during which he infested this coast, his landings had been as successful as his escapes were miraculous—and until three months before, he managed by ability and fine seamanship to get in safety from the coast. But at last he was chased, overtaken, and would have been captured, had he not resorted to the desperate alternative of fighting the king's cutter. Here, too, fortune befriended him—for he managed to disable his opponent. In effecting his escape, several of the cutter's crew were wounded—and in consequence the Ranger was declared an outlaw, and a price put upon his head.

"'On the next evening we were punctual to the promise given, and again met the stranger. These meetings continued daily—and when we separated, I shall never forget the impatient feelings with which I looked forward until evening came again, and we hastened to the cliffs. Unconscious of the truth, I had lost my heart to this wild admirer—and when he announced his immediate departure, and pressed me to meet him and say farewell, a passionate burst of tears was the reply, and told him that I assented.

"'The evening came, and I set out with Susan to meet the possessor of a heart which never had known a preference before. I had read

stories of first love—and alas! was fated to feel its intensity. The Ranger was waiting for us—and while we sate down together on a bank, Susan mounted the cliff to watch against surprise.

"'It would be useless to detail the scene that followed. Kneeling at my feet my wild admirer owned his passion, and I artlessly admitted that his love was faithfully reciprocated. He caught me to his heart, kissed me again and again, while I reclined sobbing on his breast. At this moment Susan gave the signal that strangers were approaching.

"'One parting kiss,' exclaimed the outlaw, 'and one parting promise, Mary.'

"'As he spoke, he drew a ring from his finger, and placed it upon mine.

"'Hear me, Mary,' he whispered. 'This may be the last time you and I may meet in this world. A trial awaits me—if fortune smile, the object which brought me to this coast will be accomplished—should I fail, I know the penalty, and am prepared to meet it as a man ought. Within twelve hours I may be cold as that stone'—and he turned over a pebble with his foot—'and even in an adventurous career like mine, now while standing probably on the brink of eternity, this is a solemn moment in a life. Here, and by this emblem, I plight thee my lasting love. Wilt thou pledge thine?'

"'What was my answer? I flung myself into his arms, and in an agony of grief, murmured a promise of eternal constancy and love.

"'Again Susan gave the signal that we should separate.

"'One instant and we part,' he hastily exclaimed. 'You will, before many hours elapse, hear tidings of Will the Ranger. Should fortune fail him, his last thoughts and dying prayers shall be thine—should he succeed, the wanderer will return ere long, and claim his promised bride.'

"'Are you mad?' exclaimed a voice—and Susan impatiently waved her arm, and pointed to the beach. 'Men have landed from a boat,' she cried, 'and head directly this way.'

"'They are no enemies,' said the outlaw, 'but the parting moment is come.'

"'Again he pressed me to his heart, and, as if the act required a sudden and determined effort, he placed me gently on the bank, bounded down the cliff, and hurried towards the spot where Susan had observed the men debarking.

"'Well,' said the attendant, as we slowly crossed the moor, 'I half wish that Robert had been a smuggler. Why, we meet and talk in the garden so quietly—and we reckon how much it will cost to furnish the cottage, and buy a cow—and all the time he rests upon his spade, and speaks as calmly as we do in the servants' hall when work is over. But, Lord! what a different lover the Ranger is! Why, in five minutes you got more kisses than I within a fortnight. Ha! something has occurred—see, a horseman dismounts at the gate. At our dull place we seldom see a visiter. He seems to be a servant. But let us hasten, for madame remarked last night at supper, that our walks were longer and more frequent than formerly.'

"'Two hours passed, and I was sitting at the fire listening to Susan's gossip—its theme, the exploits of the Ranger—when the door opened, and an unusual visiter came in—it was madame's woman, Carlotta.

"'Supper is being served,' she said, 'and I have news for mademoiselle. The marquis and two visiters come to the château to-morrow—but, blessed angels! what a beautiful ring!'

"'My hand, unconsciously was resting on the table, and I had not removed the outlaw's gift.

"'A brilliant!' continued the waiting-woman, as she raised my hand, and examined the ring more closely, 'tis worth a thousand francs.'

"'Confused and surprised I made no answer, but Susan's ready wit came luckily to my assistance.

"'A farewell present from a schoolfellow,' she replied. 'Is it not pretty, Carlotta?'

"'Oh, paste, of course,' returned the attendant of madame, 'and yet by candlelight, and in a crowd, it would pass current for a diamond. An excellent imitation, certainly.'

"'She quitted the room, Susan and I blessing our good genius for thus narrowly evading a very awkward discovery. The ring was carefully put aside, and I descended to the parlour.

"'Madame was unusually thoughtful, and the visit of the marquis seemed to her an important occurrence, for after supper she read the letter the courier had brought thrice over, while at times she was lost in thought, and muttered to herself. I rose immediately the meal was finished, and as I ascended the stairs, heard the bell ring, and Carlotta summoned to attend her mistress The first interview for many years with a guardian I but indistinctly recollected, scarcely occasioned a care. One engrossing object occupied my mind—the Ranger was ever present. I thought of him waking—his name was mingled in my prayers—a thousand times his ring was pressed to my lips and heart—and in my dreams I sat beside him on the cliff—heard him declare his love, and in return I plighted mine. No wonder that my slumbers were broken and unrefreshing, until nature became exhausted—and I was fast asleep when Susan came to dress me.

"'One glance at the attendant's face told me that something important had occurred.

"'Oh, Miss Mary!' she exclaimed, after bolting the door carefully. 'Such a scene there was after you quitted the supper-room! There's mischief in this visit of my lord, and you are deeply concerned.'

"'Then our meetings at the cliff have been discovered, Susan?'

"'No, no, no,' was the rapid reply. 'Not a suspicion of the kind exists; but let me tell you the story in my own way.'

"'Go on,' I said; 'you have excited both my fears and my curiosity.'

"'Well, as the night was fine, and as Robert and I wished to talk a little by ourselves, I slipped into the garden unperceived, where he was waiting for me. One of the window-shutters of the dining-room was half unclosed, and we saw you retire, and presently Carlotta came in. I have often told you, miss, how intimate madame and her maid are, but last night discovered more than ever I could have imagined. When Carlotta entered the room, she pulled a chair to the fire, filled a glass with wine, and seemed perfectly her lady's equal. Robert and I watched what followed, for as you know, the windows of the room open on the garden. My lord's letter was read, and rest assured there's mischief in it. Madame expostulated—Carlotta stormed like a fury—your name was mentioned

every minute—matters became worse—Heaven knows they spoke loud enough, could Robert and I but understand their gibberish. At last both started from their seats—Carlotta crossed the table to her mistress—held her clenched hand to madame's face—poured out a volley of abuse—and left the room, darting a look at the lady which made me tremble, and which I shall remember to my dying day.'

"'What can it all mean, Susan?'

"'Heaven alone can tell—but, Miss Mary, there's mischief in the wind, and you are deeply concerned.'

"'What—what is to be done? I am at the mercy of strangers—not a friend to pity and assist me.'

"'That is unkind, Miss Mary,' said the attendant, as her eyes filled and her cheeks flushed; 'am *I* not to be trusted? *I* that would fly with you over the world—'

"'Forgive me, dear Susan—I spoke thoughtlessly—I know your fidelity, and in you put my sole reliance.'

"'Ay, and you have another friend beside—Robert would follow me through fire. He's but a gardener, it's true—but there's not a man on the wide border, that he would turn his back upon. Come, courage.'

"'I flung my arms round the neck of my pretty and warm-hearted attendant, and presently repaired to the breakfast-room, where I found Madame d'Arville already waiting for me.

"'If my sleep had been disturbed, I should say that her slumbers had been still more unrefreshing. Whether that her toilet had not been attended to, or that art could not conceal the workings of 'a mind diseased,' certainly Madame d'Arville's countenance betrayed time's encroachments, and looked any thing but happy.

"'She received me with more than ordinary kindness, embraced, kissed me, and complimented me on my looks. Never was a falser compliment paid—the pier-glass reflected cheeks pale as they are now—and the information Susan had given, occasioned an anxious expression, which did not escape the observations of the lady of the mansion.

"'How pretty,' she said, 'and yet how pale—these long walks must be discontinued—exposure to this horrid climate would rob an angel of her beauty. Would that we were once more in Italy!—this dull and lonely mansion is destructive to one's happiness and looks—should you not wish to leave it?'

"'I started at the question, but in a moment answered that I would.

"'And whither, child?'

"'To the guardian of my infancy—to her who proved a second mother—Mrs. Mordaunt.'

"'Madame d'Arville stared at my reply.

"'What—return to school! Bah! you jest. No, no—yours will be a happier exchange—a house—a home—a husband.'

"'What mean you, madame?' I inquired, with marked astonishment.

"'Why, that your kind guardian, Lord ——, anticipates your wishes,' returned the lady, coolly, 'and brings a suitor here this evening. All has been already arranged—are you not overjoyed?'

"'No, madame, I am astounded. A union arranged for me, and

with a man with whom I am totally unacquainted. Nay, madame, 'tis you who jest.'

"'Well, be it so—your guardian will explain matters better than I can.'

"'Her woman had answered the bell, and to her she gave some trifling orders. Susan's disclosures had excited my curiosity, and I observed the bearing of the mistress and her maid. Madame's indifference was affected—Carlotta received her orders with contemptuous silence—while in answer to Madame d'Arville's remark of 'I have told Marie that my *surveillance* will be ended speedily,' a look of fearful meaning was directed to her, and another of deadly hatred turned on me. What could all this portend? I consulted Susan, but her conjectures were vague as my own.

"'While the day passed, an unusual bustle among the domestics, and frequent and angry interviews between madame and her maid, roused Susan's curiosity, like my own, to the highest pitch imaginable. On me more serious thoughts obtruded. Where was my wild lover? and how sped the arduous trial upon which life and death depended?'

"'With evening the visiters arrived—a carriage rolled across the court-yard—and three men, closely muffled, alighted from the coach. An hour passed—a message from madame summoned me to the drawing-room, and when I entered it, I found the strangers conversing with the lady of the house.

"'Ha! my fair ward,' exclaimed the tallest and most *distingué* of the group, as he advanced with an air of free authority, and passing his arm round my waist, pressed his lips to mine. At this unceremonious liberty my cheeks coloured, while from his embrace I recoiled as if by animal instinct. Madame introduced him to me as my guardian, the Earl of ——, and then in turn presented me to his companions—the Chevalier de Bomont, and Count d'Arlincourt.

"'I need not describe the earl to you. The chevalier was a man of sixty, of gentlemanly appearance and courtly address. The count, scarcely half that age, with a showy person united to regular and handsome features—but the expression of his face was unfavourable—his manner presumptuous—and, from our first introduction, I regarded him with feelings of aversion.

"'Unacquainted with society, and educated in strict retirement, the manners and social intercourse of the visiters and the lady of the mansion, appeared to me at times inharmonious and artificial. There was a softened haughtiness in the earl's bearing to his companions, which seemed an effort of condescension, and a pliancy of address in the chevalier, which betrayed dependency. Without the ease of the former, or tact of the latter, D'Arlincourt was unable to keep up a semblance of equality. The earl seemed to tolerate his familiarity with impatience—while the chevalier, during a trifling argument, dissented from a statement of his friend, with the indifference of carelessness, if not contempt. None seemed at ease—and probably, to judge by circumstances, the lady of the mansion was the most uncomfortable.

"'The wine circulated freely, and De Bomont was the only person who did not indulge liberally. The effect of the bottle was singularly remarkable on the drinkers. Madame became free and talkative—the count

familiar—and, as regarded me, in look and manner almost insolent. On the earl the effect was very opposite—his thoughtful air almost changed to sadness—and some idle pleasantries of the count, and gay sallies of madame, were returned with a coldness bordering on severity.

"'Coffee was introduced, and I was about leaving to retire to my chamber, when the door opened, and a man entered unannounced. At the same moment, and by a different door, Carlotta glided in and whispered something to her mistress. Her eyes met D'Arlincourt's—and I alone remarked the looks mutually interchanged—one of entreaty and deprecation on his part, returned by a threatening glance by the *femme de chambre*, in which scorn and hatred intermingled. The high and excited tone with which the earl addressed the stranger, at once commanded and obtained attention.

"'Well—what news to-night? Have you at last succeeded? Fools that you were, with the quarry full in view, to let the game escape ye?'

"'My lord, I was not to blame—I think the foul fiend saved him—and assuredly nothing but the devil could have stood his friend last night!"

"'Hell and furies! is he not captured?'

"'The man merely shook his head.

"'Go on, fellow! By heaven you madden me—go on.'

"'My lord,' said the chevalier, 'ladies are present—and—'

"'Know nothing of what we are talking of at present,' was the reply.

"'The stranger, who was wrapped in a loose riding-coat, with an oil-skin-covered hat, had the appearance of a drover, and at first I did not recognise him—but when he spoke, the remarkable tones of his voice brought him instantly to my recollection, and I recognised him as one of the men who had pursued my lover, and questioned Susan and me upon the cliff on the evening the Ranger had escaped. On his entrance I was about to retire, but my curiosity was powerfully excited now, and I kept my seat at the table.

"'My lord,' the stranger continued, 'since the evening we lost him among the cliffs, night and day we have continued our search, and every place where he could obtain a shelter has been visited. One trace only could we find—and, strange as it may appear, a man who answered the description of the Ranger most accurately, was seen but three evenings since, at the very spot where he seemed to vanish when we chased him! He was observed conversing with two women—and so convinced was I that I had recovered the lost scent again, that since daybreak I and my companions have been hiding in the rocks. No wonder that we watched in vain—for the Ranger was twenty miles away.'

"'Ha! have you then found out his retreat?' inquired the earl, passionately.

"'Yes, my lord—but too late to profit by the discovery.'

"'The earl growled a curse between his teeth, and the stranger thus continued:

"'That my information was correct, circumstances have convinced me. When we lost him at the Dutchman's Cove—as the country people call that opening to the sea-beach—I overtook two girls at the very place, and questioned them whether they had seen any thing of the Ranger? One appeared frightened, and remained silent—but the other denied that any

one had passed. They were both pretty—and when I heard that the Ranger had been seen again, and in company with two females, I at once concluded that love had brought him here. Well—'

"'The stranger paused.

"'Go on!' exclaimed the earl, angrily.

"'Never was man more mistaken in his conjectures. Last night, with a dozen desperadoes like himself, he broke into the county prison—overpowered the keepers—liberated and carried off the men whose capture caused us such incessant trouble—and was seen to embark—board a lugger waiting for him—and—'

"'Has escaped, and with his companions too?' exclaimed the earl, in a voice of thunder.

"'Too true, my lord. He's once more on the water, and free as any sea-bird that breasts the wave!'

"'I had listened with breathless anxiety to every syllable that passed the stranger's lips—and during his short narrative, my heart had throbbed almost to bursting. But when he announced that my lover had escaped—when I was assured that the hazardous trial, of which I had been apprised, was over—that his adventurous attempt had succeeded—and that the Ranger was at liberty, unable to control the impulse, I uttered an exclamation of delight, fainted, and fell into the arms of Carlotta!

"'Nothing could surpass—as I was afterwards informed—the confusion my exclamation and fainting fit occasioned. I was carried from the parlour to my own apartment, and while Susan and madame's confident used the customary means to recover me, the 'most admired disorder' pervaded the company assembled in the dining-room. All were astounded—but the earl's rage was not to be described.

"'What means all this?' he exclaimed fiercely, turning a look in which rage and suspicion were united, upon the pale countenance of the lady hostess. 'Pauline! you have betrayed your trust.'

"'Not I, by Heaven!' was the reply. 'If aught has occurred, it is without my knowledge altogether—I cannot even comprehend it.'

"'But I can, easily,' returned the earl. 'She who should have been secluded from the world, as I had been led to believe, was allowed to roam where she pleased, and form acquaintance with the last person living, to whom she should have been introduced.'

"'It is a singular and mysterious occurrence altogether,' observed the chevalier. 'Was the young lady whom you saw carried from the room just now, one of the females you met upon the cliff when the Ranger evaded your pursuit?' he continued, addressing himself to the stranger.

"'I cannot pretend to say she was.'

"'Retire, my friend,' said the earl, 'you need refreshment, and we will converse presently again.'

"'The order was obeyed—the door carefully secured—and the secret conclave resumed their deliberations; and, as it turned out, my unguarded exclamation hurried an unfortunate destiny to its crisis.'"

A VISIT TO A CIRCASSIAN CHIEF.

BY H. WALTER D'ARCY.

(*Concluded.*)

During my short stay among this gallant people, I was induced from curiosity to accompany my host on several other expeditions, made for the purpose of reconnoitring. The manner in which the reconnoissances were made was most perilous, and more than once we were surrounded by some Cossacks, and owed our escape more to fortune and the hesitation of the enemy, than to any other circumstance. Once, indeed, I was engaged, much against my will, hand to hand with one of the Cossacks, much my superior in the art of managing the sabre, and should certainly have been cut down, but for the timely intervention of a cousin of my host, who came to my rescue, and settled the matter by cleaving my assailant to the chin.

I must observe that when engaged in actual combat, the Chernemorsky Cossacks are little inferior in skill and prowess to their neighbours the Circassians; they want, however, the noble spirit which the consciousness of fighting in defence of their liberty infuses into the breasts of the latter; besides which, they are not so hardy, nor so able to sustain for any length of time the fatigue which custom has caused the Circassian to despise.

About a fortnight after the disastrous affair previously mentioned, Adjigha Sanjook was summoned to attend an assembly of confederated chiefs, which was to take place about thirty miles from his house; and, being anxious to obtain a sight of the meeting, I requested leave to accompany him, which was immediately granted.

Our route lay nearly eastward, along a country the grandeur of whose scenery it would be impossible to describe with any hope of giving a true idea of its magnificence; it was even more beautiful than that through which I had already passed. Every portion of the hills up to the snow-mark were covered with the most luxuriant verdure; mountain-streams in innumerable quantities gushed through the defiles; hamlets abounded in every quarter, proving, together with the general state of cultivation, that a large and flourishing population inhabited these beautiful regions. And it is into this country, so favoured by the natural gifts of Providence that Russian despotism is striving to enter; it is the free natives of these noble hills that, were she once their mistress, she would send in chains to share the fate of the gallant Poles in the mines of Siberia.

I felt convinced, slight as was my knowledge of geology, that many descriptions of metal lie hid in the bowels of this country; some of the mountain-torrents, indeed, abound with minute particles of gold, and among the ornaments of some of the superior chiefs, I observed many large rubies of a pale colour, which had been found in the inner provinces.

Numerous mounds are also to be met with, being, as I was informed, the tumuli of the aborigines of the country. I learned that several previous travellers had excited considerable suspicion, by requesting leave to examine them by digging; they doubly offended the people by the wish, which, firstly, raised a surmise that the intention of the strangers was to search for hidden treasures and carry them off; and secondly, excited the superstitious fears of the mountaineers, who believed that some demon would revenge the insult offered to the spot over which he was ap-

pointed guardian. This latter idea was perhaps even more strong than the former, and as I had no wish to disturb the good feeling hitherto displayed towards me by the Circassians, I took particular care to avoid more than a passing notice of what, could I safely have gratified my wish, I would have closely examined.

About five miles distant from the place whence we had set out, we met a party conducting some Russian soldiers who had been made prisoners in a skirmish the previous evening. One of them was an officer, and I felt assured from his gentlemanly appearance, that he was a person of education, and could speak French; I, however, did not dare to address him, being fearful of raising the suspicious jealousy of my companions. The appearance of the unhappy prisoners was most miserable; they were all very pale, from the effect of wounds; their feet, which were without shoes, were bleeding from the roughness of the path over which they had been conducted. Their arms were tied behind their backs, and the only remaining garments which had escaped being taken from them, were a pair of trousers, and a coarse dirty shirt—the officer alone had been allowed to retain his coat.

The road over which we now proceeded was so rocky and steep, that we could proceed but very slowly, and it was not till the morning following our departure that we arrived at the camp. We had passed the night at a small hamlet, situated about four miles distant from the place of our destination.

The sun was rising as we descended into the lovely vale, inclosed by the gigantic mountains, whose snowy pinnacles glittered brightly in the sun. The scene which presented itself to my view was replete with interest, and resembled what I more than once had seen while travelling among the wandering tribes of Koordistan. The vale was full of tents, each larger one being the temporary habitation of a chief, and surrounded by others of a smaller size, belonging to his clansmen. Even at the early hour at which we arrived, the greatest activity seemed to prevail, and on our approach being notified by the firing of guns, we were immediately surrounded by a large crowd, many of whom were covered with glittering armour, and all were more or less armed.

The assemblage of chiefs had taken place in order to debate upon some overtures lately made by the Russian government, and on a council being held, at which I was present, these were proclaimed aloud. A shout of derision arose at the conclusion; one young man, however, son of an absent chief, addressed the assembly, and proposed some concession being made, in case of the overtures being advantageous to his country. An indignant outcry was the consequence of his speech, and an old weather-beaten warrior sprung to his feet with all the agility of youth, and proceeded to harangue those present in a most animated tone. Contrary to the opinion of the young man who had just spoken, he denounced all idea of treating with the Muscovites, on whom he showered down innumerable invectives, and entreated his countrymen to die sooner than yield an inch of ground to the Russians. This speech was received with much more applause than the former one, and appeared well suited to the wishes of all present.

Another chief now rose, and having remarked that an Englishman was present, proceeded in a most direct manner to ask me whether *his* country

could rely on any assistance from *mine*. On his question being interpreted to me, I answered that I could give them no hopes of being overtly aided by the government of England, well disposed as it was towards their cause; from individuals, however, I had every reason to believe they had received, and would receive support, as there were many private pesrons who deeply sympathised with the inhabitants of the Western Caucasus, and who much lamented that the treaty with Russia prevented the British government from espousing the interests of Circassia.

On my observations having been translated, a Circassian chief rose, who had not yet spoken, and who, it appeared, was tolerably well acquainted with the affairs of Europe. He remarked, in a sneering tone, that were Circassia to rest her hopes of freedom upon England, she might at once give up her neck to the yoke of bondage.

"All here," he continued, "have heard of Poland; it was a brave nation like ours, though the inhabitants were lowlanders. Well, Poland was oppressed by Russia, who wished to make the people slaves like her own subjects. The noble spirit of the Poles revolted at the idea, but they had no mountain passes to keep out the enemy like us, and they soon found that the Russians were too numerous and powerful for them; they determined therefore to appeal to England; the English, they cried, are a free people, they will surely not allow us to be trampled upon. But what was the answer to the entreaties of Poland? why, a flat refusal to do any thing for it! Yes; the English left the unhappy Poles exposed to the remorseless cruelty of their oppressors, and what is Poland now! the slave of the Muscovite?"

As the orator proceeded, lowering glances began to fall upon me from the assembled multitude, and it became evident that I was not looked upon with eyes of favour by the majority of those present. My host, however, observing the unfavourable effect of the last speech, proceeded at once to address the assembly.

"My countrymen," he exclaimed, "you are wrong to look black upon this stranger. What greater proof could he give of sympathy with our cause than by coming amongst us and trusting to our hospitality, and that in the hope only of being able, when he returns to his native land, to give his government a true account of our position, and, by informing it of our firm intention to defend our country or die, excite within the breast of its rulers not only a desire to befriend us, but a determination to put that desire into execution, by sending us assistance, by forwarding us arms and money. Although," he continued, "the kingdom of England is now allied to Russia, she well knows that the latter is her secret enemy, and is desirous of taking India from her; now Circassia is, as it were, the wall of that country, and, were we to be conquered, Russia would have little difficulty in entering India. It is the interest of England to help us, and she will do so sooner or later; this stranger will tell his queen what we have said and done, and all will be well. With the aid of England we will drink the blood of the Muscovites. Have we not already tasted it, and is there one present who has not shed his own in the combating with them? Who was it that talked just now of submission? Can he be a true-hearted Circassian?—let him look at our mountain tops, which have so long been spectators of our freedom—let him gaze upon our fertile plains, and ask his own heart whether he could

willingly behold a Russian foot trampling thereon save as a slave. Oh no! it is impossible; he comes of a far too generous race; he, like me, will be henceforth ready to exclaim, 'To arms, Circassians, drive the ruthless invaders from their forts. Sheath not your swords until the tyrants have bit the dust.'"

The latter words of this somewhat incoherent speech were spoken in a voice of thunder. Shouts of applause in approbation of it followed, which were transferred to me on Adjigha Sanjook throwing his arms round my neck, and embracing me in a transport of enthusiasm.

To have attempted to quench their hopes of assistance from the British government would have been useless, or, at any rate, would have prejudiced them against me, and as I was at the time not quite certain whether or not England ever intended to take up their cause openly, I resolved to say nothing more on the subject, and confined myself to merely repeating my wishes for the welfare of Circassia.

A Nogay Tartar of most ferocious aspect now came forward. He was a man of about sixty, with a thick gray beard, immense moustaches, and large, shaggy eyebrows; his eye was large and bright, resembling however, more that of a wild beast than of a human being. His height was gigantic, and his shoulders of Herculean breadth: altogether he presented a true picture of a desert warrior, and must have once been a most redoubtable foe to encounter. In a loud, sonorous voice he exclaimed, or rather shouted out several sentences which, on being translated to me, I found were to the following purpose: "Circassians, you have treated me and mine with hospitality, your kindness is deeply engraven on my heart, and nothing but the coldness of death will efface the remembrance of it. Fifteen years ago I fled from Russian oppression, and, an outcast and a pauper, sought your protection. Nobly you gave it to me and my family; generous have been your gifts. I have attempted, poorly it is true, to requite them by fighting under your banner, and I have shed some of my blood in your service; but my arm has now become weak from age, and I am enfeebled with wounds; three sons are, however, the issue of my loins; take them, they are yours; they have no nobler desire, no more ardent wish, than to fight for the country that has befriended them. They are their father's children."

Many other chiefs and persons of inferior rank addressed the meeting; the tendency of their discourses was ever the same, all declaring themselves ready to die sooner than willingly yield a foot of ground to Russian rule. After several hours the assembly was dispersed, and I returned with my host to his quarter of the encampment.

What particularly struck me was the order kept in the camp. There were no tumults, no quarrels, no discontents, but each several warrior seemed to appear conscious of the necessity of the most perfect unanimity existing among the different clans, to forward the success of their arms. I had travelled much and far, I had seen the warriors of many nations, but never had I before met with a people so completely formed for a life of warfare; not even could the Koordish tribes, among whom I had lived some time, equal them in point of hardihood, horsemanship, or the use of arms. Indeed the Circassian seems to have been formed for his position; nothing can tame his spirit or subdue his energy. A cleft in a rock is sufficient shelter for him; the ground as his couch, and his saddle as his pillow, are even luxuries to him. His wants are few. A bottle of

yaoort,* and a bag of meal, suffice to satisfy his hunger and thirst. Trained from his youth to the exercise of arms, he is almost always nearly perfect in their use. Besides, a better horseman is not to be met in the world, saving perhaps some of the best English steeple-chase riders. The Circassian horse too, is a most spirited, hardy, and swift animal, and is frequently of great beauty. Like the Turcoman steed, he is trained to take part in his master's combat, and during an encounter he may be seen tearing with his teeth the flesh of the animal bestrode by his rider's antagonist.

From the peaks that overlooked the valley in which the camp was situated can be observed the approach of an enemy, from whatsoever quarter it may come. Several Russian forts are also visible in the distance, in which their wretched garrisons are almost complete prisoners, seldom daring to move out for fear of an ambush, and compelled to use the utmost vigilance to prevent being surprised by their infuriated enemies. I learned, however, that at this moment the recent success obtained over the Circassians had caused the Russians to relax a little from the severity of their watch, while the same cause had sharpened the desire of the mountaineers to make themselves masters of the strongholds of the invaders.

The day following my arrival, being desirous of attending as few councils as possible, I requested leave to hunt in the neighbourhood, which was immediately granted, with a caution not to wander too far from the valley, lest I should fall into the hands of a straggling party of Cossacks. Having proceeded with several young Circassians and some greyhounds towards the hills, I soon succeeded in starting a roe, which having led us for some time over a most perilous and breakneck path, at length descended into a small vale, where a shot from my rifle (an old Manton) laid him low. The greyhounds were far inferior to those of Europe, or Arabia, having neither the swiftness of the former nor the endurance of the latter. During the day we had several other chases, and in the evening, our horses being nearly exhausted, we halted on the borders of a marshy plain, where we determined to stay till morning. I seldom remember having passed a more disagreeable night; the musquitoes and other insects abounded, and no efforts could drive them away, not even the enormous fires which were lighted in a circle round us, in order to keep off any wild animals that might have taken a fancy to our horses, or perhaps, indeed, to their masters. Sleep was impossible; the croaking of the frogs, the stinging of the musquitoes, the screaming of the jackals, and the howling of the wolves were perfect antidotes to aught in the shape of slumber, and after many attempts to compose myself, I found the matter desperate, and having placed my saddle close to one of the fires, sat thereon covered with my cloak till dawn. During the tedious hours I beguiled the time by ever and anon sending an arrow† after the flittering shadows of what I rightly conceived to be wolves and jackals roaming about. I was not very successful in my aims, as although I fired some seventy shots, I did not hit more than seven or eight of the targets, and two wolves and a jackal only were found lying dead next morning, their carcases, being half eaten by their comrades.

* A species of sour milk which forms a most delicious beverage during the heat of summer.

† The Circassians still use bows and arrows in battle and the chase.

The spot we were in must be dreadfully unhealthy, being, as I have observed, on the borders of a marsh, the miasma arising from which must inevitably prove fatal to any travellers who may remain any length of time in the vicinity of the disease-nourishing swamp. Short as was my stay, I did not enjoy my wonted health for several days after, and had a slight attack of fever. I shudder at the very thought of what must have been the consequence of being obliged to bivouack for several nights upon the marsh itself. I understood from some of my friends that many of the Russians whom necessity had compelled to encamp thereon, had fallen victims to the fevers engendered by the miasma arising from the putrid ground. Those, however, (if there be any such) whose health is proof against a marsh fever, would find excellent sport in shooting the wild fowl, which abound during the proper season.

The following morning we continued our hunting, taking care, however, to keep among the hills, having had too much of the marsh as a night's lodging, to wish to trouble it again. Even the well-tanned skins of some of my companions had not been musquito proof, as was evinced by their swollen features.

After having shot several hares, we started two enormous black bears, which we proceeded to chase. The female soon fell a victim to the rifle of one of my companions ; her lord and master, however, managed to get within the shelter of a thick jungle, from which we had much difficulty to dislodge him. Bruin at length broke cover, indignant at the barking of two large sheep-dogs that formed part of our pack, and attempted to gain a forest situated at about half-a-mile distant. We were, however, too quick for him, and intercepted his path; still the animal did not appear to contemplate any thing but his escape, and wheeling to the left, entered a narrow defile. We pursued, and notwithstanding the rocky nature of the ground, came up to the chase, which, being now brought to bay, rose on his hind-legs, and seizing one of the dogs which had had the temerity to approach him, squeezed him to death in an instant. We now fired a volley, which, though it severely wounded, did not disable him; he rushed upon a young Circassian who had imprudently dismounted, and cast his paws round him in any thing but an amorous embrace. The situation of the youth was most critical. I dared not fire at the beast with one of my pistols at the distance I was off, for fear of wounding my friend. I therefore lept from my horse, as did all the rest, and rushing close up to the bear, fired the contents of my weapon into his eye, when he fell dead on the spot, pulling the Circassian youth after him. On disengaging the latter from the hug of the dead bear, we found that he was, to all appearance, killed. To our great joy, however, on rubbing his forehead and nostrils with some brandy which I had in my flask, he began to revive. He had but narrowly escaped, and only owed his life to a cuirass of chain mail, which he wore beneath his vest. As it was, the hug of the beast had been so tight, that his sides were indented with the marks of the chain ; while the mail which covered his left-shoulder was nearly bitten through. The only ill effects he felt from the encounter was, a sever pain in the loins, and a difficulty of breathing, which continued for some days.

The above accident cast a temporary damp over our sport, which we discontinued for the day, and proceeded to a small hamlet in the vicinity, where we passed the night. The next morning I ascended a very high hill, from which I obtained a magnificent view. In the distance I

could perceive the forest girt Ekaterinodar, the capital of the Cherne morsky Cossacks; it is a very well fortified place, commanding the whole of the marshy lands around. The heights around it bristle with cannon, but it has more the appearance of a large village than a town.

After having continued my hunting excursion for several days, I returned to the camp, much fatigued by my excursions, and by no means in good health. The heat had been very oppressive, and I had exposed myself too much to the rays of the sun; the consequence was, that I was confined for a couple of days to my tent from the effects of a fever, the germs of which I had acquired on the marsh; and had I not fortunately brought my medicine-chest with me, I should, in all probability, have been seriously ill. On the third day, however, thanks to some James's powder, and a vigorous constitution, I was again on my legs, and able to go about.

In the camp I saw many women, who, covered with thin, white, flowing veils, which served to set off, not to conceal, their lovely features, went about, Carthaginian-like, exhorting the warriors to be firm, and exciting their courage by appeals to their love of liberty.

I could not help imagining as I surveyed the assembled mountaineers, and thought on the cause that had drawn them together, that they much resembled the Swiss during the days of Guillaume Tell, preparing to drive the usurping tyrants from their free mountains; and I cursed the ambition that had caused Russia to seek to aggrandise itself at the expense of scattering misery among the otherwise happy valleys, and casting desolation over this land of beauty and of grandeur,

> Where looks a cottage out on a domain
> The palace cannot boast of, seas of lakes,
> And hills of forests, crystal waves that rise
> 'Midst mountains all of snow, and mock the sun.
> Returning back to him his beams more thick
> And radiant than he sent them. Torrents there,
> Are bounding floods, and there the tempest roams
> In all the radiance of his glory; then
> Their cottages, they are the homes for hearts,
> Their pastures studded with the herd and fold,
> Their native strains that melt them as they sing,
> A free and warlike, simple, noble people.*

Such is the country which has now for years opposed itself to the aggression of Russia, which thirsts after the possession of the rich valleys contained within the heart of the west Caucasian mountains. May God help the arms of the independent mountaineers, and ever cause them to be victorious over the superior discipline and numbers of their invaders.

The Circassians, with the exception of their chiefs and the wealthier warriors, are by no means generally well armed; the guns of many are almost unfit for use; and, the greater part are obliged to supply the want of fire arms with javelins and bows, which, however, they use most dexterously. Powder is very scarce among them, owing to the strict blockade kept upon their coast, and what is manufactured in the country is of an inferior kind. Still the Circassians, badly armed and undisciplined as they may be, are fighting for the defence of their liberties;

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* With the exception of a few interpolated words, these lines are from the drama of the "Wife," by Sheridan Knowles.

and animated as they are with such a noble feeling, they will be able, with the permission of Providence, to oppose successfully every attack that may be made upon them, from whatever quarter it may come.

The Circassians are very temperate in their habits, which, together with their being constantly in the open air, is a great reason of the excellent health which they generally enjoy. Drunkenness is a vice scarcely known among them.

On our return to the hamlet inhabited by my host, we made a slight deviation from our route, in order to visit a chief, whose age had prevented his obeying the summons to attend the assembly at the camp. The mansion of the old warrior was of larger size than any I had hitherto seen in the country. Like that of Adjigha Sanjook, it was situated in the midst of a hamlet, and was surrounded with palisades. On our arrival we were conducted to the guest-room, a large, though low, chamber, where we found our host and his grand-daughter, a handsome woman of about twenty. He received us with great hospitality, and having bade us welcome, ordered a repast to be prepared, during which we were waited upon by his grand-daughter and some female attendants. The family we were visiting was one who had good cause to curse the Russian invasion; of three fine sons, but one survived, and he was crippled for ever from the wounds he had received; his sight, too, was destroyed. Excepting the grand-daughter and another very young grandchild (a girl), this blind son was the sole remaining descendant of his father. Of all the Circassian families I had seen, this was the one where the Russian name was most execrated.

During the repast, I learned that the wife of our veteran host was lying ill in bed, and in consequence I offered the benefit of what medical science I possessed. On being conducted to my patient, I discovered her to be a very aged woman, suffering from the effects of a violent pleurisy. As this was an illness not to be cured in a moment, I proceeded to give the sufferer what medicines I knew would relieve her from the pain she was undergoing, and endeavoured to explain to her husband, who spoke Turkish, what mode of treatment I wished to be pursued. Finding, however, that there would be much difficulty for him to remember my prescriptions, he entreated me to remain at his house until his wife should be convalescent, promising me that he would send an escort with me when I should proceed onwards. As Adjigha Sanjook was obliged to continue his way homewards the same day, I informed him of the wish our host had expressed, when he answered that he considered that I should be doing a great kindness to the old chief in accepting of his invitation, adding, that he hoped I would not remain longer than was necessary, as until my return to his own house my place would be empty.

I remained ten days at the house of the old chief, and at the end of that time had been so successful in the treatment of his wife's pleurisy, that she was nearly convalescent. Her husband was in ecstasies at the issue, and loudly asserted that I must be the most celebrated doctor in the world. He entreated me not to leave them, and when I informed him that I was unable to prolong my stay, he used every possible persuasion to induce me to alter my determination. As a last argument he offered me his grand-daughter in marriage if I would remain altogether with him; and on my observing that my family in my own country would be in affliction did they not see me return to them, he exclaimed,

"Let your family come here, my house shall be theirs, my flocks and herds shall be theirs, all that I possess shall be theirs."

Notwithstanding this tempting offer, I was ungallant enough to refuse the proffered hand of his beautiful grand-daughter, and, after thanking him for his hospitality, bade him adieu. Before, however, I took my departure, he insisted on presenting me with a complete suit of chain mail, inlaid with gold, which he informed me had been his own wearing armour during his warrior days.

"I shall never be able to wear it more," he observed, "and the Russians have taken care that no descendant of mine shall wear it for me."

A few days after my return to the house of Adjigha Sanjook a mimic fight took place in the valley, which was succeeded by the game of the Jereed. As I had often practised that beautiful exercise in Persia, the inhabitants of which country are the best casters of the javelin in the world, I joined in the sport, and was so successful in my casts that I elicited universal applause. Even my host acknowledged himself my inferior in the game, and expressed his astonishment that an European should be so good a horseman. Of course I informed him that I came from a country which yielded the palm of horsemanship to none, and the natives of which were trained to the use of the saddle from their earliest childhood.

"Would to Allah! then," returned my host, with a sigh, "that we had the assistance of but two thousand of your countrymen! we should soon drive the Muscovite from our frontier."

The morning after this occurrence, news arrived that a Russian armed brig had been driven on shore near Pschat, and that the crew had only escaped being put to the sword by taking to their boats and rowing off, leaving the vessel to its fate. We understood that the Circassians on the coast were employed in landing all that was on board, including the guns, the muskets, and the cutlasses; a good deal of powder had been found, and about ten thousand silver rubles in money. As may be expected, this news was most welcome to our host, who proceeded to make rejoicings, and the day ended in feasting, music, and dancing. The two latter partook, like all that appertained to the people of the country, much of a military character; the music, however, was any thing but harmonious, and the attempts at singing, enough to have deafened an Italian music-master, or at least to have driven him mad. The dancing was much superior; indeed, one dance performed by the beautiful daughter of our host, was so gracefully executed, and she looked so divinely beautiful, that had her father been a Herod, he would have surely offered her whatsoever she might request, yea, even unto the half of his kingdom.

The next morning, while I was breakfasting with my host, two Russian slaves were brought before him, charged with assaulting and attempting to violate the person of a young Circassian peasant-girl. It appeared that the two culprits had got drunk during the festival of the previous day, and chancing to meet the girl in a secluded spot, they had there been guilty of the crime they were accused of, which they had only been prevented actually perpetrating by the approach of the maiden's father, who came up to her assistance, on hearing his daughter's cries. The family of the girl, who had been much bruised in the struggle, called loudly for vengeance, and the two criminals were about to be sacri-

ficed, when I interfered, and observed that as the crime had not been perpetrated, I hoped the lives of the wretches would be spared, although it was just that they should be most severely punished. After some consultation my wish was granted; my host, however, observed that the criminals should be punished in a similar mode to that of their own country, and they were each condemned therefore to receive a hundred lashes from the knout. As, however, there was no such instrument of castigation to be met with in the hamlet, a coorbatch was substituted instead.

The two culprits were now led into the open air, when one, having been stripped to the skin, was tied in the manner of a spread eagle to two poles, which were stuck upright into the ground. Two coorbatches were now brought out, and one being laid upon the ground, a relative of the girl who had been assaulted took hold of the other, and prepared for operation. The coorbatch is made of a piece of an ox's hide, boiled till it is nearly as hard as iron, it may therefore be questioned, considering the severity of the punishment to be inflicted, whether or not it were preferable to the penalty of death.

The flogging began; with the full force of the powerful arm of the executioner did the coorbatch descend upon the naked back of the Russian slave. Most horrible must have been the agony of the wretched man, each lash seemed to cut to the bone, and in a few moments the naked back was a mass of blood; loud and piercing were the shrieks of the sufferer, who was a strong, powerful man, of about three-and-twenty. His whole frame writhed, and I every moment expected to see him expire; having already, however, interfered to save his life, I could not attempt to obtain a further remission of his punishment.

While the flogging was going on, the countenance of the other culprit was pitiful to behold; he was suffering all the torments of anticipation, and I scarcely ever beheld such a complete picture of fear. To add to his wretched plight, it was easy to perceive that the remaining coorbatch was much thicker and heavier than the one which was being applied to his companion's back, and that his torture would be in consequence much more dreadful.

After having inflicted about two-thirds of the punishment, the executioner paused from want of breath, when another young man standing by, took hold of his coorbatch, and proceeded with the flogging, at the termination of which the culprit was untied, and his companion summoned to occupy the unenviable place he had just left. As I had anticipated, the coorbatch with which he was flogged, was a much more severe instrument of flagellation than the first, indeed it was too heavy for the purpose, the wretched culprit having fainted away three times during the punishment.

On the second flogging being brought to a conclusion, the two men were carried off to have their backs dressed; so severe, however, had been the chastisement inflicted, that they were nearly dying from its effects, and were in a very weak state even when I left the country. In my opinion, they could never be the same men as they were before, as may be easily imagined, when ten lashes only from the same instrument, would have proved a most horrible flagellation.

One day as I was passing through a field, the earth of which had been just turned up, I perceived something glittering in a clod, on examining which I found two ancient golden coins. As I knew that an opinion prevailed in the country against the keeping of any coins that might be

discovered (for when any such are by chance found, the Circassians melt them at once), I therefore proceeded to conceal them. I am not certain whether this jealousy arises from superstition, or a wish to destroy any memorial of the original inhabitants of the country, the descendants of whom might produce the said coins as proofs of their being once in possession of the land. An antiquary afterwards informed me that the coins I had found, were stamped with the effigy of the Kings of the Bosphorus.

Among the curious instances of punishment that I met with in this country, was the case of a young woman; she must have once been beautiful, though her charms were somewhat marred by the want of her nose and under lip, which had been cut off by her husband, she having been caught by him in the act of adultery. The Circassians seldom or ever slay their unfaithful consorts, remaining satisfied with the more lenient (?) punishment of maiming them and mutilating their features. During my stay in Circassia, I saw more than one noseless and earless woman. The partner in guilt is never killed by the injured husband, who seeks redress at the tribunal of his country, where the seducer is generally punished by a heavy fine, in the shape of damages, as compensation to the injured husband for the loss of the services of his wife.

One night I was awakened from my sleep by hearing something creeping along the room in which I was lying, and on raising up my head and looking round, I perceived, by the faint moonlight, the figure of a man, rummaging in one of my saddle-bags. In a moment I had sprung from my mattress, and caught him by the throat, calling out for assistance. The robber struggled violently, evidently with the desire of escaping, not of hurting me. I, however, held him fast, till some of the inmates of the house entered with lamps, when we discovered the nocturnal intruder to be a herdsman in the service of my host, and noted for being one of the most expert thieves in the neighbourhood. Adjigha Sanjook was furious at the affair, particularly as it had happened to a guest of his, and the following day he had the fellow brought before an assembly of elders, who condemned him to pay such a heavy fine, that in order to raise it, he was condemned to be sold as a slave. The entreaties that I used for a remission of his punishment were of no avail; I was answered that my being a stranger caused his crime to be the more unpardonable. At length, having observed that sooner than the man should lose his liberty, I would pay the fine myself; he was mulcted in a sum more suitable to his means. From what I could observe, the crime of theft is not looked upon so dishonourably as being detected in the act; indeed, though they have many admirable qualities, the Circassians have not a very correct notion of the law of "meum and tuum;" always, however, with the exception of the property of a guest, which is considered inviolable; for although the Circassians may be somewhat too similar in their practices to the Spartans under Lycurgus, they also re-resemble the present Arabs in their respect for the rights of hospitality.

Diffidence is by no means a trait in the Circassian character, as they never lose any thing for want of asking, taking care to admire in a most marked manner any article of which they may wish to become possessors. My having long resided in the East, was here of much benefit to me, as although I knew it to be a custom to make a present of any property belonging to one, to the person admiring, still I was also aware that the present ought to be returned in kind, and I soon managed to get rid of

the *admiration* of my friends for my goods and chattels, by returning the compliment tenfold, taking care never to be the first to praise any thing belonging to those I was acquainted with.

A few days after the attempt to rob me, the two youngest sons of my host paid their father a visit, in company with a veteran warrior, who acted as their preceptor, and who was training them up in the way a Circassian should go—that is, making embryo warriors of them. The two youths were very handsome, and their bright complexions attested the excellence of their health. The eldest I found, being nearly of sufficient age to commence his career in the field, was soon to return altogether to his father's roof; on the present occasion he had come to exhibit his attainments. He accordingly went through a number of evolutions, such as practising with the sabre, putting his horse through its paces, firing at a mark, and throwing the javelin, in which latter exercise he went through a mock fight with me (the jereeds having been previously carefully covered with cloth), and proved himself to be an apt scholar. After the exhibition, a banquet succeeded, with the usual adjuncts of music and dancing. I never beheld such evident attachment as that borne by the son of Adjigha Sanjook to his warrior preceptor, proving with what kindness the latter must ever have treated his pupil.

After the banquet, I was strolling before the house, when I suddenly came upon the most lovely child I had ever beheld. He was about five years old, with large black, eagle eyes. Having called him to me, I was proceeding to caress him, when his mother, who was by, ran up shrieking, and seizing the child, carried him off, filling the air with lamentations. It appeared that she was afraid of my having the evil eye, which superstition prevails to even a greater extent in Circassia than in Italy; the inhabitants, too, of the former country, like those of the latter, constantly wear amulets about their persons.

A few mornings after this occurrence, as I was about to mount my horse in order to proceed out hunting, the man who held the bridle slipped a paper into my hand, making me at the same time a sign to conceal it. On my looking at it as soon as I was alone, I found it was a letter addressed to me, and containing two others, one directed to the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, and the other to the Gräfin Kracknogoroff at Moscow. The letter to me was written in French, and contained an appeal to my humanity, and begging me to manage to get the enclosed sent to the persons to whom they were addressed. The writer observed that he had more than once intrusted letters to the care of some Armenian merchants trading with the Circassians, but was sure that they had pocketed what money he had managed to hoard (for the purpose of bribing them), but at the same time had torn up the letters. The unfortunate person was a Russian lieutenant, taken prisoner three years previously, and sold as a slave. He was not a bad looking young man, but much worn by the effects of grief. Whether or not my host got any inkling of what had happened, I cannot tell, but I never met with the poor Alexander Kracknogoroff again. However, on my return to Europe, I carefully put his letters into the post, under cover of a letter, explaining how they had come to hand.

The climate of Circassia, although salubrious at a distance from the coast and the marshy grounds, is excessively hot in summer; the rays of the sun are at times almost overpowering, when concentrated into the focus of the valleys, which being deeply embosomed within

the mountains, prevent the heat from escaping. The soil is very rich, and admirably adapted for cultivation. Tobacco, rice, and even indigo, are indigenous, and saffron grows wild in the clefts of the mountains. I saw also geraniums blooming in the field. Beautiful woods abound, composed of beech, ash, elm, and oak, equalling in magnitude the proudest of their kind in England; there are also quantities of fruit-trees, which grow to an unusual size, among which are cherry, peach, almond, and chesnut. Immense plane and yew-trees abound; the wood of the latter is as hard as iron. The forests are very difficult to penetrate, on account of the underwood, and would frequently be impassable without the use of a hatchet being had recourse to, in order to clear away the parasitical plants which abound, together with innumerable quantities of shrubs, among which are to be met the wild raspberry, the blackberry, and the pomegranate. Vines may be seen circling the highest trees, and in the proper season grapes may be observed growing at the summit of an oak.

Flax, hemp, and cotton are also cultivated in this country, so favoured by nature, which it cannot be wondered at that Russia so much covets. Quantities of game abound in the valleys, on the mountains, and in the forest; and the rivers contain fish of the most delicate qualities. The havens on the coast are excellent; the anchorage ground the finest in the Euxine; the climate generally salubrious, excepting on the marshes, at the mouths of rivers, and near the coast; the unhealthy parts, however, could soon be rendered the contrary by proper drainage, when fevers and agues would disappear.

The granary of a Circassian is generally in a pit dug in the earth, and dried by fire; brick-work is then built within, against which dried grass is placed to keep away the damp; the top is then covered with boards, on which earth is thrown, and grass seed sown, thus rendering it impossible, for any one save the person who built it, to discover its whereabouts. An enemy may consequently die of starvation on the very spot where there is sufficient corn to feed a whole regiment for a year.

The manner in which the corn is thrashed is curious; the sheaves are laid on the ground, and horses are made to gallop over them; the straw is by this means rendered unfit for any thing else but fodder and building.

The favourite food of the Circassians is millet, which is ground in hand-mills; the people have many different ways of preparing it. The corn-mills are commonly built beneath the ground, and have a wheel at the top, which is turned by a horse or ox. The cattle are very fine and large, as are also the sheep, particularly those of eastern origin; some of the Angora breed are to be met with; their wool is, however, not so long or so thick as on the animal born and bred in its original land.

The Circassian horses are not much inferior to those of Persia and Arabia. Large herds of these animals wander nearly wild over the valleys. When the owner wishes to catch one of them for use, he pursues them on horseback, and selecting from the herd the animal he requires, throws round his neck a cord with a running noose. Having accomplished his purpose, he proceeds, with the assistance of his friends, to pull at the cord until the horse is nearly strangled, and falls to the ground exhausted, when his legs are tethered in such a manner that he cannot run fast, and a bit put into his mouth. After a while he becomes very tractable, and, as soon as his education is finished, being treated

with the utmost gentleness, he soon becomes attached to his master, and may be ridden by an infant. He is never beaten or spoken harshly to, and rarely, if ever, urged by the spur. He is very hardy, and can bear much fatigue and privation; among his accomplishments is that of swimming fast and long. The Circassian on a march never sleeps till he has groomed his steed and seen him eat. The consequence of this kind treatment is, that notwithstanding his high spirit, the Circassian steed is as gentle as a lamb, and allows the children of the family to play with him, when he will rub his head affectionately against their shoulders.

In their food the Circassians are very temperate, even in their own homes, where they might be expected to indulge themselves a little. Wine is seldom drank, and spirituous liquors almost entirely avoided. Although they for the most part keep to a farinaceous diet, they have some very good meats; lamb, mutton, and beef. Their game, too, is as excellent as it is abundant, and a supper is ever to be procured by the possessor of a gun, composed of either wild turkeys, woodcocks, partridges, quails, or snipes, and this country being in the vicinity of the river Phase, pheasants are indigenous. On the marshes are swans, wild geese, ducks, and teal. Among the wild animals are boars, red and fallow deer, wolves, jackals, and even leopards. I never, however, saw one of the latter beasts during my stay in the country. There are also jerboas, antelopes, bears, and a species of enormous mole, which is very mischievous, and a great enemy to the farmers.

Among the birds of prey are vultures, hawks, and eagles, the latter being of great size. There are also very large snakes to be met with, which are not particularly venomous, and tarantulas; and in the clefts of rocks lurk some of the most poisonous scorpions known, as well as centipedes and lizards. The honey of Circassia is very good, the bees feeding chiefly on wild thyme. The method of obtaining the honey is by burning straw under and around the nests, and thus driving away the bees; of the honey is made a kind of mead.

It may surprise Europeans that a people so fond of liberty as the Circassians should make a traffic of their daughters, by selling them to strangers. It is, however, considered an honourable manner of providing for them; the maidens themselves do not object to it, and, be it observed, that the chiefs seldom sell their children to a stranger, their daughters being too much sought after by their countrymen. Before the Russian war, during the feuds that prevailed among the inhabitants, it frequently happened that the members of one tribe would steal the daughters of another and sell them; since, however, they have made one common cause against the Russians such acts have entirely ceased. There is now also much difficulty in smuggling the maidens to Constantinople, in consequence of the very severe blockade kept by the Russians on the coast; and from the present limited commerce with Persia and Turkey the price of a Circassian woman in Circassia has very much decreased. Formerly, for a maiden would be demanded from a hundred to a hundred and fifty cows and oxen, or their equivalent; now a very handsome girl may be bought for fifteen, and a perfectly beautiful one for thirty, a circumstance much rejoiced at by the poorer Circassians, for beauty of form and figure are more prized than mental accomplishments.

The ceremony of marriage is very similar to what it is in Persia, with

the exception that as the Circassian maiden constantly wears from her childhood a tight corset, the bridegroom, as soon as he is alone with his newly-married bride, rips it open with his dagger, a proceeding attended sometimes by serious consequences, both from the danger the girl runs of being wounded by the point of the weapon, and also from the too great suddenness with which she is deprived of the tight bandage that has encircled her for so long a period.

As in Persia, a wife is always purchased by her husband of her parents; the price is usually paid in cattle, though sometimes in what is at the moment most necessary to the family. There is also a sum settled to be paid as a dowry to the wife, in case she be divorced without just cause.

The wants of the Circassians are very simple. They indulge in few luxuries, save that, if it can be termed a luxury, of fine horses, arms, and armour. Indeed to possess a beautiful suit of mail, a rifle inlaid with gold and carved work, a Khorassan or Damascus blade, and a dagger with a hilt ornamented with precious stones, is one of the dearest objects of a young warrior's heart. I consider one of the reasons of my great popularity with those I visited was having brought several Damascus swords with me, which I gave as presents to those from whom I received any great kindness or attention.

The person to whom I presented the best sabre I had in my collection was a young Circassian, cousin to my host, who had saved my life during my encounter with the Chernemorsky Cossacks, by cutting my antagonist down. So forcible had been the blow given by my deliverer, that he had notched his sword in such a manner as to completely spoil it for further service. I accordingly on my return to the house of Adjigha Sanjook begged the young warrior to replace his damaged weapon with the best Damascus sabre I possessed, on the scabbard of which I engraved a few words indicative of the service rendered me by the young man. This Damascus sabre was of such exquisite workmanship that, in the hands of one well skilled in its use, it would divide the finest linen handkerchief into two parts.

Next to my sabres, a couple of rifles, one a Manton, excited the greatest admiration in all who saw them. The distance at which I shot a buffalo (with the Manton) seemed to them almost incredible. These animals wallow in the marshes, and are difficult to kill in consequence of the toughness of their hide, and the thickness of their skulls. One day while we were hunting we saw one of these brutes, which are of great size, wallowing in the mud at the distance of four hundred yards. On my levelling my piece at it my companions exclaimed that it was useless to fire from so prodigious a distance. I told them, however, that I would try and go near it, and, taking a good aim, I pulled the trigger, when, to the astonishment of all, and none more so than myself, the buffalo rolled over, and after a very few struggles, remained motionless. On going up to the spot where it lay we found that the ball had penetrated the spine exactly where it joins the back of the neck, and that, in consequence, the death of the animal must have been almost instantaneous. The other rifle which I possessed, though not equal to the old Manton, was a most excellent piece, and very true; it was made by Purday of Oxford-street—at least that was the name on the barrel. This latter weapon I gave to my hospitable host on quitting his roof, where I had received so much kindness.

THE FROG AND THE FOX.

(ÆSOP ILLUSTRATED.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PETER PRIGGINS," &c.

Most monstrously swollen with pride,
He deem'd himself wiser than all.
"*I* knew it, *I* said so," he cried,
Did an empire flourish or fall.

ANONYMOUS.

FIRST, the fable.

"A frog leaping out of a lake, and taking advantage of a rising ground, made proclamation to all the beasts of the forest that he was an able physician, and for curing all manner of distempers would turn his back on no person living. This discourse, uttered in a parcel of hard, cramp words, which nobody understood, made the beasts admire his learning, and give credit to every thing he said. At last the fox, who was present, with indignation asked him how he could have the impudence with those lantern jaws, that meagre pale phiz, and blotched, spotted body, to set up for one who could cure the infirmity of others."

Next, our application.

CHAP. I.

"I TELL you what, missus," said Farmer Brassey, addressing his wife, as he unbuttoned his leathern gaiters, "we must do something for that boy of ours more than common. He's too clever by half to look after the sheep and pigs, and drive the cows home."

"That boy of ours? Which of 'em do you mean?" said Mrs. Brassey, laying down the stocking she was in the act of mending. "We've three of 'em, and I don't know for my part that any one of 'em wants for sense."

"The two oldest is well enough in their way," said Brassey; "but our Bill beats 'em hollow when it comes to a little ingenuity."

"I can't say I ever observed his superiority," said his wife.

"How can you, when you are in doors and he out o' doors, I should like to know? Why, it was only this very morning that the linch-pin of our waggon was lost, and he whips in a tenpenny nail while his brothers was looking about for it," said Brassey.

"I don't see much in that, Simon," said his wife.

"Just you set him to top the candle with his fingers, and see if he wets 'em first—not he; he knows the snuff would stick to 'em and burn 'em. He's got some brains, he has—I'll have 'em cultivated—he shall be sent to school, wife; his talents shan't be wrapped up in napkin. He'll do honour to his family," said Brassey.

"Consider the expense, Simon. Fust, there's board and lodging, then there's washing, and books, and physic, and stationery, and extras."

"Drabbit the expense. I can afford it, and it's only four guineas a year," said Simon.

"Why you aren't going to send him to a charity-school?" said Mrs. Brassey, dismayed, for her pride was hurt.

"I shall send him to Crumpleton grammar-school—it is but two miles off, and he can ride over and back every day on a donkey."

"What! send Bill to school among the gentry's sons, as learns nothing but Latin and Greek—ain't even taught 'riting and 'rithmetic—where's the good of it? He'll be teased out of school by the boys, or flogged out by the master in less than a week. You know that Doctor Scrumps hates free boys, as only pays him a guinea a quarter, and is reckoned objectionables as associates, and flogs 'em three times a day until their parents removes 'em," said Mrs. Brassey.

"Our Bill's a thick-skinned one, marm, and won't mind trifles; and as for a 'sociate, he's fit company for a nobleman, let alone the sons of country squires and clergymen; so to Crumpleton school he goes."

"Then he must be properly out-fitted," said Mrs. Brassey. "He never can show himself in those corduroys, nailed shoes, and a jacket out of elbows."

"Of course not; as I mean him to be a scholard and a gentleman, a pound or two for clothes won't be an objic. But here he comes; just ask him how he likes the notion of it, that's all."

An ungainly boy, about twelve years of age, came into the room in a dress which was certainly not calculated for a classical school-room.

"Shouldst like to be a gentleman, boy?" inquired his father.

"Shouldn't I, that's all," replied the boy, winking vigorously at the notion.

"For why, William?" asked his mother.

"Wouldn't I go to rat-hunting every day in the week, and keep *such* a terrier, that's all."

"Pooh! stuff, boy," said his father, who did not quite like the look which the reply elicited from his wife. "I mean a scholard fust, and then a lawyer, or a doctor, or maybe a parson, or a—"

"No, no," said Bill, looking very knowing, "none of that for me. I don't like being shut up at a desk all day long, or pounding drugs, or catechising charity children. I'd rather be a gentleman and ferret rats."

"But you are such a clever fellow, Bill," said the father, drawing his son towards him, "you can be a scholard and a professional, and ferret rats too."

Bill Brassey could see the truth of the first proposition, but did not clearly comprehend the latter part of it; being a gentleman and hunting rats he could understand, but how he was to hunt rats, and be a scholar and a professional was beyond him.

"Well, boy, thou shalt have a new suit of clothes made, and shalt go to school, and try to beat the best of 'em. Crumpleton is but two miles off, and I've got interest enough with the corporation to get thee put into the grammar-school. Wilt try thy best?"

Master William hesitated; he had heard that there was such a thing as a rod kept in Crumpleton school, and that Dr. Scrumps was not

sparing in the use of it. As a set-off to this, however, there was the new suit of clothes, and a sort of conviction on his mind that he was possessed of abilities above his fellows.

"And you are to have a donkey, and ride over and back every day," said his mother.

"Make it a pony, and I'll say yes at once," said the boy.

"Well, I think it will be more respectable, and not much more expensive," said Mrs. Brassey.

"But there's the tax," said the prudent father.

"I shan't go without the pony," said the boy.

"Well, well, sha't ha' a pony then—thee'lt do honour to the family, and what's a pound or two to stand in the way o' that?" said Brassey.

The clothes were made, the pony bought, the appointment obtained, and Master William duly admitted a free-boy in Crumpleton grammar-school. In one week from that day he was expelled. He had been teased so incessantly by the boys, as his mother prognosticated, and flogged so severely by the master, that instead of going to school, he played truant—was found out—carried before the trustees, and in pursuance of a statute in the founder's will, which Dr. Scrumps clearly explained to them, ignominiously turned out.

The boys had a half holiday given to them to celebrate the happy event.

How did Farmer Brassey act upon the occasion? He instilled into his son a belief in his great abilities, and a hatred of the upper classes of society—the nobs and grandees as he called them. He sent him as a boarder to a classical and commercial school a few miles off, and sold the pony for five pounds to pay the first quarter's account.

Mrs. Brassey, in spite of the extra expense, applauded her husband for his spirited conduct, and did *her* best to persuade her son that the nobs were jealous of his great abilities.

Chap. II.

Years have passed away, reader. Bill Brassey is now Mr. William Brassey, of the firm of Brassey and Stubbs, extensive ironmongers in the borough of Crumpleton.

Had he displayed any great abilities?

Yes. He was clever at accounts, and wrote a good hand. He could speak too with great fluency on certain subjects, although his language was not peculiarly select, or his sentences grammatically constructed. The class of men, however, to whom his orations were delivered were not particular about the one or the other. He talked fast and furiously, about his superiors, and made his hearers laugh at their expense, and that was enough for them. He was the popular leader of all anti-church and anti-borough-rate meetings—the proposer of the popular candidate at all elections for a member of parliament, and the great promoter of every thing which he thought likely to crush the church and the aristocracy. Above all things he hated the grammar-school and its master, and spent a great deal of money in inducing the little tradesmen to send their sons there as free boys, because he knew it annoyed the doctor and his young "nobs and grandees." When the boy, as

he invariably was, had been flogged out of the school, or bullied out of it, Brassey laid the case before the trustees, hired an attorney's clerk to argue the case before them, and paid for the insertion of a garbled statement of "the brutal cruelty exercised in Crumpleton school" in the columns of one of the county papers.

He met with but little support from his fellow-townsmen in these attacks. They did not wish their sons to receive the sort of education for which the school was designed, and they knew that their incomes were considerably augmented by the pupils who were placed under Dr. Scrumps' care. Brassey called them by many hard names in consequence, and fought his battles without their aid. He was always beaten—like the poor boys who were sent to the school through his agency. But what did it matter?—he got up a new case, and went to fighting again.

In person Mr. Brassey was tall, very stout, and had a large red face. His cheeks hung down over his neckcloth—for he despised collars—and his mouth was enormously large, and shaped very much like that of a cod fish. Out of this mouth issued, as I have said, a voice that by its power proved the strength of his lungs.

Brassey was a married man. He had taken unto him a wife, "one of the people," as he said, "not one of your nobbesses," in the person of his servant-maid. A good, prudent woman, was Mrs. Brassey, and quiet withal. She had a family of four little children, and gave her husband good advice—to attend more to their interests and his own business than to the interests of the working classes and the business of the borough.

"Mrs. B.," he would say solemnly, and throwing himself into his favourite oratorical attitude, by placing his right hand into the bosom of his waistcoat, his left into his breeches pocket, and resting the weight of his body on either leg alternately, "Mrs. B., marm, retain those observations within the recesses of your own bussum. There is an idiosyncrasy in the female sex which will not allow them to control their tempers. Even the great Aristotell (Socrates he meant) with all *his* powers of rhetoric, had but an unhappy home from the uncontrollable nature of his wife's idiosyncrasy, by which is meant her tongue. These are facts, marm, that allows of no disputation unless the pages of history is to be treated as an antiquated Moore's almanac. But, Mrs. Brassey, marm, I am free to observe that I shall allow of no Xantipps in my house. I love, and expect to find, an harmonious home."

"It appears to me, Mr. Brassey, of very little consequence what sort of home you have, for you are always abroad."

"Arn't I at home *now*, marm?—is my home an harmonious one?—arn't you indulging your idiosyncrasy?" said Brassey.

"You are at home now, but you are dressed to go out, and for the last five days I have spent my long evenings alone," said his wife.

"And where have I passed those evenings? Not in idleness—not in—"

"In a public-house," said Mrs. Brassey.

"We cannot meet for the discussion of public affairs in the public streets, marm. Last evening, let me see; last evening, I was busy at the Chequers, organising an opposition to the infamous project of pay-

ing the parson for an evening lecture. The evening before that I spent at the Bull in concentrating our forces to compel the town-clerk to submit to a reduction of his salary. He is enormously overpaid, and shall succumb, or we will crush him. Our meeting at the Crown and Sceptre the night before that was for political purposes, marm; to demand of our representative, as he is falsely called, to resign his seat—the cushion of corruption—for having voted in a manner he knew to be displeasing to us: on Monday the King's Arms witnessed—"

"I wish you would witness, as you call it, your poor little children a little oftener. Little Billy has got the hooping cough, Mary is down with the measles, and the two youngest look very ill, and all are so shabbily dressed I am ashamed to see them," said Mrs. Brassey.

"Whose fault is that, marm? Can I control diseases? Call in the apothecary. Are the children shabby? Buy them new clothes."

"I wish to do so, but you never give me any money, and forbid me asking for credit."

"Apply to Stubbs—ask my partner, marm—he will supply your moderate wants—if they *be* moderate," said Brassey.

"No, he won't," said his wife. "I have applied to him, and he says you spend so much upon public matters and in public-houses, that he has been forced to put the key of the till in his pocket."

"Stubbs never said that!" said Brassey, looking amazed, "he never could dare to do it."

"He did indeed," said Mrs. Brassey ready to cry.

"Enough, marm—don't attempt to come Ni-obb over me. It's worse to bear than your idiosyncrasy. I will seek Stubbs, and demand of him the meaning of his extraordinary conduct to the bussum friend of his senior partner," said Brassey, preparing to leave the room.

"You will be home to supper?" asked his wife.

"No, marm, I shall not. Nature has thought fit and proper to bless me with abilities, as my parents early discovered, and as long as I am able to give utterance to my sentiments I will not absent myself from the large room at the Talbot when a question of so important a nature as the uncontrolled right of the little free-born creatures of Crumpleton to play at marbles in the market-place is to be agitated. Is a beadle, the mere lick-spittle slave of a self-elected corporate body, to lay his cane on the back of a free Briton merely because he plays—amuses his leisure hours—in a building erected and paid for by a rate on the inhabitants of the town in which he dwells? No! forbid it, justice—every thing—every body!"

"The five shillings you will spend there—"

"In the service of the public—"

"House, would buy a pair of shoes for little Billy, who is nearly barefooted," said Mrs. Brassey.

"You are wrong *in toto*, marm; a Welsh rabbit and a glass or two to follow doesn't cost five shillings, but you will indulge your idiosyncrasy. I shall seek Stubbs, and come to an understanding with him."

Brassey was leaving the room while his unexpressive face was trying to express indignation in its every feature, when his wife begged of him to leave her a little ready money for domestic purposes.

"Command my purse at all times; but be economical, Mrs. Brassey; there is a supply for you."

His wife took the offering in her hand, and expected to see a sovereign. She was deceived. It was merely a shilling. She sighed, but said no more. Brassey, flattering himself upon his excessive liberality, walked out of the room.

"Stubbs," said he, as he entered the stores, as he called the shop, "Stubbs, I would speak with you."

"I am very glad to hear it," replied the partner, "for I have been looking out for an opportunity of talking to you for this fortnight past."

"Follow me to the counting-house," said Brassey, swelling with indignation, and looking frowningly on his junior.

"Wait until I have served this customer with three pennyworth of tin-tacks," said Stubbs.

"Tacks? ay, tax upon every thing," said Brassey, "even upon temper. After all I have done for the public weal, to think that those of my own house should rise up against me. Ingratitude, however, is the reward which we men of public spirit must expect. The real reward is in our own bussums."

"Now, sir," said Stubbs, entering the counting-house at the back of the stores or shop, and taking a pen from behind his ear, "allow me to draw your attention to the sums you have withdrawn from the till."

"Not now, Stubbs. I have an important engagement. Another time. I am here to speak of a matter which affects my dignity as a man, a husband, and your senior partner."

"Well, speak out," said Stubbs, "only don't put yourself in a passion or an attitude."

"Mrs. Brassey, my wife, sir, tells me that she has applied to you for small sums of money to carry on her domestic arrangements with, and that you not only have refused to allow her such small sums, but have absolutely taken the control of the till into your own hands, and locked it."

"The very point I wished to come to," said Stubbs. "If you will only look over this account, you will find that a considerable sum has been abstracted."

"What, sir!—that's actionable!" said Brassey.

"Well, then, has been drawn out by you. You need not look over every item, but just cast your eyes on the sum total," said Stubbs. "Three figures by gosh, and in less than three months."

"I have told you, Stubbs, that I have no time now for private business; I am engaged in public matters, and will trouble you for a sovereign," said Brassey.

"Now really, my good friend, I wish you would attend a little more to your own business, and leave the public to take care of theirs. I slave night and day, but I don't mind that if I can only keep things straight; but really, if you go on as fast as you have done lately, we must part, or both of us smash. It won't do—you drink and subscribe away the profits of our trade."

"Hand me over a sovereign, Stubbs, and to-morrow we will arrange our little private matters. Shut up early, and come to the Talbot. We shall have an interesting meeting. I am to take the chair. With the abilities as I am blessed with, can I refuse to aid my country's cause?"

Poor Stubbs, who began to doubt his partner's abilities, and thought much of his own li-abilities, handed him the sovereign, and took his accustomed place behind the counter. Brassey put the sovereign into his waistcoat pocket, and walked calmly, and with a most dignified tread, towards the Talbot. He passed the vicar and the grammar-school master in his way, and showed the contempt in which he held both of them, by "voiding his rheum," as Shakspeare says, on the borough pavement.

"Make way there, sir; am I, a free-born Briton, to be obstructed in my path by a paid-out-of-the-rate functionary of a corrupt corporate body?"

"Lord love you, Master Brassey," replied the beadle of the town. "I would not obstruct you for the world, even if you was marching out of the town never to come into it again."

"That's premeditated insolence—a speech prompted by the mayor, or the town clerk, or the sheriffs, or somebody; but a time will come—begone, sir—stand aside," said Brassey, as he waved the beadle away.

"Go it, Bill Brassey," said a dirty little boy, glad to see the beadle snubbed. "Marlows for ever, and no mayors."

"Good boy," said Brassey, laying his heavy hand on the urchin's head, "rely upon it, as long as I have a voice, no free Briton shall be controlled in his lawful amusements by a thing like that."

"Hurra-ah! Bill Brassey for ever. What do you think of that old blue and red?" said the boy to the beadle, whose livery supplied the name by which he had addressed him.

The boy's shout brought several more boys to his side, and amidst their cries of "Bill Brassey for ever—marlows and no mayors," that patriotic gentleman, smiling benignantly on his ragged constituents, was escorted to the doors of the Talbot inn.

"Here he is—here he is—hurrah," said half-a-dozen people. "Here's Brassey—stand aside—make room. Clear the way for the chairman."

"Six pennyworth of gin-and-water, and change for a sovereign," said Brassey, as he took the chair. The landlord bowed, and executed the order.

"And a pipe and a screw, and change for a shilling," said Brassey.

This order was also executed. Brassey filled and lighted his pipe, gave three violent puffs to ignite the returns thoroughly, and then rose on his long legs, and begged leave to propose a toast, which of course was conceded to him.

"Marlows and no mayors," shouted the little dirty boys in the street below.

"That's an omen. I accept it," said Brassey. "In the words of Infantine England, I give you 'Marbles and no Mayors'—at least such as is elected by a corrupt corporation. With the honours, if you please, gentlemen."

A faint shout was raised in the room, for his hearers were not yet "up to the mark;" but the little dirty boys caught it up, and did justice to the toast.

Brassey sat down, and as he smoked, pondered on the changes that a few years would make when those little dirty boys should have be-

come men; duly imbued with the glorious views which he should instil into them. It was a pleasing speculation, and lasted him until his pipe was out, and his glass too. No one interrupted him, for every body believed that he was pondering on something for the benefit of his fellow-townsmen.

"Now to business—landlord, the same again—but where's the meeting?" said Brassey, looking round on his six friends, who were slowly handing one pewter pot to one another.

"Here we are," said one of them, bolder than his fellows.

"Call this a meeting? Out of a borough containing six thousand free-born Britons, can only six, besides the chairman, be found to stand up for the rights of their own progenies. I am free to confess it—I am deeply disgusted with my fellow-townsmen! Where is Smugs, the doctor?"

"A dining along with the mayor," replied a voice.

"Then I change my medical attendant," said Brassey. "If Smugs prefers attending on the mayor to attending upon me, of course I shall prefer any body else to Smugs to attend on Mrs. Brassey when she's down with her fifth."

"Hear, hear—that's all fair," from the six.

"And where is—" but here Mr. Brassey went through a catalogue of names as long as that of Homer's ships, in which we need not follow him. The same reply was returned. They were all gone to dine with the mayor, who was giving a large corporation dinner that day, to which of course Brassey was not invited. The announcement was gloomily received, and followed by a declaration, as in the case of poor Apothecary Smugs, that he should change his butcher, his baker, and all his other tradesmen who preferred eating the dishes prepared for them by a mayor elected by a corrupt corporation, to hearing him advocate the interests of the marble-playing population, and paying for their own liquors.

"Never mind them, Master Bill, tip us a speech," said one of the six.

Brassey complied. He drank off his glass—put his right hand into his left "bussum'—his left into his pocket, and delivered himself of a great part of the speech with which his brains were—*enceints* as Mrs. ——, would write. It was received with attention, but not with that zeal and noise to which he was accustomed, and without which he could not get on.

"How *is* this?" said he; "don't my sentiments find an echo in the hearts of you six free-born Britons?"

"Oh! yes—of course—can't be a doubt of it—remarkable echo—uncommon clever—dead hit," said the six.

"Then why don't you respond to it?" said Brassey.

The bold man of the six looked into the pewter measure, and declared he could see his face in the bottom of it.

"Enough," said the patriot, "I understand that which might have puzzled a man of less abilities than me. Landlord, supply those gentlemen at my expense."

The experiment was successful. Brassey continued his speech, and had no complaint to make of the want of a responding echo from the six free Britons.

We need not pass the evening with him and his friends. It will be enough to say, that he spent his sovereign on them and himself, and left three-and-sixpence for liquids unliquidated. Accompanied by two of his friends, he managed to reach his own door, and by the aid of "the lick-spittle of a corrupt corporate body"—the beadle—with whom he shook hands in the most affectionate manner, he contrived to insert his latch-key into his door, and admit himself to what he always described as "his castle."

Poor Mrs. Brassey, who anticipated the result of his patriotism, met him in the passage, and lighted him up-stairs; and with great difficulty having dissuaded him from giving her a faithful report of the "few remarks he had made to one of the most influential meetings that had ever assembled at the Talbot," put him to bed.

Chap. III.

Some six months passed away. Brassey, as he himself described his process for supplying the borough with hot water, "kept the pot a biling." Evening after evening was he found in some inn where a meeting had been fixed upon for the discussion of some very important measure—measures, not men, was his favourite dictum. He was looked coldly upon, however, by the respective landlords of these respectable inns; for the number of persons who came to listen to his speeches, was so much reduced, that what they consumed scarcely paid for fire and candles. His oratory, too, though progressing in vehemence by practice, did not produce the effects it had used to do. He was heard—a gentle hear, hear, now and then accompanied his peroration and conclusion, but that was all.

"How *is* this?" said Brassey to himself, as he went home by himself, found the key-hole of his door without the beadle's help, and put himself to bed without his wife's assistance. "How *is* this? Can my abilities have failed me? Am I less powerful than I was? No. I spoke better to-night than ever I did in my life, and yet—"

"You certainly are improved, William," said Mrs. Brassey, giving him a hearty kiss; "you come home much earlier, and always—always—"

"What?—out with it, marm," said Brassey.

"Sober now. You have found out, by practice, what is just enough to do you good."

"As to that, Mrs. Brassey, I am free to confess that if Stubbs had not had the key of the till, and the landlord of the Talbot had not alluded to the little account already standing against me in his books, I might have taken one more glass and another pipe—but—"

"Ah! that fully accounts for it," said Mrs. Brassey, sighing. "The poor children!—such shoes!—such frocks!—such jackets!"

"Don't, Mrs. B., don't allow the idiosyncrasy of you sex to get the better of you."

Mrs. Brassey sobbed as she turned in her bed, and said good-night.

Her husband tried to sleep, but he could not. "That fully accounts for it," rung in his ears. "So it does," said he to himself. "My abilities have not failed me; that is, my abilities to speak—but my

ability to stand treat has. I see it all. It must be rectified—set right," and Brassey went to sleep, consoled with the notion that want of money and not want of eloquence had lowered him in the estimation of his fellow-townsmen.

"Stubbs," said he to his partner, on the following morning; "Stubbs, we've been in business some time, and we've never—eh? never examined—that is particularly—how we stand. As it is a leisure time now, suppose we—eh? just go over the books."

"With all my heart," replied Stubbs. "It's what I have been trying to bring you to for the last twelve months, but you have been always so much engaged with the free-born Britons of the borough, that—"

"Don't mention them," said Brassey, "a more venial set don't vegetate on the surface of the earth."

Stubbs was amazed, and looked "What can you mean?"

Brassey understood the look, and replied to it. "Would you believe it? but you will not."

"Yes, I shall," said Stubbs.

"No, you won't—you can't. Stubbs, as long as I, to use a very common and very expressive figger 'stood Sam,' I was an eloquent angel; now, since you have, rather coolly, I must own, denied me access to the till, and my credit is not *very* great at the bar, I am listened to, tolerated—and that is all."

"I could have told you all that a long time ago," said Stubbs.

"Then why did you not, sir?" asked Brassey.

"Because you never had time to listen to me—always going out somewhere or other. But now to business."

The books were thrust under his very nose, and the senior partner exerted his "abilities" to see how he stood. He was really a good accountant, and when Stubbs returned after a lapse of three hours, he was not surprised to find his senior partner looking particularly blue at the result of his calculations.

"If the books are correct—"

"Don't insult me," said Stubbs; "my cousin's a lawyer."

"According to this statement then," said Brassey, rather meekly, "it appears that my share of the stock in trade, will hardly cover the amount I have drawn from the concern?"

"That's it—glad you see it so clearly. Things taken at a fair valuation, will yield you fourteen pounds, nineteen shillings—I made it up to last night," said Stubbs.

"How can it be? What's become of the two thousand I put in," asked Brassey.

"All fairly accounted for," said Stubbs; "one pound a day, is three hundred and sixty-five pounds a year, and you've been going it faster than that—double block, in fact—abroad, without reckoning necessary expenses at home—though you kept Mrs. B. and the little ones d—d shabby and very short, I must say."

"What is to be done?" said Brassey, too much frightened to notice the cool tone in which his junior partner addressed him.

"A dissolution," said Stubbs.

"What, of Parliament? then Spouter stands, and it's all right," said Brassey.

"No, of partnership," said Stubbs.

Brassey groaned, and then said,

"Why can't we go on as we are?"

"Impossible. I can't, I won't stand it any longer. We must dissolve. I'll pay the fourteen nineteen, and buy you out, or else, if you prefer it, I'll retire, and you shall give me—"

"But where am I to get it from?" said Brassey.

"Hang me, if I know or care," said Stubbs.

"Mr. Stubbs, it strikes me—"

"Will you take the fourteen nineteen, or—"

"What, sir?"

"You shall see—my cousin knows how to make out a bill," said Stubbs.

"Give me till to-morrow morning to consider. I must have made some friends in Crumpleton, and Spouter, with my interest, *he* cannot fail me."

"Try it on," said Stubbs; "I'll give you till Saturday, and advance you two sovereigns out of the fourteen nineteen."

"Hand them over," said Brassey," and when he had clutched them, he proceeded to "try his friends."

Brassey did try his friends, and might if he had put a bold face on the matter, and quietly asked for the loan of a hundred for a day or two, have succeeded—to a certain extent. But no; the patriot was a craven at heart—he was dead beat. He went about whining; told every body how he was ruined by sacrificing his talents—abilities was the word—to the prosperity of the borough and its ill-used inhabitants. In short, to use his own favourite phrase, he displayed his "idiosyncrasy."

What was the result? When Saturday came he was obliged to confess to Stubbs, that he could not raise enough money to carry on the support of his family without accepting the difference still due to him out of the fourteen nineteen, and giving him a receipt in full for all demands, and permission to put into the local paper a notice of partnership dissolved.

Poor Mrs. Brassey, when her husband told her the result of his patriotism, burst into tears, but was not reproached for displaying her idiosyncrasy. She had a hearty good cry; none of your snivelling, sighing, sobbing, hysterico-tragical, white-pocket-handkerchief sobbings, but a real hearty, choky cry. When it was over, she wiped her eyes, washed them, curled her hair, put on her best dress—it was any thing but a good one—and went up the town—to whom? why, to the vicar, the man whom her husband had maligned and even threatened to cane.

"Mrs. Brassey!" said the vicar, and astonishment was marked in his face, as the lady and the name were introduced to him together.

"Yes, sir, here I am," and out came the whole story, fairly and firmly told.

"I am sorry to hear it," said the vicar, "but—"

"You cannot do any thing for him—well—no wonder."

"But," continued the vicar, "every body saw how it must end."

"In ruin—ruin."

"I trust not. It is a severe trial, and on your own account—"

"The accounts was not mine, sir, I had nothing to do with them. Stubbs managed the books."

"Well, well," said the vicar, smiling on the simple soul. "I will consult with the mayor and we will see what can be done. Will your husband allow me to enter his house and speak to him?"

"He's so humbled he'd let a pig into his parlour, so I am sure you may come," said Mrs. Brassey.

The vicar smiled again, and promised to visit her in the course of the day. He shook hands with her as she left the room, and gave her hand a squeeze, which, as he was a bachelor, she thought was highly improper, but when she opened the hand he had pressed so hard, a something fell at her feet. She picked it up and found it was a five-pound note. How the poor woman did indulge in her idiosyncrasy! She hastened home, told her husband where she had been, and the result of her visit. He begged to look at the note. It was given to him. He examined it, pronounced it to be no forgery, crumpled it up, put it into his waistcoat-pocket, and walked abstractedly down to the Talbot.

"There goes Bill Brassey, the man as is broke."

Could it be? Did his ears deceive him? No.

"He han't got a stiver left."

"His wife's a starving, and his children in rags."

"And all along of his frequenting of alehouses."

"And treating of every body to hear him talk."

"Ay, and precious stuff he used to talk too."

These six sentences came distinctly on his ear. By whom were they uttered? Why, by the very same six individual free-born Britons for whom he had "stood Sam" at the Talbot.

Brassey winced as the remarks reached him in succession. Every shot was painful, but the last hit him hard. "Stuff," and with his "great abilities."

He was too much annoyed to enter the Talbot. He wandered on, and resolved to do what he had not done for a long time—pay a visit to his aged mother at the farm.

"I wonder if she will see me?" he asked of himself. "She has never forgiven my marriage with a girl so inferior to me in station and abilities. I can but try."

He walked up to the house by the same road on which he used to trot backwards and forwards, to and from Crumpleton school, on his pony, and before he had reached the family mansion, had passed over in his imagination, the scenes of his past life.

"What a fool I have been—but, never mind. I'm a prodigal son—if she will only forgive me, I'm all right yet," said he. "If father had but have been left instead of mother—but it's of no use complaining."

Cautiously and slowly he opened the gate, and, instead of walking up to the front door, slid round under the cart-hovels to the back entrance. The door was closed, which rather surprised him. He knocked as gently as a tramper with lucifer matches to sell would have knocked. No one replied. He summoned resolution and knocked louder, and then louder still. At length a servant opened the door—a stranger to him, and begged to know what he wanted.

Brassey explained who he was, and why he was there.

"Then you're just in time," said the girl, "for missus was took in a fit this morning, and Smugs, who was called in, has just been down to say, she's going."

Brassey thrust the unfeeling creature aside, and rushed up-stairs into the well-known bedroom. Smugs put up his finger to warn him off, but nature would not be warned off. The son ran to the bedside of his dying parent, fell upon his knees at her side, seized her parched hand, and kissed it devoutly.

The old lady looked at him fiercely, drew her hand from him with a jerk, pointed to an old bureau that stood in the room, and tried to say something or other.

Smugs attempted to catch her words, but could only make out "will," "lawyer," "alter," so he shook his head to intimate that he could not understand her meaning, which seemed to provoke her so much, that she turned her head aside, gave a convulsive shudder, and died.

Smugs felt her pulse, put his hand upon her heart, placed his face close to her lips, and feeling no warm breathing upon it, announced her departure to her sorrowing sons.

"What was that about a will?" said Bill Brassey, when they had left the room to the people who do the last offices—excepting the burial of the body—to the dead.

"How can you—at such a time?" said the elder brother.

"When her body is still warm?" said the second.

"The painful scene had better be ended at once—let us see what she meant, and then we shall have nothing to do but to show our grief," said Bill.

His brothers would probably have refused to gratify so ill-timed a curiosity, for they were plain, kindly-affectioned men, but Smugs, who was anxious to discover the meaning of the old lady's disjointed wishes, opened the bureau, found the will, and brought it into the parlour with him.

"Here it is—this will explain all—pity her speech failed her," said Smugs.

"Read," said Bill, "read—pray read—and give us liberty to mourn."

"May I?" said Smugs, looking to the elder brothers.

As neither of them said "No," he opened the will, and found that the old lady had left all the accumulated scrapings of a long life of industry to her son William, to aid his "great abilities" in promoting the honour of the family. The lease of the farm, and the stock and crops she left to the elder brothers.

"How much?" inquired the heir.

"Why," said Smugs, looking at the date, "it was made it seems the year before your marriage. The sum then at her disposal amounted to 3900*l.*; but since that, there has doubtless been an addition, and—"

"That'll do, Smugs," said Bill, and then turning to his brothers, he observed. "Just the tippy, for I was cleaned out. Now, I'll go and console my wife. Let me know when the funeral is—I'll attend."

Chap. IV.

With what a different step and air did Mr. William Brassey retrace his path to the borough of Crumpleton. He was a man again. Instead of stooping and looking for consolation from the ground below him, he drew himself up to his full height, and gazed on the clouds above him. He did not even see the little dirty boys, who cried out, "There goes Bill Brassey, the bankrupt." He walked steadily on, but not to his own private house. He went to the stores, and assuming a proud look, said,

"Stubbs—I'm provided with the stumpy—the partnership is not dissolved—mother's dead, and I'm in the command of money."

"I beg your pardon," said Stubbs, "you've signed, sealed, and delivered, and you're no partner of mine—the same thing over again? No, no—my cousin—"

"Hang your cousin—won't you take me in again?" said Brassey.

"No," said Stubbs.

"Then I'll set up an opposition and ruin you," said Brassey.

"Try it on," screamed Stubbs, "we'll see who has got the best abilities—for business."

Brassey threw a look of intense hatred on his former partner in business, and stalked majestically out of the shop, to seek the partner of his bed.

He had to pass the Talbot, however, on his way. Against the front of it, with their backs to the wall, were his six free-born Britons. They were standing about idling because no man would hire them on account of the badness (is there such a word?) of their characters. They sneered as he approached. Brassey saw the sneer, but he pretended not to see it. He smiled graciously, remarked that it was a lovely day, and entered the inn.

"Landlord," said he, "you have some fine port—really recommendable port in your cellar—eh? Send me in half-a-dozen, and give me change out of that—bottles returned. I see a few friends of mine under your window—deduct a gallon of ale for them, and let your waiter tell them I have left a trifle for them—when I am gone. As for your little account—send it in next week. It is a mere trifle, and my mother's dead—I'm in for the mopusses."

The landlord looked incredulously at the vulgar swaggerer, but as he had a five-pound note (the vicar's gift) in his hand, and knew that the old lady was a "warm one," as rich people are called, he made a low bow, gave Brassey the change out of the vicar's note, and begged he would never again allude to the little account.

"I think I will take a little something—grief—you know—the fountain of my tears is exhausted. It requires replenishing—sixpennyworth of gin-and-water, warm with, and a slice of lemon," said Brassey.

He drank it, or rather sipped it slowly, and between the sips satisfied the landlord's curiosity as to the amount in ready money of which the dear departed had died seized—saying, and conscientiously too, "Short of ten thousand. The farm and stock and the crops, and all that goes to the two old sons."

So great was the impression made upon the mind of the landlord of the Talbot by this announcement, and the calm manner in which it was given, that, though naturally a stingy man, he offered to treat his dear friend with a glass of whatever he liked. Brassey shook him by the hand, and said, "By all means—brandy—warm, with."

When Brassey had enjoyed "the landlord's glass" he left the Talbot, but not alone. The six free-born Britons who had partaken of his ale were waiting for him (as he meant they should be) and received him with loud shouts of "Brassey for ever." Not satisfied with displaying this proof of their approval of the man and his ale, they insisted on accompanying him to his own door. The little dirty boys who had heard a something of his newly-acquired fortune joined them with loud shouts of "Bill Brassey for ever; Marlows and no mayors." The patriot again smiled benignantly.

Poor Mrs. Brassey was sitting in her little parlour with the vicar, the mayor, and the four little shoeless and shabby children about her, when she heard the loud shouts of the free-born Britons and the dirty little boys.

"There! hark! don't you hear?" said she.

"What, Mrs. Brassey?" said the vicar.

"What, my good woman?" said the mayor.

"Oh! what's the use of all your kind offers of support and main*tain*ance for me and these dear little ones? Come here, children, come and kiss your unhappy mother before the corpse of your poor father is borne in hooted and stoned to death," said Mrs. Brassey.

"Calm yourself, Mrs. Brassey, calm yourself and explain," said the vicar.

"Are you deaf?—can't you hear? They are hooting him already, and hooting always ends in violence. I know they'll stone him, for the streets is just Macadamised."

"Nonsense, marm," said the mayor, "think of the law. Let them stone him—that's all. Borough courts are courts of justice, marm, and if your husband is killed—his murderers will not fail to be hanged. We have a town-clerk, marm, and—"

The remainder of the mayor's speech is lost to posterity. The noise grew so loud and furious that Mrs. Brassey, fearing that an enraged populace might not limit their vengeance to punishing the head of the offending family only—seized her little ones and crammed them under the sofa.

"It appears to me," said the vicar, "that the shouts we hear are not the hostile shouts for vengeance which you dread. I am of opinion that your husband has done something or other by which he hath achieved popularity again."

"Brassey for ever," said the mayor, "then of course they won't kill him *now*. Hush, marm, let us listen."

"Come out, little ones—it is all right—but how he has managed Heaven only knows—but he certainly has 'abilities,'" said Mrs. Brassey.

The crowd drew near—Brassey put the latch key into his door, and his hand upon his heart. The mute eloquence conveyed in the action was responded to by a loud shout, and the party dispersed.

"Brassey—Bill—dearest Bill," said his wife, as she flung herself into his arms, crying and sobbing frightfully, "what does it all mean?"

"No more of this idiosyncrasy, marm, but answer me—who *are* these two individuals in possession of an Englishman's home—his castle?" said Mr. Brassey, looking insultingly on the vicar and the mayor.

"Oh, Bill—dearest Bill—recollect the five-pound note," said Mrs. Brassey.

"A note! What note?"

"That the good vicar so kindly gave me in our distress, and which you—"

"Did that representative of priestcraft dare to insult the wife of a free-born Briton by insisting on her taking a Henry Hase, value five pounds, merely to induce her to join his besotted congregation?—did he? Answer—if more yes than no, return it to him instantly, and let him leave my house—my castle," said Mr. Brassey, and he waved his arm like a principal tragedian towards his door.

"You are a pretty specimen of a starving bankrupt, you are," said the mayor, in a violent passion; "but you'll come to us yet—to the corporation you have so vilely libelled, and be glad to eat of the crumbs that fall from our table—you will—you—you—churlish—"

"Do I owe you any thing for groceries?" asked Brassey with a sneer.

"Nothing. I would not trust you for five farthings' worth of spices," said the indignant mayor.

"Then go—go—make the most of your cinnamon and nutmegs, for your *mace* will soon be taken from you," said Brassey; "and as for you, Mr. P-a-r-s-o-n, if my wife has been rash enough to receive any thing from your over-paid salary—or wages—she shall refund it."

"Oh! Bill," screamed Mrs. Brassey, "how can you?"

"If I see this indulgence in idiosyncrasy repeated I shall dissolve another partnership," said Brassey; "Stubbs and I are two already."

The vicar and the mayor had disappeared before the last sentence was completed.

"Oh, Bill, what *have* you done? we shall starve. Come out, children, and gaze upon the father who has, by his violent conduct, ruined you all."

Out tumbled the four little ones, and, at the mother's signal, set up such a screaming and bellowing as nearly drove their father mad.

"Clear the room, marm, and know that a man in possession of five or six thousand pounds can never starve in this charitable country. My mother is dead, and I'm heir to all her ready!"

Poor Mrs. Brassey left the room with her children under a firm conviction that her patriotic husband had an incipient attack of *delirium tremens*.

Chap. V.

There was no mistake about Mr. Brassey being a man of fortune again. The will was indisputable. He took out letters of administration, and went through all the necessary and rather expensive processes compulsory on such occasions, sold out of the funds, and took the

largest shop-premises in Crumpleton, and set up business in opposition to his late partner. He beat him too—for a time—for his command of ready money enabled him to buy and sell cheaper than Stubbs could do. Did Stubbs sell an article for eighteen-pence? Brassey put a ticket in his window offering one of superior materials and workmanship for fifteen-pence. If Stubbs demanded ready money of a suspicious customer, Brassey let him have the goods he wanted at six months' credit. If any little tradesman in the same line of business wanted accommodation, who was the man that gave it to him? not Stubbs, but Brassey.

Brassey might have fallen back into his former system of idleness, inattention to business, and the frequenting of public-houses for the maintenance of the public interests, but he had heard a whisper that Stubbs had offered to lay very long odds that he would beat him yet.

"Will he?" said Brassey, "we shall see. I will stick to business if it is only to annoy him and show him that my father was not wrong when he said that I had 'great abilities.'"

Brassey did, as he said he would do, for some months. He really was beating Stubbs by underselling him and giving credit—on security—when an event happened which turned the current of his thoughts into a political channel. The M.P. for the borough of Crumpleton died, and Mr. Spouter, of Ninepins Hall, announced himself as a candidate to represent it in parliament.

Brassey hired a competent shopman—left him to take care of the business—and rode over to Ninepins Hall to offer his services, his vote, and his generous interest to the "man of the people." Spouter, not only gave him a dinner that day and a bed that night, but told him to look upon the hall as his own, until the election was over. Did Brassey assume upon such unbounded liberality? Not he. He dined and slept one day and night, and then returned to canvass the borough, and entertain the potwallopers at his own private cost, in order that no charge of treating might unseat his "friend, as he was permitted and proud to call him," provided he once got him into it.

"Now," said he, "I will show my enemies what a judicious outlay, to insure popularity, will effect. Let the corrupt body look to itself—I am ready with a thousand, or two if one is not enough. I'll exhaust their coppers (coffers he meant), and see if they dare apply for a borough rate, that's all."

He did as he threatened to do. He opened every friendly public-house every evening, and invited persons of all shades and grades of political sentiments to meet there—all free-and-easy like. When they were assembled, he apologised to them for having asked them to an inn instead of his own house, which, of course, was not fit to receive them, owing to Mrs. Brassey being "down with her fifth." As he could not receive them at home, the least he could do was to pay for any little expenses they might incur in doing him the honour of listening to his speeches in behalf of Mr. Spouter, who was resolved, that if he was returned to parliament, it should be by the unbought suffrages of the voters. He, Mr. Spouter, had refused to spend a farthing—until the election was over.

So large were the meetings of *bonâ fide* voters upon these occasions,

that the corporation were alarmed. They began to think that Brassey was somebody, and might really return a member, and leave them in a glorious minority.

The wily old town-clerk thought otherwise, and having calculated his forces, knew he was sure to win; but he did not tell his employers as much, because he wanted to make the most of his exertions—and quite right too.

Well, the election "came off." The show of hands was ten to one in favour of Mr. Spouter. There was no doubt about it. They went to a poll, of course, and Spouter was in an inglorious minority. Fifty-four alone, out of three hundred voters, recorded their votes in his favour.

"Never mind," said Spouter, as he walked home with his friend and proposer, Brassey, "let us eat our dinner in peace, and thank our friends that we have given the corporation a shaker—they polled four votes less than ever they polled before."

"But I don't like being beaten," said Brassey, on the point of indulging his idiosyncrasy; "and then the expense we have been at."

"*We*, my dear fellow, *we?* I said, publicly, I would be returned without a farthing's expense, or I would not stand."

"True, true; but privately, you gave me what the French call *cart blank*—to spend what I pleased—so that I insured your return," said Brassey.

"Of course I did. Have you insured my return? I have been cheered but not chaired," said Spouter.

"But you will reimburse?"

"Not a *sou*."

"Say that in English."

"Not a halfpenny."

"Then I will bring an action against you—I'll—"

"No you won't—you'll come to Ninepins Hall and dine with me," said Spouter.

"If I do, I do; but if I do, may I be—"

"Don't be gross—if you won't come, you won't—won't you? Well, good by, my dear fellow—infamously treated—I say no more—infamously."

Spouter jumped into his carriage, and left his chief agent a miserable individual.

"Who cares?" said Brassey; "I've spent a deal of money, and on a mere cur. But I've made myself notorious. I'll get into the corporation, and then—won't I?—that's all."

Brassey went home. Not a soul met him in the street; for every one who had a vote was engaged to dine with the successful candidate; those who had not, were gone to the town-hall to see the fun in which they were not allowed to partake. Where were the free Britons? Where were the little dirty boys? How came the patriot, the great reformer of the borough of Crumpleton, to go home unattended? We have answered that question, his friends were with his enemies.

"Never mind," said Brassey, "a time may come—but I'll reserve my observations until I have an opportunity of making them before somebody—I'll stick to business, recover the outlay that shabby beast,"

—yes, he called him beast—"that shabby beast, Spouter, has caused me, floor Stubbs, get elected into the corporation, and stand for mayor."

"Marlows and no mayor," shouted a little dirty boy, who had been sent home by the beadle.

"Wait 'till *I* stand," said Brassey; "he will alter his cry."

As he consoled himself thus easily, Brassey applied his latch-key to his front-door—for the shop, like all other shops on that eventful day, had been closed on account of the election. He merely asked the girl how her mistress and number five was, and went into the counting-house.

"I'll just see how we stand," said Brassey. "Where's the cash-box?"

He looked high and low, right and left, but the cash-box was not to be found. He rung the shop-bell, and the maid came in to answer it.

"Where is Mr. Dubbs?" inquired her master.

"Ain't a notion," said the girl.

"Send for him—he is, like the rest, eating the meat and drinking the beer of corruption—send for him," said Brassey.

The girl could find no one to send, so she went herself, and after half-an-hour, came back with the news that the faithful Dubbs had taken an outside place on the middle-day coach.

"Done again! and with my abilities!" sighed Brassey.

He was done. Dubbs had not only absconded with checks, notes of hand of various dates, and gold and silver coin; but he had absolutely been round collecting bills, and pocketed the money for them wherever he found a debtor willing and able to pay.

Brassey told his wife of his fresh disasters—cursed the whole world indiscriminately, and took three extra glasses of something warm. Poor Mrs. Brassey shed many bitter tears—in short, indulged in her idiosyncrasy.

Chap. VI.

Was Brassey ruined? asks the courteous reader. Very nearly, but not quite.

He set to work again, being disgusted with public matters and a candidate's shabbiness. He even went so far as to desert the Talbot, and snub the free-born Britons and the dirty little boys—Infantine England. He despised the power of voting for an M.P., and resolved to exercise his vote no more. Mrs. B. was delighted to hear him say so, and expressed a hope that all his interest would be devoted to the services of his family.

"All, marm, henceforth William Brassey lives but for himself and his family—unless, indeed, a vacancy should occur in the corporation."

A vacancy did occur. Brassey stood. He had six votes recorded in his favour. The free-born Britons acted nobly. What were they among so many? His opponent polled the rest of the borough voters.

"Never mind," said Brassey, "a time may come when—"

And so it did. Somebody—was it Lord Brougham?—introduced a

slashing measure for a reform in the corporations. What a stir it did make! Brassey was in his glory. He opened the taps of the Talbot —set the spigots of every public in the place running—stood for a town-councillor, and was elected. He came in last of twelve, and only by one vote. But what did that matter? that vote was his own —so that he really was not indebted to any body for his success.

Then there was a mayor to be elected out of the new municipals! Who was it to be? Who would offer himself under such awfully exciting circumstances? Bill Brassey did. He put forth a handbill, in which he proved, in very bad grammar, that the old mayors and corporations were regular rogues, and had robbed the borough frightfully; and that the only chance for the borough to recover its lost property, was for them to elect him, Bill Brassey, mayor.

The day of election came, and with it, to the council chamber, came Bill Brassey, swelling himself out, like a FROG, with self-importance. He was proposed and seconded amidst loud shouts. Every thing looked favourable for his success—when the wily town-clerk, a sly old FOX, stood up and asked him, "How he could have the impudence, after having been a broken down man—almost a bankrupt—a bad manager of his family, and little better than an insolvent at the present moment—how he could have the impudence to offer to manage the affairs of so important a borough as Crumpleton."

Brassey sunk into nothingness; went home and abused his wife until she began to indulge her idiosyncrasy. He then sought solace in the Talbot, and as he sipped his glass, said, "What chance has a poor FROG like me against that old Fox, the Town-Clerk?"

CONVERSATIONS IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

No. I.

THE ARTIST—THE CONNOISSEUR—THE AMATEUR.

ARTIST.

I AM glad to find that notwithstanding your laborious avocations, you are enabled to devote some portion of your time to the study of the Fine Arts.

CONNOISSEUR.

Some relaxation from toil, whether it be bodily or mental, is always necessary, and I find in this pursuit a diversion which is at once entertaining and instructive. That which abstracts the mind from the cares and contentions of the world, and affords employment for its more refined faculties, must, if pursued aright, impart a salutary moral influence; and the study of painting affords a resource which is never failing. The impressions formed in the public Gallery are not evanescent, but pursue us in other occupations and pleasures, and enlarge our capacity for converse with nature, whether we seek her beau-

ties in the fields, or study the human countenance under the varied influences to which we see it subjected, in our daily intercourse with mankind. My gratification is not, however, perfect. Studying the art of painting as a relaxation and amusement, I have acquired that love for it which makes me wish to do more; and I often lament my inability, from the want of practical acquaintance with its details, to dive into all its mysteries.

ARTIST.

A technical knowledge of the art is doubtless advantageous, and, to a certain extent, essential for its due appreciation; but I believe that you are not so deficient in this respect as to be insensible to the difficulties to be overcome by the painter, or incapable of appreciating the merits of skilful execution. More than this is perhaps not essential. Generally speaking it is not within the profession that you will find the most enlightened critics. The observation of artists is necessarily in great measure restricted to the examples which have a bearing on their own line of study, and they are apt in consequence to acquire a contracted view of art. I am sensible that I may be myself open to this charge; and if I may hope to meet you occasionally in this gallery, I shall be glad to enlarge my views by intercourse with one whose enthusiasm, tempered by extensive observations and pure taste, cannot fail to elicit opinions which, without the affectation of novelty, would evince vigour of thought and just appreciation.

CONNOISSEUR.

You greatly overrate both my taste and judgment. But for my part I shall not be slow to accept your challenge, being sensible that in the free interchange of ideas, we shall put to the test opinions perhaps hastily formed, and may rub off some rust, and that I, at any rate, shall derive much advantage from the information which your practical acquaintance with art will enable you to impart.—But see—our friend, ——, arrives opportunely. I propose to associate him in our confederacy. Although his taste is as yet unformed, he possesses considerable powers of observation, which may serve to remind us of nature, if we chance to lose sight of the end of art in the pursuit of its refinements; and the hope of imparting to another something of our own feeling, will add zest to our conversation. You have heard our proposition; what say you to it?

AMATEUR.

I should indeed be indifferent to my own advantage, if I were to reject an invitation which holds out to me the prospect of much improvement. I am afraid, however, that I am hardly qualified to take a part in your discussions. Though I have pursued the study of painting with some ardour, my attention has been chiefly directed to the paintings of the Dutch masters, of which I regret the deficiency in this Gallery. Their works are recommended by fresh and lively colouring and exquisite finish, and the truth and simplicity of their representations of nature, have, I confess, charms for me, which I do not find in the refinements of Italian art. I believe I am not singular in this

opinion, for I doubt whether the admiration which is expressed for what is termed the high style of painting, is often really felt; and the eagerness with which connoisseurs crowd round choice specimens of the Dutch school in auction-rooms, shows that, at any rate, the majority is on my side.

ARTIST.

It is not thus that you would determine the claims of literature, in considering which, I should imagine that a person of your taste and reading, would rather pride yourself on appreciating that which is felt by the few than acquiesce in the judgment of the many. The fact, I apprehend, is that you have looked to painting rather as a passing diversion than as a study, without which no art can be duly appreciated. Do not suppose, however, that I underrate the Dutch masters. They have attained excellence in that which they attempted: their works are generally pleasing, and their aim was seldom higher. But if we seek in the art of painting a source of deeper interest, and would refine the mind by the contemplation of grace, or enlarge it by embracing those grand combinations of nature which the imagination inspires, we must turn to the Italian schools. We shall there learn to appreciate the principles of ideal beauty which are essential to the grand style, and by the adoption of which the great historical painters have raised their works to a level with those of dramatists and epic poets.

AMATEUR.

Of dramatists and epic poets! Surely your zeal carries you too far when you would place even the greatest masters of the plastic arts in the same category with men whose thoughts, handed down in their writings, exercise an undying influence over the minds of mankind.

CONNOISSEUR.

You derogate from the fair claims of art. Doubtless those who have expressed their ideas in language, the universal agent for the conveyance of thought, must exercise a wider influence over mankind than those who seek to affect the mind through the medium of the eye. In this respect literature has a great and permanent advantage over all other arts, which are indeed her hand-maids. But as regards the palm of intellectual pre-eminence, I can fix no other standard than the measure of intellect called into exertion; and judged by this standard, I know not upon what plea you can refuse to the great historical painters the highest praise which can be accorded to successful efforts of the imagination.

AMATEUR.

Well! I perceive I am here, at least, in a minority, and I will not attempt to contend single-handed against you on a subject on which I am in truth not competent to judge. I propose without further discussion to put your views to the test, in hearing your observations on pictures before us. Let us begin with this picture by Parmigiano. It is extolled, I believe, as a fine work, but to my simple eye the elongated propor-

tions of the figures, and their affected attitudes, have little affinity with nature. If you can teach me to admire it, you will have made me a convert at once.

ARTIST.

I would not in the first instance take one who is as yet avowedly blind to poetry in art, to a painting which is as eminent for its refinement as for its sublimity. I would rather select a less ideal work, and I know not that we can do better than, following the order of the catalogue, commence with the "Raising of Lazarus," by Sebastian del Piombo, which is more simple in its character, though it is the most important historical painting in this country, and bears indeed, a rank second only to the "Transfiguration" by Raffaelle.

AMATEUR.

I place myself in your hands; though the heavy colouring of this picture, and its want of effect, do not prejudice me in its favour. Sebastian was, I believe, a Venetian painter.

ARTIST.

He was a Venetian by birth and early education. He acquired the rudiments of art under Giovanni Bellini, who is celebrated as the master of Titian and Giorgione; but he became afterwards the pupil of the latter master, from whose example he acquired those fine principles of colour and that vigour of execution, for which his works are conspicuous. Having acquired great reputation at Venice as a portrait painter, he repaired to Rome, where he became ambitious of competing with the great historical painters of that city; a project in which he was encouraged by Michael Angelo, who perceiving in his breadth of colour, and the bold relief of his figures, qualities which would adorn the highest style of design, and in which the painters of Rome were deficient, conceived the notion of inciting Sebastian to competition with Raffaelle, of whose fame the great Florentine was jealous. This object he advanced, not only by public praise of Sebastian, but by assisting him in composition and design, branches of art in which his knowledge was restricted, no less from education than from having confined his practice to portrait painting. In all his historical pictures, Sebastian is supposed to have been greatly aided both by the precepts and hand of Michael Angelo, and the work before us bears in its composition, evident traces of the design of that master. It partakes, therefore, of the attributes of two distinct schools.

CONNOISSEUR.

These observations open a question, on which I should be glad to ascertain your opinion, before we descant on the merits of the work. That Michael Angelo had a hand in the composition is indisputable, but I perceive the authorised catalogue, adopting the views of Fuseli, whose prejudices led him to depreciate Sebastian as an historical painter, asserts that "the composition of this grand picture was entirely the work of Buonarotti," and that "the execution of the figure of Lazarus rejects the claim of every other hand." I cannot suppose that this statement is hazarded lightly, but it appears to me very chimerical.

ARTIST.

I entirely participate in your doubts on the subject, which I conceive to be fully borne out by the internal evidences of the picture. The style of Michael Angelo was so peculiar, that even feeble imitations from his designs preserve a character which at once distinguish them from the works of other masters; and except in the group of which the colossal form of Lazarus is the principal figure, I can here find no trace of that peculiarity. Simplicity and propriety of action characterise all the other figures, and the draperies are cast in a Venetian mould. In the large proportions of the figure of Lazarus, the profound knowledge of anatomy which it displays, and the fearful energy of its action, we at once perceive a different character of design. It was here that the assistance of M. Angelo would be required. Sebastian, as a skilled portrait painter, would doubtless, in aspiring to history, feel himself equal to the delineation of heads and hands; his powers would be deficient alone in designing the naked figure; and for this part of the work, and for this only, I am satisfied that the outline was furnished by Michael Angelo. But while I perceive undoubted proofs of the composition of that great master in this group, I am equally satisfied that it was not painted by his hand. The whole details of this admirable work display the skilful execution which Sebastian had acquired at Venice, and for which he was justly celebrated. It is a matter of great doubt whether M. Angelo ever painted in oils: and it is as absurd to suppose that even he could have acquired, by intuition, the mechanical skill here displayed in the laying on the colours, as that Sebastian could have accomplished, without previous study, the correct delineation of the human figure. The manner of painters is as diversified as the hand-writing of different individuals, and the execution of this picture is evidently the work of the same hand.

CONNOISSEUR.

Your technical review of the question entirely coincides with the opinion which general reasoning would induce. Michael Angelo no doubt entertained a high estimate of his own powers, and his jealous disposition could not brook the fame of Raffaelle, upon whom he looked down as his inferior in art. This jealousy, more than friendship for Sebastian, probably induced him to invite that painter to competition with his rival. But it is unreasonable to suppose that he would have selected for this object an artist wholly deficient in those powers which historical painting requires. It was not by his own designs, but by the merits of those of Sebastian, aided by the charms of colour, that he sought to depreciate Raffaelle; and though he readily supplied the deficiencies of his *protégé*, the whole history of art belies the supposition that a painter possessing the talents of this Venetian, could have confined himself to the task of merely giving colour to the forms of another, even though that other were Michael Angelo.

AMATEUR.

While you have been engaged in this discussion, into the merits of which I cannot enter, I have employed myself in examining the picture, and, with no other guide than my own observation, it strikes me that

the painter has failed to convey the overwhelming impression of amazement and awe which so astounding a miracle could not fail to produce. The words "Lazarus come forth," have hardly escaped the lips of Christ, and yet few of the surrounding multitude appear to regard the object of the miracle with that breathless astonishment or awe which we would conceive to be the prevailing sentiment.

CONNOISSEUR.

There is much force in your observation. Considered without reference to the surrounding figures, the attitude and countenance of the Christ would appear to denote the period of the history to which you refer. It is evident, however, from the rest of the picture, that the painter intended to portray the scene immediately after the completion of the miracle, when the first burst of astonishment had subsided, and the spectators had turned from Lazarus to the author of his resurrection, with the mingled feelings which the occasion was calculated to call forth. The second command, that the attendants should loose Lazarus from his grave clothes, is already in part executed. We must suppose, therefore, that the Saviour is addressing some words of exhortation to Lazarus, on the occasion of his restoration to life, and calling his attention, by the finger pointing upwards, to the source of the miracle. The doubtful nature of the action is, however, an evidence of weakness; and it must be admitted that on this account, as well as from the want of elevation of character, this—the principal figure—is the least satisfactory part of the picture. Sebastian was a great master of expression and character merely human, and in the representation of strong passion or lively emotion, agitating the whole frame and countenance, he has not been surpassed by any painter. But in the power of sustaining dignity and interest in the absence of energetic action, and still more of raising the human form to an ideal standard, partaking of the divine intelligence, he was deficient. The figure before us represents in a touching manner the tender sensibility of the Saviour, and is affecting from the traces in the countenance of recent emotion, and of that permanent sadness, which the presentiment of his approaching fate may have stamped upon it; but we recognise only "the *man* of sorrows;" there is no impression of the Majesty of the Son of God.

AMATEUR.

Your observations interest me. I begin to view the picture in a new light; and I turn with pleasure to the surrounding figures, which I perceive to be affected by powerful yet varied emotions.

CONNOISSEUR.

Of all painters, no one penetrated more deeply than Sebastian into the sources from which the human affections or passions spring. Amidst the varied attitudes of the figures before us, we not only recognise the propriety of the emotions excited in each case with reference to the occasion which has produced them; but the outward expression is an index to the mind, and we are enabled to analyse the character of the individual by the effects which the miracle has produced on the frame and countenance. It has been observed of Shakspeare, as a proof of

the deep insight he had into human character, and the ability with which he sustained it in his writings, that few speeches in his plays could be transferred, without producing inconsistency, from one speaker to another. The remark may be applied to Sebastian. In this work, whenever the figure is conspicuous, the character is so perfectly sustained, that the action and expression (the language of art) are identified with it, and could not be transferred with propriety to any other figure! For example: look at this man who kneels at the feet of Christ. His gray hairs and aged countenance, the characteristics applied by painters to St. Peter (with what propriety we will not now stop to inquire), are not here necessary to denote that Apostle. The character is defined by the action. The fervent zeal and strong impulse which ever made St. Peter conspicuous in the expression of his faith and love, are unmistakeably portrayed, as he gives vent to his feelings in a rapture of devotion, from the thrilling effects of which every limb and feature quivers with emotion.

The noble figure of St. John, seen above the Christ, in a green robe, is equally characteristic. His serene countenance, as he turns with a look of triumph to his doubting neighbour, and points to Lazarus as an evidence of the truth of his Lord, which incredulity itself could hardly question, betokens the calmer though unhesitating faith which distinguished the beloved disciple. And can any thing be more awful than the expression of doubt expressed in the countenance of the man addressed by St. John, as he leans forward, scanning curiously the figure of Lazarus, in the hope of finding some proof of fraud? He is the very type of that stubborn race "who would not believe though one rose from the dead." Then as examples of a different class of expression let me point out to you the two figures, above the St. Peter, who are leaning forward with eager curiosity to realise in their minds the fulfilment of the miracle. The countenance especially of that one who shades his eyes with his hand, to obtain a more accurate sight of Lazarus, beams with the most lively expression of wonder and delight, and the action assists the impression, and is strikingly natural.

ARTIST.

I am sorry to interrupt you in your interesting analysis of the characters introduced in this picture; but I must here remark, as an instance of the skill with which it has been composed, that the figures to which you have just alluded are introduced with singular propriety into this part of the picture, with the view not only of varying the impression, but of telling more forcibly the story, by drawing the attention from the author of the miracle to Lazarus, and thus accounting as it were for the feelings of devotion by which the neighbouring figures are actuated.

CONNOISSEUR.

There is no necessity for an apology for so well-timed an interruption. Having pointed out to our friend some of the figures in the principal group, I will leave him to pursue at his leisure the examination of the remainder, which will amply repay his pains; but the exquisite figure of Mary claims particular notice. In order to appreciate fully the beauties of this figure, we must bear in mind the touching points of her

character, which we gather from the gospel, in which warmth of affection was the predominant feature. Her tender love for her brother, and overwhelming grief at his death, her fervent affection for the Lord, and strong, though imperfect faith, will be in your recollection. We can picture to our minds the conflicting feelings with which a creature so full of feeling would receive the accomplishment of all she desired, and more than she dared hope for—the restoration of her brother to life; and we might doubt whether it was in the power of art to represent them. But we find them here forcibly portrayed. What mingled emotions are depicted in her fine, uplifted countenance, saddened, though not disfigured by traces of recent grief! How eloquent is the action of her arms, as on her knees she pours forth her whole soul in one fervent burst of gratitude and love! Cast in the purest mould, I know nothing in ancient or modern art more perfect than this beautiful creation,—the fair-ideal of all that is elevated in the sensibilities of the female heart.

ARTIST.

It is indeed a beautiful figure. We regard it with feelings akin to those with which we would contemplate some fine piece of sculpture —so pure and chastened is the conception. If this alone remained as a fragment of the master's works, it would at once place him in a high rank among historical painters. In its grand proportions, the ideal character of the head, the masterly outline and bold foreshortening, he has indeed exceeded his ordinary powers; and it seems as if he had caught something of the fire of Michael Angelo, from the close proximity of the design which that master had furnished. I am led to ascribe the figure entirely to the hand of Sebastian; for notwithstanding the grandeur of the design, I can trace in it none of the peculiarities of Michael Angelo; and it seems more reasonable to suppose that Sebastian should have elevated his style from the example of the patron, than that the other should have accommodated his genius to improve a design not his own.

CONNOISSEUR.

I entirely concur in your opinion. It appears to me that the conception is too refined, or rather too tender, for the soaring genius of Michael Angelo. Michael Angelo anatomised human nature, for the purpose of reproducing it enlarged to the capacity of his own mind. His forms are ideal in the highest sense of the term, and if they are sometimes developed in ostentatious or extravagant action, they are yet ever subservient to the impression which he sought to convey, whether of powerful action or mental capacity. His men, to use the language of Fuseli, are a race of giants—gigantic not only in stature and in muscular vigour of frame, but in mind. Raised above the ordinary standard of humanity, when deep and elevated thought, or fervent passion is depicted, his forms awaken the sense of admiration—of awe; but from these elevated conceptions the gentler feelings of human nature are excluded, and our sympathy is never awakened. A reference to the portion of this picture, which we all admit to have been the offspring of his mind, will illustrate my view. The Lazarus of Michael Angelo has none of the endearing attributes which imagination

would ascribe to the friend of our Lord. The grandeur of the Miracle is the predominant subject, and to this theme individuality of character is sacrificed. Lazarus was laid in the grave the victim of disease, but the power that could restore life could impart to his frame the vigour of health, and the painter has exhausted his extraordinary skill in anatomy, in representing the muscular frame in full activity; but it suited his conception of the subject to impart to the countenance of the recent tenant of the tomb the impression of mysterious awe, which accords with our associations of death. The senses of Lazarus are hardly yet awakened: he gazes at his Saviour with a thrilling glance of joy mingled with amazement, as if unable at once to realise the fact of his existence; and how perfectly does the action of the figure accord with this state of reviving consciousness! While the countenance is turned to his deliverer, the first natural impulse of the frame is to free the limbs from the restraints which confine them, and to this simple effort all their varied movements are directed. We may be startled at first with a sense of extravagance in the attitudes—in the exaggerated action, for instance, of the right foot; but a deeper comprehension of the objects of the designer leads us to bow with admiration to his genius, and we recognise in his exaggerations the true poetry of art. The surrounding figures which complete the group are necessarily of subordinate interest, but they are framed in the same enlarged mould, and I may remark the beaming intelligence in the countenance of that one who pauses in his occupation, and raises his head to seek in some kindred mind the interchange of thought on the wondrous scene before them.

AMATEUR.

It is strange that I should so long have overlooked the source of interest in this great work, which your observations have led me at once to perceive. I can now recur to the subordinate groups, and dwell upon their details with the pleasure with which I would analyse the plot of a fine poem. Every figure seems to take its part in the development of the history—the train of female mourners—the groups approaching to the scene in eager disputation, as yet ignorant of the miracle which has been performed—and even the distant figures who are washing in the river, and pursue their avocations unconscious of the momentous events that are going on so near them, impart a moral to the tale. One figure only I do not understand: why is Martha represented with her countenance averted, and her hands upraised as if to conceal from her view something repulsive?

CONNOISSEUR.

I believe the answer to your question may be found in the reason assigned by Martha for dissuading our Lord from invading the tomb of Lazarus; but it appears to me that the painter has dwelt too much on that casual observation, and has ascribed to Martha a character of indifference which did not belong to her. The figure, however, has great value in a pictorial point of view, by affording a contrast to the fervent emotion of Mary.

AMATEUR.

Having acknowledged the victory you have gained over me, I must still be permitted, if only in excuse for my own blindness, to express my regret that the picture has not been rendered more attractive by an attention to the general effect. Its scattered lights give it a spotty appearance, and present no point for the eye to dwell on; the dinginess of its tone is unpleasing; and the distant groups, from the absence of aerial perspective, obtrude on the more forward figures. We may imagine what Rembrandt would have made of the same materials—how the truth of his colour would have contributed to the reality of the scene, and what sentiment his magical treatment of light and shade would have imparted to it.

CONNOISSEUR.

It is idle to wish for the highest powers of all schools in a single work. The picture is deficient in those points in which Rembrandt would have excelled; but I fear that with all his talent he would have missed many of the beauties on which we have been descanting, and would have introduced many incongruities. Absolute perfection in art is unattainable, and for my part I believe it is hardly to be wished for. It is certain that many of the highest efforts of genius are accompanied by defects which would condemn less excellent works; and I believe that half the gratification in contemplating the different schools, consists in culling from each the most luxuriant flowers, and thus forming in one's own mind a standard of art to which all contribute.

ARTIST.

Your remark is just as a general rule, but you are somewhat too hasty in acquiescing without modification in the censure of our friend on the want of general effect in this picture. I admit that its present state justifies his criticism; but in forming an opinion on a work, we must not lose sight of the intention of the painter, and must make allowances for the impairing influence of time or accident. The picture is certainly deficient in its arrangement of light and shade. At the time when the painter lived the powers of the chiaro-oscuro were not generally known, and that branch of the art had not been reduced to a system. In their earlier efforts, the masters of the Venetian school depended for their effects entirely on the arrangement of colour, and a glance at the "Bacchus and Ariadne" of Titian will show how much can be accomplished by skill in colouring, though the arrangement of light and shade into masses be entirely neglected. I conceive that the picture now before us, when first painted, had a somewhat similar effect, though doubtless less glowing in tone than the work of Titian. The drapery of the Christ, you will observe, has somewhat deteriorated in its shadows: when in a state of purity the contrast of the deep blue and red garments would have attracted attention to the principal figure, and formed the key to which the rest of the painting was attuned. The principal other defect in the picture is in the distance. A small piece of the original colour, between the weeds and the rock in the back-ground, shows that the horizon was carried higher up the picture than it appears at present, and that a range of distant hills of a deep blue tone occu-

pied the space which is now smeared with clouds of a heavy and opaque colour. These injuries are not in themselves of much importance, and when we remember the ordeal through which the picture has passed in its transfer from wood to canvas, they are hardly to be mentioned as detracting from its fine state of preservation: but they are precisely those injuries which most disturb the general effect; for if you observe the interchange of different colours throughout the work, affording by contrasts and harmonies the pleasure to the eye which music affords to the ear, you will perceive where the chord (if I may apply the parallel term) is interrupted by the want of clear blue in the parts I have pointed out. The retiring quality of the blue in the distance would, moreover, have had the effect of keeping in their places the figures which are now too obtrusive. While I am dwelling on these technical points, I will take the opportunity of pointing out the great merit of the execution of the picture. The painting of the flesh is exceedingly true; it has the very texture of nature: and the relief and roundness given to every part of the figures is extraordinary. I would especially direct your attention to the treatment of the right knee of the Lazarus, which, displaying as it does with great skill and accuracy the working of the muscles, and distinguishing with wonderful truth the substance of the different parts, from the softness of the flesh to the hardness of the protruding bones, is greatly and justly admired by connoisseurs. Nor must we overlook the grand character of the landscape, where it remains unimpaired. Altogether the picture must be admitted to be a most valuable acquisition to the nation; probably no single work of art affords so extensive a range of study for the artist; and I hope that the rising generation may afford some proof that it is not slow to profit by it.

AMATEUR.

I perceive there are two other pictures by Sebastian in this Gallery, which, from the titles given to them, may, I presume, be considered fair specimens of his style of portrait painting.

ARTIST.

I have no reason to deem them other than genuine works of the master, but it must be confessed that they are not calculated to advance his reputation. The portrait of Giulia Gonzaga has, it is true, much dignity and grace, but the colouring is heavy, and the painting altogether is not of a pleasing character. The other picture is, to my mind, unworthy of Sebastian.

AMATEUR.

Though I was not the first to propose this conversation, I feel that I have most cause to appreciate it; and I trust that I may be excused for proposing that we should meet here again at no distant period—say this day month.

THE OTHERS.

Agreed.

THE ROBERTSES ON THEIR TRAVELS.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

CHAP. XXVIII.

HAVING reached the farthest, or upper end of the large and handsome room in which the *table d'hôte* was spread, Lord Lynberry and Maria, who had marched on in front of the party, turned round, both because they could go no farther, and because they wished to reconnoitre the scene of action from the commanding point they had gained. A very long, but rather narrow table, capable of accommodating above fifty guests, stretched down the middle of the room. A long line of gaudily-coloured oil-cloth, with a number of little plates arranged symmetrically upon it, was spread down the middle of the table, from the top to the bottom. The little plates contained, for the most part, pink and white sugar-plums, small Savoy biscuits, and walnuts, placed in a circle of six, round a seventh by way of a centre.

The three couples who had followed Lord Lynberry and his fair companion to this point, turned as they turned, and the following words were spoken between the respective couples. Lord Lynberry, on whose left arm Maria's right clung timidly, laid his right hand upon it with a friendly and familiar pressure, which made her quiver from head to foot with inexpressible delight, and said, "How very un-English it all looks, doesn't it? I hope you will like it. Do you think you shall?" To which she replied in accents which did justice to her words, "Oh! as for me, I never care where I am, so that those I like are with me!" It was a pretty and a gentle speech, and she was rewarded by feeling her arm very kindly pressed against the grateful heart of his young lordship. *How* this apparently slight action affected her feelings, the intelligent reader need not be told.

Mr. Roberts and his lady made the second couple.

"What a queer way they have of laying their tables, to be sure!" exclaimed Mr. Roberts. "It does not look very comfortable, my dear, does it?"

"Comfortable? Good gracious, Mr. Roberts! who but you would ever think about being comfortable in such delightful society as we have got into here!" replied his wife. "Just observe his lordship and Maria, that's all, and raise up your thoughts, if you can, to what it must be to have a countess for a daughter."

These last words were uttered in a low whisper very close to the gentleman's ear, which suggested the necessity of caution so successfully to him, that the only rejoinder was a close pressure of the arm.

"It is an amusing scene," said the elegant Montgomery, looking, as his magnificent stature permitted, over the heads of the company; "but how impossible it is to find," he added, looking down very fully into the up-turned eyes of his attentive companion—"how perfectly impossible it is to find a single one of all the native faces which can bear comparison with that of an Englishwoman."

Of course Agatha smiled, and having sustained the glance for half a

pied the space which is now smeared with clouds of a heavy and opaque colour. These injuries are not in themselves of much importance, and when we remember the ordeal through which the picture has passed in its transfer from wood to canvas, they are hardly to be mentioned as detracting from its fine state of preservation: but they are precisely those injuries which most disturb the general effect; for if you observe the interchange of different colours throughout the work, affording by contrasts and harmonies the pleasure to the eye which music affords to the ear, you will perceive where the chord (if I may apply the parallel term) is interrupted by the want of clear blue in the parts I have pointed out. The retiring quality of the blue in the distance would, moreover, have had the effect of keeping in their places the figures which are now too obtrusive. While I am dwelling on these technical points, I will take the opportunity of pointing out the great merit of the execution of the picture. The painting of the flesh is exceedingly true; it has the very texture of nature: and the relief and roundness given to every part of the figures is extraordinary. I would especially direct your attention to the treatment of the right knee of the Lazarus, which, displaying as it does with great skill and accuracy the working of the muscles, and distinguishing with wonderful truth the substance of the different parts, from the softness of the flesh to the hardness of the protruding bones, is greatly and justly admired by connoisseurs. Nor must we overlook the grand character of the landscape, where it remains unimpaired. Altogether the picture must be admitted to be a most valuable acquisition to the nation; probably no single work of art affords so extensive a range of study for the artist; and I hope that the rising generation may afford some proof that it is not slow to profit by it.

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Of course Agatha smiled, and having sustained the glance for half a

moment, cast down her eyes, and, by a trifling movement of her head, easily managed to make her super-abundant ringlets do the office of a veil, to hide the conscious blush to which the compliment had given birth.

"Well? what d'ye think of it?" said Edward to Miss Harrington. "I delight in it, of all things, myself, it is so devilish amusing. And they say the champagne is capital. But of course I shan't like it at all unless you do."

This was by far the tenderest speech which Bertha's intended bridegroom had ever yet addressed to her, and she made the most direct reply to it that she had ever yet uttered in return to any of his small attempts at conversation—for she not only appeared to have heard what he said, but distinctly answered, by pronouncing the monosyllable "Why?"

But before the young gentleman could sufficiently rally his spirits to profit by this admirable opportunity of explaining himself, a movement of the party behind obliged them to move on.

"Those are our chairs!" exclaimed Lord Lynberry, pushing forward rather eagerly. "Montgomery and I turned them down ourselves. We must not let those fellows get possession of them."

The party accordingly moved on, *en masse*, to the point indicated, and a waiter having already established their prior claim to the bespoken chairs, they immediately took possession of their places, although the company in general were still amusing themselves by walking up and down the room.

"I am afraid we must not expect to find very elegant company—I mean the sort of people that we have been used to—at such a place as this," said Mrs. Roberts, taking this opportunity of beginning the system of precaution, by which she intended to guard the family dignity from any injury that a *table d'hôte* might bring upon it. "But where there are a party of gay young people together," she added, "it signifies very little who may chance to be at the same table with them, provided they take care, you know, to keep themselves *to* themselves."

"Oh, dear, no, certainly, not the least in the world," replied Mr. Montgomery, to whom, from the circumstance of his sitting opposite to her, this speech was particularly addressed. "But why do you suspect the company of being particularly objectionable to-day?" he added, fixing his eyes upon two very simply-dressed females, who at that moment were placing themselves at the table, while two middle-aged men, who accompanied them, instead of sitting down beside them, stood behind their chairs.

"Yes, yes, you have hit the mark," said Mrs. Roberts, laughing, and nodding her head very expressively up and down. "Not quite in our way, that, is it?" she added, as her eyes fixed themselves very unceremoniously upon the group Mr. Montgomery had been looking at. The handsome Englishman smiled slightly, but said nothing.

"Mercy on me!" resumed Mrs. Roberts, her eyes still fixed upon the same party, "I hope it won't be too bad to bear! Do you think it will, my dear sir? If you do, we had really better take the girls away at once, you know."

This sudden anxiety on the part of Mrs. Roberts was occasioned by the two females above mentioned, first one and then the other deliberately taking off their bonnets, and giving them to the two whiskered

male individuals who stood behind them. The smooth little heads thus uncovered, had not a single hair arranged in a style which appeared fit, in the judgment of Mrs. Roberts, to be displayed at a table where "first-rate ladies and gentlemen," as she said, condescended to sit down to dinner; and this fact, together with that of their smiling very familiarly to the two whiskered gentlemen, as they indicated the pegs against the wall, upon which it was their pleasure to have their bonnets hung, suggested some very painful ideas to her mind, not only respecting their rank and fortune, but their respectability also.

"You know we are perfectly strangers here, my dear Mr. Montgomery," she said, throwing her ample person as far as she could across the table in order to speak to him in a whisper, "and I do not scruple to say that I trust entirely to you, as to the propriety of our remaining at the table. For myself, I really should look on, for once and a way, with perfect indifference, quite certain that nothing of the sort could really injure *me*. But for my darling girls!—need I express to you what my feelings are on their account? Dear young creatures!—so innocent, so trusting! Do you think that for their sakes, and for that of Mr. Roberts' ward, dear little Bertha Harrington, we ought to leave the society of those dreadfully suspicious-looking people? Answer me as if you were their brother, my dear sir."

"I feel of course inexpressibly flattered by your reference, my dear madam," replied the young man; "and to the best of my knowledge and belief, your charming daughters will run no risk whatever in remaining at table with the persons who have just taken their seats at the upper end of it."

There was a curling sort of smile about the handsome mouth of Mr. Montgomery as he said this, which puzzled Mrs. Roberts. It was impossible for her to suppose he was laughing at her anxiety—that was too severe an idea to conceive of any man; but still she strongly suspected he *was* joking in some way or other, and her dignity took the alarm. She looked steadily at him with an air of very grave scrutiny for a minute or two, and then said, "I am quite sure, Mr. Montgomery, that nobody appearing so perfectly a person of fashion as you do, could possibly jest upon such a subject with such a person as myself; and yet, forgive me! I cannot help fancying that you know something about those strange-looking women which you do not choose to mention to me, and that the recollection of it, let it be what it may, makes you feel inclined to laugh. Perhaps, however, it is only something about their being so particularly ignorant as to dress? But if that is all, I don't care for it in the least. So that my own dear girls are elegantly dressed, and look as young ladies of fashion ought to do, I don't care a farthing how other people look. Why should I? But I am sure you *do* know something about those women, Mr. Montgomery; and to tell you the truth, I really think that if you do not choose to tell me what it is, I must communicate my suspicions to Mr. Roberts, and desire him without further ceremony to lead us all out again. I must say that I think you are wrong to be so very mysterious." And Mrs. Roberts made a movement, as if she were about to rise from the chair on which she had deposited herself.

"What is mamma going to do?" whispered Agatha to Mr. Montgo-

mery. "The room is getting so full, that if she moves she will never get back to her place. What is it you have been saying to her?"

"I have been saying nothing, I assure you. I believe she has taken fright about those two ladies who are sitting without their bonnets at the top of the table. She is afraid that they are not respectable."

"Mercy on me, what can it signify!" replied Agatha, knitting her brows with a look of great annoyance.

"Certainly nothing, my fair friend!" replied her elegant neighbour; "besides, I never in my life heard a syllable against their respectability. Do get your mother to sit still, will you?"

"Do you know any thing against them?" said Agatha, remarking, as her mother had done, something about the curling lips of Mr. Montgomery, which she could not quite understand.

"All I know," he replied, raising his eyebrows with a look of weariness at the prolonged discussion, "all I know about them is, that the tallest is the Princess of D * * * *, and the other, who is her sister-in-law, is married to the crown Prince of P * * * *."

"Good heavens! Why did you not say so at first!" said Agatha, and then she bent across the table in her turn, and communicated the important intelligence in a whisper to her mother; then again turning to her neighbour, with a reproachful smile, she repeated, "why did you not say so at first?"

"Good Heavens! what did it signify?" he replied. "Which soup do you take? white or brown?"

The business of dining had now began, and whatever the younger part of the company might think of it, Mrs. Roberts felt this to be one of those matters of which increasing years and improving wisdom ought to teach the real value; she therefore only gave one stare of rather incredulous wonder to the words of Agatha, and began to devote her most serious attention to the business of the hour.

Just about the moment when the soup had completed its round, Mr. Vincent entered the room, and paused for a moment within the doorway, to discover whereabouts the party might be of whom he came in search, for he had learned at the Balcony House that the family were gone to dine at the ——. The first eye amidst the party which descried him, was Bertha Harrington's, and she immediately stood up, and made him a sign to approach, indicating that there was room near them. He promptly obeyed, and found that at the distance of two places from that of Bertha, there was a vacant chair. He gave her a desponding look, and appeared preparing himself to take it, when she turned to Edward Roberts, who was seated next to her, and said with equal promptitude and decision, "Be so good, Mr. Roberts, as to take that vacant chair. I wish to have my cousin, Mr. Harrington Vincent, seated next me."

It would not be easy, perhaps, to decide which of the two gentlemen was the most surprised by this unexpected command, and however much their feelings upon it might differ in other respects, there was one upon which they were in unison, namely, that under the circumstances, they had nothing to do but obey. A very few seconds sufficed to make Mr. Vincent forget his surprise, and feel nothing but pleasure at finding himself in the place he had thus unexpectedly obtained, and any body who had overheard the conversation of the two cousins, would have concluded

that they had been brought up together in the greatest intimacy, and that they both considered themselves as belonging to each other, as much by necessity as by inclination. He told her how he had called at the Balcony House in the morning, and how dreadfully disappointed he had been at not finding her at home; and she told him that if he had only come half-an-hour before, she should have been *so* glad, for that then they might have walked together. And then she communicated all her hopes and wishes about exploring the secret passage between the two castles; and in short, amidst the whole of the gay throng assembled round that very festive board, among all the jestings and the flirtings which animated it from one end to the other, there was not one who was conscious of so cheering and delightful a harmony of spirits as the lately silent and sad Bertha Harrington. No longer feeling desolate and alone in the world, the presence of her "cousin William," of that dear, noble-spirited son of an unhappy mother, whose name and whose idea were so familiar to her ear and to her heart, seemed to have converted her situation from one of almost unmixed suffering, into every thing that was the reverse of it.

Edward Roberts meanwhile had found such effectual consolation from the conversation of the lady next whom his new position placed him, that he speedily forgot the affront he had received, and never for an instant mixing up his purpose of obtaining Bertha's hand and fortune with any observations he felt disposed to make upon her exceedingly disagreeable manners, he as usual soon forgot that any thing so uncongenial was in existence, while he gave himself wholly up to the delight of falling in love with a new charmer. He had speedily the great satisfaction of discovering that his fair neighbour was a married woman, which circumstance had become, in his opinion, absolutely necessary to render a tender attachment worth forming, and it more than compensated in his eyes for the dozen or so of years by which she was his senior. What her country might be he could not very accurately decide, nor did this signify a farthing, as on the one fact needful, namely, that she was not English, he could feel no doubt. Perhaps the fact of her speaking English fluently, though rather imperfectly at times, might contribute not a little to make her amiable familiarity of manner the more captivating to him, for notwithstanding his own firm conviction that he spoke French like a native, he was conscious that though quite easy it was very fatiguing. Whether it were that he felt a captivation in her broken English, which he thought might by imitation be added to his own attractions, or that it arose from the habit of imitation so often met with in persons of his order of intellect, whatever were the cause, he had not conversed with her ten minutes before his idiom became wonderfully assimilated to her own.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, looking at him with much kindness, "I perceive, dat is I mean I see, dat you not one English."

"Alas!" sighed Edward in reply, and returning her flattering glance with one which seemed to deprecate her scorn when she should know the truth, "alas! would, madam!—dat is, I should much great deal be thankful to de *bon dieu* if I could say your *aimable soupçon* vas correct. But no! I am not so appy. Yes, I am English!"

There was a melancholy pathos in the tone with which he made this avowal that must have touched any heart not absolutely made of stone,

and his new acquaintance, who could not with justice be accused of any hardness in that region, replied with the most soothing gentleness, "*Mais n'importe done!* Dose who do know to make demselves aimables, have a countri common to dem own selves superior to al de oders in the vorld!"

"Ah den!" exclaimed Edward in a fervent whisper, "no need I to ask vat countri boasts your birth. You are of de countri *des aimables!*"

Before the dialogue had reached this point the young Lord Lynberry had caused the champagne to flow very abundantly amongst his party, and when by his lordship's commands the sparkling flask reached Edward, he transferred the tall glass that came with it, generously filled to the brim, to the hand of his enchanting neighbour, contenting himself for the nonce with the tumbler that stood beside him. Most readers are probably aware that nothing tends to render the act of dining so gay as abundance of tolerably good champagne. The room was getting warm too, and the bright beverage had been so well *frappé* by the attentive waiter, bribed to the task an hour or two before by his thoughtful young lordship, that it was next to impossible to refuse the oft-pledged draught, and the consequence was that Mrs. Roberts, who really, poor woman, did always suffer as she said, more than any body from heat, had for the fourth time made the foot of her glass point to the heavens before she recollected what she was about. But then she did, for she began to feel rather giddy, though, as she whispered to Mr. Roberts, she was not in the least uncomfortable; only she thought she ought to have eaten rather a more solid dinner before she began, and the want of *that* made her head feel as light as a feather.

"However," she added, "it is never too late to mend, they say, and if that is not as nice a couple of ducks that they have been cutting up there as ever was bought in Leadenhall-market, I am a Dutchwoman. If I don't manage to get a limb or two of 'em for my share, say that I am a greater fool than you took me for."

The worthy Mr. Roberts, who had seen the last of the four glasses of champagne disposed of with some uneasiness, exerted himself to procure for his lady such a substantial portion of her favourite dish as might at least for some time keep her silently employed. Nor was he disappointed. Mrs. Roberts, altogether, never felt better in her life, and eat what her attentive husband set before her with great relish; but when she had concluded this part of the entertainment she said to one of the waiters, rather louder perhaps than was necessary, "*Apportez une peu de eau de vie, mon bon homme. Je ne suis pas tout à fait bien.*"

"Gracious Heaven, ma'am!" exclaimed the greatly shocked Agatha, "what are you thinking of?"

"Thinking of, child? thinking of my stomach to be sure! What do I care for all these people compared to my own health? I promise you that I will not make myself ill for all the *parlez-vous* upon earth."*

* This anecdote is correctly given from the life, and proceeds from one of the very numerous class who have contrived, in many places on the continent, to be considered as a fair specimen of an order of persons among whom they assuredly would not be admitted at home, either as equals or associates, in any way.

Chap. XXIX.

This "*delightful dinner-party,*" at the —— Hof, produced a considerable effect upon the position of the Roberts party at Baden-Baden. Amidst the class of persons, not a very small one (for all the civilised nations of the earth contribute more or less to compose it) who find themselves able, and hold themselves privileged, to devote their existence here below to the search for amusement, there may generally be found a considerable portion who, let them be of what nation they will, may perhaps be better described by one little English word than by any name, phrase, title, or epithet, which can be found elsewhere. This unpretending little English word is "FAST."

To the initiated this word requires no explanation, being so pregnant with meaning as almost to defy any possible paraphrase to render it more expressive, more clear, more intelligible; but for the sake of such readers as may chance to live too much in the shade for the light of such meteor-like phrases to reach them, I will endeavour to explain what it means. A fast man is one who is endowed with sufficient energy (or audacity) to do every thing that he thinks will amuse him, without permitting himself to be restrained by any consideration whatever. The advantages obtained by this sort of energetic character are somewhat analogous to what Shenstone declares to belong to the man who has contrived to obtain the character of an *oddity*. "It sets him in an easy chair for life," says the pastoral poet, who, notwithstanding his pipe and his crook, knew how to listen to the "busy hum of men" as well as of bees. But the easy chair of the *fast* man is a much more luxurious sort of machine than that of the oddity; for whereas the sole hope and aim of the oddity is to be permitted to sit in peace, without being pestered by any friendly inquiries as to *why* he does this, or *why* he does not do that, the cushioned ease of the fast man not only enables him to do and to say what he likes himself, but to insist with most powerful and mysterious authority, that all admitted to the honour of his intimacy should do so too; that is to say, not what *they* like best, but what *he* likes best.

Moreover, for the most part, the oddity contents himself by being permitted to utter sundry queer notions, in quaint phrase; or he may perhaps claim the privilege of being clothed in his own fashion, and not in that of his tailor. But far greater are the demands of the fast man upon the toleration of his friends. In all sincerity and truth he expects permission to transgress every law in the decalogue without incurring any worse penalty than being called "FAST." Yet this, in truth, instead of punishment, is the very greatest reward which it is in the power of his fellow-creatures to bestow upon him; for he would greatly prefer knowing that it *was* bestowed, than be assured that all who knew of his existence agreed in proclaiming him the most virtuous man alive. Yet *at home*, excepting to their papas, mammas, uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters, and cousins, this class is of no very great importance; and even these close relatives, though often nearly worried to death perhaps by their superabundant vivacity, are generally disposed to pass a lenient judgment on their fooleries, and to let them off with observing that their "Virtue hath a licence in it which seems a little fouler than it is."

Should a wife, indeed, be in the case, the social relations of the parties are likely to be more painfully affected, for the *fast* husband is rather apt to keep the fancy dress with which he adorns his irregularities for company, putting it off without ceremony on coming home to his wife, who is therefore forced, sometimes a good deal against her inclination, to contemplate him under a very much worse aspect than any other individual of his acquaintance. This is unfortunate; yet still the fast class are, on their native soil, of little importance to us compared to the injurious effect they produce on the reputation of their countrymen abroad. There is not a capital in Europe, to say nothing of spas, baths, wells, and so forth, where a knot of these frolicking, rollicking Englishmen may not be found, not only doing pretty nearly every thing that they ought not to do, but doing it with such audacity of display, as of necessity brings all eyes upon them; while by thus thrusting themselves and their noisy impertinence perpetually on the foreground, they contrive very effectually to keep the better class of English travellers comparatively out of sight, leaving their own precious sayings and doings to be quoted by all the nations of the earth, as the moral and intellectual type of the British people.

This is a pity, and cannot fail to be much lamented by the patriotic English both at home and abroad; for the class *is* perfectly well known at home, and the effect they produce when on their travels is guessed at without much difficulty. But although the class of men denominated *fast men* may be perfectly well known in England, and sufficiently studied without leaving it, there is another class sent forth by our overflowing population, which can only be seen in perfection abroad, namely that awful portion of the travelling tribe, properly denominated "*fast ladies.*" Of this class, the women of England who remain at home, have, I really hope and believe, no idea whatever; and were it not that these too, from the noisy audacity with which they bring themselves forward, are frequently pointed out as specimens of *English women of fashion*, it would be desirable to leave them in the shade in which their insignificance at home would naturally place them; but as it is, it may be useful to raise a voice, however feeble, just to tell all whom it may concern, that the *fast young ladies* who are led about by their papas and mammas, from kingdom to kingdom, and from city to city, flirting and frolicking in a style peculiarly their own, and with such freedom from all ordinary young lady-like restraint as entitles them to the said epithet of *fast*, are NOT SPECIMENS OF THE GENTLEMEN'S DAUGHTERS OF ENGLAND.

It may, perhaps, be thought that none whose good opinion is worth conciliating for my beautiful countrywomen can possibly require such an assurance; but, unfortunately, those who try to make themselves the most conspicuous, are always the most observed, and while hundreds of delicate young creatures, brought to the continent for the purpose of completing their highly-finished and careful education, come and go as noiselessly and as quietly as spirits, permitted to look out upon other worlds than their own, leaving no renown behind them save that of sharing their national boon of superior loveliness, half-a-dozen low-bred, bold, spirited young women, intoxicated by finding themselves admitted among persons of station greatly superior to their own, leave as they go a track

as conspicuous, and not greatly more refined, than that of a steamboat, while thousands of eyes look after them, thousands of shoulders are shrugged, and the phrase, "Is not that perfectly English?" may be heard muttered in more languages than one.

We laugh at our French neighbours for the blunders they make with our titles; but the Sir Bulwer and the Sir Scott, does greatly less discredit to their quickness, than the judgments which they pass so freely upon the deficiency of grace in English manners. Not only the French, however, but all the other nations of Europe, before they can justly appropriate to themselves the merit of discernment while passing this judgment, must rouse their acuteness to the task of not mistaking a bad specimen for a good one.

This dissertation on fast gentlemen and ladies must, however, come to a close, or I shall get retaliated upon by the epithet of "*slow.*" The delightful dinner-party at the —— Hof, produced, as I have said, a considerable effect upon the position of the Roberts family at Baden-Baden. The tones of their voices, except when indulging in the tender whisperings of flirtation, had been so loud, and their indignation at the vulgarity of the company in general, and at their contriving to live without salt-spoons in particular, expressed both in French and English, with so much energy, that they had soon become by far the most conspicuous party in the room. In addition to this glory, of which they were fully conscious, they enjoyed, as we know, the unspeakable delight of having in Mr. Montgomery, the handsomest and most fashionable man at the baths, and in Lord Lynberry, the heir to the highest title. Can it be matter of wonder that this, together with as many glasses of champagne as could be well offered to young ladies, should have made them very lively indeed? Lively they certainly were, and not only the young ladies, but the father, the mother, and the son also. In their different ways, they were all lively, and then and there it was, that for the first time a voice of sufficient authority to bestow a lasting denomination, namely, the voice of Mr. Montgomery himself, pronounced that "the Robertses were regular fast girls, just the right sort of thing to meet abroad, and to make Black-Forest larking, pleasant."

The evening of this important day was passed partly at the rooms, and partly in the half-lighted drawing-room of the Balcony House. But, half-lighted as it was, Mrs. Roberts felt that it was an exceedingly good drawing-room, and could only be taken at a watering-place like Baden, by people of condition. As to its being only half-lighted, nobody seemed inclined to complain of that. There was a fine moon, both the French windows were opened upon the balcony which gave its name to the domain, and before the end of the evening there were two chairs put out at each window. It was Mr. Montgomery who did this, in his usual gay and lively manner, declaring that "it was a sin to the Lady Moon, not to consecrate their pretty balcony to her as a sort of temple, where all the family might, in turn, repair to perform their orisons to her beauty."

Some of the family, however, appeared to think that this duty might be performed vicariously; for though Mrs. Roberts did step out for half a minute, and seat herself there, while she turned a broad smiling face of approbation upon Mr. Montgomery, the ceremony did not become

general. Mr. Roberts, good man, had eaten a particularly hearty dinner, and this, together with his having taken about treble his usual quantity of wine, made him feel, as he told his wife in a whisper as soon as the tea-things disappeared, that he "could not keep out of his bed five minutes longer if he was to die for it." So he walked off, without thinking it necessary to describe his sensations to any one else.

Mr. Vincent, who had accompanied the party from the dinner-table to the rooms, and thence to the Balcony House, had wholly, and without any affectation of reserve on either side, assumed towards Bertha the manner of a near and privileged relation, and soon after the disappearance of Mr. Roberts, he whispered something in her ear, to which she only replied by an inclination of the head. But if the whisper expressed his opinion that she would do well to follow her nominal guardian's example, she received it with very marked obedience, for in the next moment she rose from her chair, and lighting a little taper, which stood ready on a side-table, she glided out of the room, her only farewell being confined to a glance of the eye bestowed on her cousin as she passed.

Mr. Montgomery and Agatha at one window, and Maria and Lord Lynberry at the other, had already began to offer their lunar orisons; but they had not yet taken possession of the chairs, and Mr. Vincent for a moment put himself *en tiers* with his young pupil and the pensive fair one who stood sighing at his side.

"It is a beautiful night, Miss Roberts," said the tutor; "but are you not fearful of taking cold?"

"Cold!" reiterated Maria, in an accent, which seemed in that one syllable to express both astonishment and scorn. "Cold! Oh, Heavens! no."

"I am going to the theatre, Lynberry," said Mr. Vincent, without attempting any contest on the state of the atmosphere, and that of the young lady's shoulders, "will you come with me?"

"No, by Heaven, will I not!" replied the young man, with great energy.

"Well then, good night," said the tutor, and repeating the good night with the accompaniment of a bow to Maria, he stepped back into the room, shook hands with the well-pleased Mrs. Roberts, who thought his going the most fortunate thing in the world, and departed, Mr. Montgomery and Agatha being already too deep in their devotions, to permit his offering any farewell, without indiscretion.

Mrs. Roberts then settled herself in the most comfortable arm-chair the apartment contained, and drew towards her a book that lay upon the table, and which she placed in a proper position for being read, and then opened it. It chanced that the book was in German, being the property of Bertha, and left there by her the day before. But Mrs. Roberts's perusal of the volume went not so far as to make her aware of this, and it therefore answered her purpose quite as well as any other could have done. For a few delightful moments, the happy and triumphant mother indulged herself by glancing first at one window and then at the other, inwardly soliloquising upon her gratitude to heaven for having given her sufficient strength of mind to persevere in doing all she had done.

"How long would it have been, I wouder," thought she, "before I should have seen my girls talking in England with two such men as those. If nothing more *was* to come of it, nothing whatever, the advantage to them must be great and important. The very talking of Lord Lynberry in the manner that my dear darling Maria has now undoubtedly a right to do, would be enough to make her fortune among our own set at home. Not that my hopes stop there. Goodness forbid! I know how to manage a little better than that, I hope. Dear girl! I shall live to see—I hope and trust I shall—"

Mrs. Roberts was growing very sleepy; her eyes closed, and opened, and closed again. She did not intend to go to sleep, quite the contrary, but somehow or other, the last night's ball, the excellent champagne, the easy chair, were altogether too much for her, and she did at length fall fast asleep, her last waking thought easily ripening into a glorious dream, in which she not only saw Maria with a coronet on her brow, but two aunts of the noble bride, seven cousins, and one sour-faced old uncle, all looking as if they were falling into atrophy from envy as they looked at her.

Chap. XXX.

It is to be hoped that my readers feel sufficient interest in all the Roberts family to have remarked that Mr. Edward has not been mentioned as forming one of the party that went from the rooms to the Balcony House, for the purpose of taking tea, and passing the last hours of that delightful day. No. He went with them from the dinner-table to the rooms, but he did not go thence in their company.

Before making his parting bow to his fascinating neighbour at the dinner-table, he had learned from her that her husband was called Monsieur le Comte de Marquemont, that he was a man of VERY high family in Normandy, that she had on this account been compelled by a tyrannical father to marry him at a frightfully early age, that she was herself the most unhappy of women, and that she was still a great deal younger than she looked, having pined for ten miserable years under that winter of the heart which must inevitably fall upon a warm-hearted young creature like herself under such circumstances. All this was uttered in a way to make Edward quite aware that the charming, but unhappy Madame de Marquemont had already read something of gentle sympathy in his eyes, which had beguiled her into being more confidential in her disclosures than she had ever been in all her life before. And he answered to it all as he thought it became a young man of fashion and tender feelings to answer. She farther informed him that in the absence of every thing like domestic happiness, she sometimes sought a temporary relief from the amusing stimulation of *rouge-et-noir*.

"Of course," she added, "I never play for any stake, the loss of which could give me a moment's uneasiness. But even at small stakes, it really is a delicious amusement."

"I can easily believe that," replied Edward, with vivacity. "I have never tried my luck yet, but I think I shall be tempted to do it some day."

"Let us try our luck together to-night!" exclaimed Madame de Marquemont, throwing a broadside of eye-beams upon him, which seemed to promise every species of success. He answered quite as she expected he would do, and the engagement was ratified by their gently knocking their glasses together before drinking the third glass of Lord Lynberry's champagne.

On leaving the table, however, the lady with a gentle glance of almost tender rebuke, declined his offered arm.

"Sortez comme vous êtes entré, mon ami," she said, "et puis—on vous attends—au revoir!"

Thus schooled, Edward joined himself with his party as they made their exit, but he might really be excused for feeling, under the present circumstances, that he would rather have been elsewhere; for his father was taking care of his mother, his two sisters very evidently wished for nothing more than they already possessed in the way of escort; and as for his future wife, Miss Bertha Harrington, she who had hitherto appeared of so shy and retiring a temper as to suggest the idea of an intellect too imbecile to permit her entering into conversation with any one, *she* was hanging on the arm of Mr. Vincent, with a degree of affectionate familiarity which made her look as if she decidedly belonged to him, chatting away, moreover, all the while, with a sort of happy eagerness, that seemed to show her foregone silence to have been any thing but natural to her.

The rest of the party, as thus grouped, were disposed of, very much to Mr. Edward's satisfaction, but towards *this* couple he looked with a sort of a sneer that was about half-and-half made up of ridicule and menace.

"Lynberry would do well to kick his hypocritical tutor down stairs," thought he; "and so I shall most assuredly tell him. And as for that detestable brat of a girl, who has no more idea how to conduct herself in well-bred society than an idiot, I will have her money, if I am obliged to lock her up for life afterwards. Nor do I care one single farthing what she does, or who she flirts with. My method with her will be a very summary one."

In short, Mr. Edward's exit from the banqueting-room formed rather a contrast to the very delightful two hours he had passed in it; but he in some degree relieved the painful condition of his temper, by indulging in that sort of elbowing himself through the crowd, which many Englishmen of his class have recourse to, when seized with a fit of ill-humour, accompanied by a sudden wish of proclaiming their national rights and high personal distinction.

This little cloud upon his felicity, however, soon passed away; for the interval between leaving the *table d'hôte*, and again beholding the fascinating woman who had made that table so delightful, did not last long. The majority of the happy idlers at Baden-Baden, generally permit themselves after dinner to enjoy the *al fresco* recreation to which the beauty of the scenery and the bright summer sun of Germany gives so much attraction, taking their coffee and ice at one of the little tables placed in the shade, yet so as to completely overlook the bright and sunny scene that spreads beyond. The Roberts ladies, and the gentlemen who were in attendance on them, had agreed that the carriage

should be dismissed, and that they should walk after dinner to the rooms.

"It is so pleasant to walk with an agreeable companion! Not all the carriages in the world can be half so delightful, in my opinion!" exclaimed Maria, when the subject was discussed; and as every body seemed to agree with her, the walking was decided on, though Mrs. Roberts certainly did think it was rather a pity not to drive up in good style to the portico, when it was sure to be so very full. Walk, however, they did, four very well pleased pairs of ladies and gentlemen, while the carefully decorated, slight young figure of the well-favoured, but frowning Edward, sauntered onward alone. But his solitude and his sulkiness did not, as I have before observed, endure long. The party reached the portico, where the Miss Robertses had the delight of perceiving with a degree of certainty which left no room for doubt, that a multitude of eyes were turned upon them and their distinguished friends; while the heart of their brother was once more awakened to pleasure, as animated as their own, by seeing the very well-dressed little figure of the *piquante* Madame de Marquemont gracefully reclining on a chair, with her tolerably pretty feet sustained by the bar of another, and her parasol in possession of a third. Her wigged and whiskered husband, who, as an experienced eye might easily perceive, belonged to a class of men as distinct from what we mean by *fast men*, as a hawk from a pigeon, stood beside her with great politeness, but looking, nevertheless, as if he were rather anxiously waiting for an opportunity to take wing. Edward was at her other side in a moment.

"Give me leave, Mr. Roberts—" Edward had told her his name, and she had not forgotten it—"Give me leave, Mr. Roberts," she said, "to present you to *mon mari, le comte de Marquemont. Mon ami*, permit me make you acquainted with my amiable young English acquaintance, Monsieur Roberts."

"Fitzherbert Roberts," said Edward, smiling and bowing with a vast deal of Parisian grace.

"*Enchanté, monsieur!*" replied the comte. "The Fitzherbert is a known name—to *nous autres*—persons of condition—Sir Fitzherbert sounds like the name of a brother!"

The young Edward smiled, blushed, and bowed, pressed his hand upon his heart, and declared himself "*bien fière, et bien touché*," at hearing such a phrase from such lips.

"*Ah ça!*" exclaimed the comte in reply, "*rien de plus àpropos* than my making your acquaintance at this moment. Madame, though you would never guess it, is your countrywoman; but being of *haute naissance*, it was thought desirable to bring her up in France, where she has, in effect, acquired that last grace to which such a person as yourself, Sir Fitzherbert, cannot be insensible. But together with this Parisian charm, *ma bonne petite mignonne de femme* retains all the charming reserve of your island, and when, as at the present moment, I am under the *désolante nécessité* of leaving her, it is only to the care of a compatriot that I could venture to confide her. She is too reserved!—certainly too reserved. It is often a pain to me! She will make no acquaintance! Ah! she is so English at heart! But with you, Sir Fitzherbert, I have no scruple—your name is enough!" And with these words he bowed him-

self off, leaving our happy juvenile in possession of the lady, the three chairs, and the little round marble-table that stood beside them. Madame de Marquemont raised her eyes to his face with a very sweet, shy, melancholy smile, but before venturing to speak she breathed a gentle sigh.

"Why should you sigh, madame, at what makes me so supremely happy?" exclaimed Edward, with great animation. She smiled again, and for *toute réponse* removed her parasol from the chair it occupied. Edward obeyed the command thus bewitchingly conveyed, and a little altering the position of the chair, so as to bring himself pretty nearly face to face with his enchanting companion, he bent forward, and murmured with a vast deal of feeling a repetition of the question, "Why should you sigh?"

"Alas! *cher ami*," she replied, "the heart of a woman is a strange mystery! Most surely I do not sigh for the absence of my husband, who, from the very hour at which, as a mere child, I took his name, has been an object of the most unmitigated aversion to me. Ah, no! It is not for his absence that I sigh, Fitzherbert!"

"Oh, wherefore then?" returned the young gentleman, causing his chair to take an angle of ninety-five degrees in advance towards her, and thereby bringing his face very particularly near to hers.

"*Ah! de grace!*" she exclaimed, turning her head slightly on one side. "I trust wholly to your discretion. Let me find you worthy of it!"

"Angel!" he replied, in a very soft whisper, and looking at her with an air of admiration, which proved that he uttered the epithet in all sincerity. She returned the look, and then both remained silent for a few seconds, during which the memory of Edward ran back to Paris, and to Madame de Soissonac, and the superiority of his present idol struck him forcibly. "Ah!" thought he, recalling the slight sketch which his new friend, Monsieur le Comte de Marquemont, had given of the birth and education of his fascinating wife, "ah! the real fact is, that a woman made by heaven exactly to suit me, must be born in England, but bred in France."

Scarcely had this short soliloquy passed across "his hurried thought," than the silence was broken by Madame de Marquemont, who playfully extending her parasol to rouse him from his fit of abstraction, by touching his arm, said, "*Cher ami!* this will never do! For mercy's sake, order something, or we shall have every eye upon us, waiters included, who will be sure to tell us in a minute or two, that this dear little table is wanted—and then we shall have no longer an excuse for continuing to sit in this enchanting spot—*comprenez vous, mon ami?*"

"What shall I order?" exclaimed Edward, starting as if just awakened from sleep. "Only tell me what you wish, and it shall be here in a moment!"

"Nay—I know not—*cela m'est égal*—coffee and ice, I think—*café noir, avec petit verre* first, you know—and then *glace à la vanille.*"

Edward struck upon the marble-table with a little key which he took from his pocket for the purpose; making assurance doubly sure, as he did so, that he had sundry broad silver pieces in the said pocket, a bit of

good fortune which he owed, as usual, to the indulgence of his mother, who had listened to his declaration that he was absolutely without a decent pair of boots in the world, and had provided him that morning with the sum which he had told her was necessary for the purchase of this highly necessary commodity. Great, certainly, was his comfort and satisfaction as his fingers noiselessly but firmly grasped the assurance that he had the power of gratifying the wishes of the charming countess, without endangering the Fitzherbert fraternity which had been established beween them, by having to tell the waiter in her hearing that he would call again.

Nothing could exceed the pretty graceful playfulness with which this charming woman permitted herself first to imbibe the contents of the *petit verre*, through the innocent medium of her cup of coffee, and then to take two ices, which she confessed was rather more than she liked so immediately after dinner, though later in the evening she often took two or three, because they so particularly agreed with her, but *now* she did it only because it afforded such a perfect excuse for sitting still, and talking.

And now, by gentle degrees, the twilight was fast sinking into darkness; and then, by degrees less gentle, the windows of the great saloon assumed a brilliance that, to many eyes, much more than rivalled that of the departed sun.

"What a delicious scene! is it not?" said Madame de Marquemont, suddenly rising, and passing her arm under that of Edward, who of course rose also.

"Delicious indeed!" he replied, tenderly pressing the arm which had been so frankly intrusted to him. "Shall we not wander away a little under those trees?" he added, "nobody will notice us! See! how many are doing the same thing."

"Oh! Heavens, no!" replied the lady, "you know not what you propose! No, my friend, the only way in which we can enjoy each other's conversation here is by appearing to *seek* the public eye instead of *shunning* it. The time may come, perhaps. It is just possible that some day or other the friendship with which Heaven seems to have inspired our hearts, may be permitted to gild some of the hours of melancholy solitude which I am doomed to pass in my own apartments. But for this we must watch long perhaps! though I trust it may not always be in vain. But now, dear friend, let us enter the *salle de jeu*; every body there will be too much occupied by their own concerns to take any notice of us;—*allons!*" and so saying, she drew him towards the entrance.

Edward felt that he had indeed made acquaintance with an angel, and that to oppose her gentle and benignant wishes in any way would be destroying a brighter perspective of future happiness and future fashion than had ever yet opened before him. In the midst of a multitude of tender and impassioned feelings he remembered that his sweet companion was a countess, and he swore in his secret heart that nothing should interfere to check the progress of the invaluable friendship with which she was so evidently disposed to honour him. True it was, as he knew, alas! only too well, that from some unaccountable difficulty about getting ready money, which must of course arise from some abominably bad management on the part of his father, it was considerably more than likely

that he should find himself embarrassed in the prosecution of this most flattering friendship, by the want of what it was utterly impossible that any young man of fashion could do without. Money he must have, and money he would have, or, instead of persevering in his good resolutions, and consenting to marry the detestable Bertha, he would make both father and mother understand that it was his immutable resolution to shoot himself before their eyes. These were great thoughts, and might have taken a good while to ripen in an ordinary mind, but in that of Edward Roberts they had reached maturity within the short space of time which intervened between his quitting his chair beside the little marble table, and entering the brilliant saloon in the middle of which was placed a mightier table, around which at least a score of persons were already seated, whose hearts and souls were every instant becoming more and more tumultuously agitated by the vicissitudes of *rouge et noir*.

"Ah, *par example!*" exclaimed the countess, "you and I have engaged, you know, to try our luck together at the table; now let me see how *habile* you are in obtaining two good seats for us. I will be close to you, *ami*. Get the chairs, and they shall not be lost by any awkwardness of mine; *je m'y connais*."

Trembling to his fingers' ends under the influence of a variety of emotions, yet most prodigiously delighted in the midst of them, the obedient young man exerted himself as strenuously as if his life depended on his success, to find space at the table for the two chairs which he had seized upon, and was rewarded by success, by the aid of a trifling look or word of interference from the croupier, who probably saw something in the unmitigated eagerness of the young man's glance, which indicated such a state of mind as he desired to see in the guests that surrounded his master's table. The countess kept her promise, and was ready to drop, without embarrassment of any kind, into the seat thus ably prepared for her.

"*Eh bien!* How shall we start?" said she. "You shall choose the colour first. Let us begin *tout doucement*. Put down five francs for each of us on whichever colour you prefer."

Edward, who was exerting all his powers of mind to their very utmost extent, in order to prevent himself from being totally overpowered by all the various agitations which assailed him, thrust his hand into his pocket and drew thence the two pieces, which he pushed forward as boldly as he could, upon the point nearest to him on which he perceived that money had beeen placed by others. It was done with a faltering hand, however, and the lady, who had already provided herself with a *rateau*, gave the coins a little push farther, saying, as she looked into the face of her companion with a bewitching smile, "*Soyez confiant, mon ami*."

Edward attempted to return the smile, but did not succeed, for at that moment he was deep in meditation as to what he should do, and what he should say, if he should in a few minutes find himself without the power of depositing the stake his lovely friend might call for. He had still four five-franc pieces in his pocket, and that was all!

"*Gagné!*" exclaimed Madame de Marquemont, raking out with a pretty languid movement, intended to display her total indifference to the result, the four pieces which belonged to the partnership. The heart of

Edward seemed to leap into his throat. Here was his stake doubled, and the horrible exposure upon which he had been meditating postponed for —perhaps for ever! With eyes sparkling with love and joy the happy youth snatched up two of the pieces, and dropped them into his pocket, while with the other hand he pushed the remaining two towards the lady, saying, "Now it is your turn to choose."

"*Mais non, mon ami, non.* You must push your success. But where are the other pieces? *Mon ami!* what are you thinking of? You must double the stake this time at the very least. Ah! I see you are a novice; but you shall be my pupil, and you will soon understand the thing better."

Edward felt rather sick. He had thought himself safe for such a long time! And now he might be plunged into all the misery he so deeply dreaded within the space of a moment. But there was no help for it, and once more struggling to render his hand respectably steady, he pushed four pieces to precisely the same spot on which he had deposited his first venture.

"The little *coup de rateau* from me must be added, I see," said Madame de Marquemont, "or the charm will not be complete, I suppose."

At that moment Edward could not speak. He had the wisdom not to attempt it, for he felt that he could not articulate a syllable; but in the next, the enchanting voice of his fair friend murmured in his ear, "*Encore, cher Fitzherbert. Que tu sais bien choisir!*"

Too much agitated to appreciate the fascinating familiarity of the pronoun thus addressed to him, or even to see the tender smile with which it was accompanied, Edward only replied by exclaiming, "God bless my soul! how very lucky!"

If the charming Madame de Marquemont's mental soliloquy at this moment consisted of the exclamation, "What an idiot!" it mattered little, for not only did the happy Edward hear it not, but his spirits were in such a state of exaltation that he would scarcely have cared for it if he had. It is not necessary to follow the interesting heir of the Roberts family through all the vicissitudes of that sometimes varying, but, on the whole, most happy evening. Now and then a few pieces were lost, but when they left the table for the purpose of repairing to the lodgings of the lady, where Edward was invited to sup on "lettice and a glass of Rhine wine," the joint stock amounted to thirty pieces, which Madame de Marquemont divided between them in the prettiest and most playful manner imaginable. And who in Edward's predicament could have been so churlish as to remember that she forgot to reimburse him for her share of the original stake?

AN EXCURSION UP THE ORONOOKA, AND RAMBLE THROUGH VENEZUELA.

CHAP. III.

Preparations and Passports—The Provincial Magistrate, a Traveller's Tale—The Flor d'Apure—Melon Marauders, Calentura, and Yellow Jack—Turtle Fisheries—Warping up—Domestic Comfort on the Shores of the Oronooka—A pet Rattlesnake—A rising City.

OUR preparations for the ascent of the river had been well expedited by our excellent host. An honest and good-humoured looking youth, who had served him upon many journeys, rejoicing in the name of Bonifacio, had entered our service, and commenced his various functions as guide, valet, and *laquais de place;* the promise of a few dollars had also so far overcome the *vis inertiæ* of Spanish blood, as to induce the owner of a launch to promise that his vessel should be ready to start three days sooner than he had originally intended; according to the usual practice, he would have been an indefinite time later.

His promise was eventually kept: the peons stimulated by their share of the dollars, worked hard in stowing the bags of salt, with which the vessel was to be freighted; the *toldo*, or thatched roof, was rigged out for our share of the vessel, and nothing remained but to procure our passports, and stock of creature comforts for the voyage. Having totally overlooked the necessity of providing ourselves with passports on leaving Tobago, my companion produced, on our arrival at Angostura, his leave of absence, with the great seal of the little island of Tobago, about the size of a young warming-pan, dangling to its folds. I had fished up from the depths of a portmanteau, an old passport, that had carried me all over Europe, but had been long defunct. The first was put into the hands of the visiting officer when he arrived on board, with an air of confidence that served for both. The visiting officer turned over the document with the look of intelligence with which a well-bred monkey investigates the curls of a wig, and finally, although utterly ignorant of the English language, thinking it as well to appear to understand his work, he waved his hand to us with an air of patronage, which was meant to signify, that the passport was *selon les règles*, and we disembarked. However, fancying that a similar negligence might subject us to delay and inconvenience in travelling in the interior, we resolved to procure less questionable papers for our future journey.

The *Gefe Politico*, to whom these things are a care, is one of the great unpaid of Venezuela, and the sagacity and the conscientiousness with which these exemplary provincial magistrates discharge their various functions can be best appreciated by the following anecdote, for the truth of which several most respectable Angosturians vouched. I do not.

In the neighbouring province of Cumana, there is a general dread of hydrophobia, and a certain gentleman feeling himself unwell, and recollecting that a dog had on some occasion snapped at him, became nervous upon the subject, and called upon the *Gefe Politico* of the canton, with whom he had long been living upon terms of friendship, to consult with

him upon the symptoms. The *Gefe Politico* heard his detail with the deepest sympathy; there was a brief internal struggle, but his emotion was concealed; giving his friend a "not Cæsar less but Rome more" look, he retired gravely from the room, and returned with twenty grains of arsenic in a wine-glass, which he persuaded him to take as a preventive. The friend having died half-an-hour afterwards, the *Gefe Politico* immediately avowed his being the cause of his death, claimed and received great κυδος for sacrificing his friend to save the lives of all that would have been bitten of the people committed to his charge, and he yet flourishes universally respected. In yielding our admiration to the clear-sightedness of this worthy functionary in discerning the true line of duty, and his Roman fortitude in carrying it into effect, we must mingle our prayers to be protected from our friends, with the recollection that it is not long since it was customary among the British Islands, for the neighbours to smother any unhappy wretch who showed symptoms of hydrophobia, between pillows and mattrasses.

We of course carefully avoided incurring any suspicions of the dreaded disorder during our interview with our *Gefe Politico*. Our passports were expedited with the greatest urbanity, and deposited in our portmanteaus, from which they never emerged till our return from our travels.

Our further preparations were soon made; a proper supply was laid in, in which the *tasajo*, before described as festooning the shambles, bore a prominent part. We took leave of our entertainer, and of the acquaintances we had made through his means. One of these, an eminent *philanthropo*, very considerately sent us a case of excellent Madeira, such as money could not procure in Angostura. Often, as we toiled up the dreary Oronooka, did the flavour of that exemplary wine recall the garden loveliness of the island of its birth, till the fragrance of its orange-groves, fenced with heliotrope and fuschia, seemed to float under our nostrils. There was a flavour of genuine benevolence in that Madeira. The donor of the wine, however bitter a *philanthropo*, could never have smiled approbation upon the murderer of Heres. The conspirator rouses his passions with grosser fluids, the German student stimulates himself for brawls and broadswords with sour beer, the Malay bangs himself with opium before he runs a muck, and Thurtell murdered upon porter and pork-chops. It must have been under the influence of just such Madeira as that of our friendly *philanthropo*, that the virtue of the primitive Cato glowed with new lustre. The lowlier beverages are, however, not to be despised by travellers; and English beer and French Bordeaux being ubiquitous in Venezuela, we had not forgotten that a voyage of twelve days up those wild rivers in latitude 7 and 8, cannot be conveniently passed in total abstinence.

The Flor d'Apure, in which we embarked, was a launch of thirty tons. The crew consisted of the *patrone*, or master, and four sailors, with a *muchacho*, or boy; the former, a highly respectable, and obliging old man. The *toldo*, a semicircular awning, thatched with palm-leaves, was alike a protection from sun and rain; and the wind being generally aft, a cool breeze fanned its way among our hammocks, which were slung from its ribs; from the ribs were also suspended our guns, and every thing for which we should have constant use; and our portmanteaus were disposed so as to be got at with the least difficulty. We had bargained to have the *toldo* to ourselves; but just as we were starting, there

stepped in a one-eyed traveller, and we were yet too unskilful in Spanish to dispute his right to intrude; he, however, proved a harmless Polyphemus, and occasionally joined one of the crew in a bad duet, to the music of a debauched-looking guitar. In the course of a few days he was absorbed in one of the villages, whither he was bent on some mercantile affairs, and our hammocks swung with more freedom.

The Flor d'Apure was loosed from her moorings, and went away merrily on the morning of the 11th. Angostura, the capital of Guayana, it must be confessed had a very desolate appearance, as we surveyed it from the place of embarkation. Huge blocks of granite were at the water's edge, along which a motley group were hurrying to reach the ferry-boat; the uncouth ferryman was blowing away upon a large conch, his sail was in rags, and the boat and tackle equally crazy. Several other piles of rocks rose out of the water besides the lofty one in the centre, which is the Orinookometre, and up one of these a huge cayman was dragging his hideousness—a fitting inhabitant for the barbarian scene.

The *patrone* held the tiller, and had also under his peculiar eye, a complication of cordage, by which the large mainsail could be lowered with the least possible delay. Of this despatch we soon found the necessity, for the vessel grounded twice during the afternoon upon shifting sand-banks; the crew went overboard immediately, and the vessel was shoved off. The disregard of these men for the crocodiles, which were here abundant enough, surprised us the more, as they had just been telling a tale of a black boy having been carried off a few days before, from among the shipping at Angostura; the alarm had been raised, and the sailors being on the watch, the brute was seen to rise for the purpose of eating his prey more leisurely on a sand-bank, and killed. It appears that as long as the men are in soundings they consider themselves safe.

I might here recount a story, which we heard at Angostura as a recent occurrence, of a little girl running her fingers into a crocodile's eyes as he seized her, and therby causing him to let her drop; but precisely the same story having been related by Humboldt as having occurred during his residence in the same city above forty years since, either the tale is traditionary, or the little girls in Angostura are generally sagacious and self-collected. We continued our course during the night; the lead, which was a rod about nine feet long, being kept constantly going, and the soundings chaunted in as melancholy a tone as if they were translations from the English.

Early in the morning we fell in with a few fishing canoes, in which were some magnificent morocoto, a fish in whose praise I have before spoken with becoming enthusiasm. We purchased several, salting what were not immediately consumed, as we had already some apprehension that the *tasajo*, which was now hanging up in the rigging, and spread over the awning for the benefit of the sun and air, would prove somewhat unpalatable. A brisk gale had been for some time raising the dust in the distant savannahs, which it now began to fling over the waters. Our craft being deeply laden and undecked, and the waves sufficiently high to make us ship a good deal of water, the *patrone* began to fear that that element and his cargo, which consisted of bags of salt, a principle article of commerce with the interior, would be bad companions, and he therefore ran us under a lee-shore, where we remained till the gale had sub-

sided; we then resumed our course. The crew had been for some time talking with great glee upon a subject, the only word of which, of repeated recurrence, whose meaning we could catch, was *patilla* (water-melon); we soon ascertained the cause of their vivacity. As we were passing under a sandy shore, they landed in a canoe, and climbing the crumbling banks, disappeared among the thinly-scattered bush; they soon emerged, each with as many water-melons and pumpkins in his embraces as he could hold together. Suddenly an alarm was raised, and the party took to their heels, the pumpkins breaking loose in all directions. One, who was the biggest, the ugliest, the dirtiest, and the idlest of the crew, came head over heels from the top of the bank, and never stopped rolling till he reached the water's edge, where some of his melons had arrived before, and the rest bounded after him. The cause of the panic was the appearance above the bank of the head of an unfortunate old Indian, the owner of the garden. The plunderers brought on board melons enough to have foddered a troop of horse with green meat; however, being somewhat ashamed of the affair, we were obliged to exert our slender stock of Spanish in insisting with the patrone that there should be no more marauding. At night, we anchored under the lee of a sand-bank, the patrone fearing to proceed up a certain rocky passage in the dark. Our cigars were lighted, to me *insolita gaudia*, but smoking is highly recommended in these rivers, and certainly if clouds of smoke can keep off the calentura, we were often sufficiently protected during our ascent of the river.

Of the violent fevers of the West Indies, in spite of the suspicious appearance of the oozy delta, and the frequent lagoons along the banks above, we heard but little. Angostura is reckoned unhealthy during the subsiding of the floods, this the natives attribute to some large black granite rocks, which become exposed and heated; but a more obvious cause, would be the neighbourhood of an extensive lagoon, the exhalations from which, when partially dry, would in the West Indies fully account for the most frantic excesses of the malignant spirit, known there by the familiar *soubriquet* of Yellow Jack. The miasma here, however, only seems to produce calentura, an intermittent fever, but not dangerous; in fact, at Angostura, the disorder is spoken of in an affectionate tone, as *mi calentura*—a pet fever. Two of our crew, however, who had occasional attacks, did not seem to consider theirs amiable pets, and looked miserable enough while under the operation of its caprices.

In the morning, shortly after our daily bath in the canoe, which was towed astern, and coffee, with which we commenced our day, we fell in with several fishing-boats hunting for turtles. One of these we purchased for a *real* out of one of the canoes, in which there were several of the two species with which the river abounds; one the *terekay*, the shell about eighteen inches long, and having oval eggs; the other, the *tortuga*, considerably larger, with the eggs round; both are excellent, and only require the hand of a cunning artist to make them equal in flavour to their brethren of the ocean, who rejoice the hearts of the oily citizens of London with green fat. The hunters used bows and arrows, the latter made harpoonwise; the harpoon-point, as soon as the turtle is struck, becomes disengaged from the shaft, to which it is fastened by a line, and this, unwinding from the shaft, the latter acts as a float to direct the hunters, who follow and haul in the prey. These turtles, at the proper sea-

son deposit their eggs in the sands; they are in such quantities as to form a considerable article of trade, more especially about the cataracts of Maipure and Atures, where the sands are portioned off among the assembled hunters, and the eggs, which lie in thick beds, or layers, dug up and converted into oil, or *manteca* (butter), for cooking. Every viand floats in yellow oil in this country, it is the universal vice of the *cuisine*. It is computed that the crop of oil from turtles' eggs, is 1200 botijas, of twenty-five bottles each; to produce which, 200,000 *tortugas*, and 400,000 *terekays* are required. As the young turtles and their eggs have numerous enemies besides man to contend with, it may be imagined that their numbers must be immense to sustain this annual hunt. We had now reached the Vuelta d'Infierno, an abrupt turn in the river, where the wind becoming foul, the Flor d'Apure was anchored, and preparations were made for the tedious operations of warping and towing.

The Vuelta d'Infierno certainly fully deserved its title at our hands, for its passage occupied us two days and a half, during which we worked along slowly, towing, punting, and warping, in succession, along the banks. Having succeeded towards evening in reaching a large bank, stretching far into the river, where slumbering caymans lay in voluptuous repose, we got on shore in the canoe, and roused one of the sleepers with a ball, at which he seemed to betray some emotion, and the rest successively disappeared. We fired, with very little success, at a few herons and wild-fowl, among which were several stately but very wary *jabirus*. The footsteps of the chiguire were thick along the banks, and mingled with them, those of the panther. The launch had been warped up the current by sending the canoe with the anchor, and a long warping-line of the chique-chique ahead. This was slow work, and we sauntered along the shores; however, the sand-bank having again united with the proper bank of the river where the bush was impenetrable, we proposed to go on board again. The canoe not having called for us till late, it was dark when we left the shore. We were startled by a most unearthly noise close by us in the water; it proceeded from a troop of porpoises blowing and wallowing about the canoe; the same process of warping was continued during the night and the greater part of the next day, during which we again landed on the sand-bank, till almost beaten down by the violence of the sun. Towards evening a seam having opened in the launch's side, it was warped into shallow water, close to the shore, for the purpose of examination and calking. This at sunset brought down a host of musquitoes upon us, which obliged us to warp out into the mid-channel again. The mischief, however, was done; the musquitoes remained about the launch. We now got out our musquito curtains, which had been prepared at Angostura with great care. They were cut out to fit over our grass hammocks, round which they are tied at the two ends; beneath hung a long tube, like the pipe of a windsail, which formed the entrance, as in the pendulous nest of the tailor bird, and this was closed by doubling upon the ground. We found these perfectly secure. The little demons howled, screamed, and trumpeted around us with hunger; but every device having failed them, they had abandoned us before morning. This *plaga* is the most tormenting during the sinking of the rivers, in the months of September and October, when the banks recently inundated send forth their myriads.

Early in the day we had regained the westerly course of the river;

the wind was, however, not sufficient to convey us through the remainder of the Vuelta. The porpoises, whose snorting had startled us the previous evening, were rolling around the vessel. They appeared to differ both in colour and the position of the dorsal fin from the sea porpoise; but it was difficult to note this with certainty in the few moments in which the eye could rest upon their wallowing forms as they appeared above the surface, and they were instantaneously lost in the muddiness of the water. A fresher breeze now filled the sails, and we found ourselves apparently in a *cul de sac;* but as we advanced, an opening showed itself through the wilderness of rocks which appeared to block our passage. The current boiled around us, nearly the whole waters of the Oronooka were forced through a passage not much more than a hundred yards in width, with high piles of rocks toppling over on either side, forming the only practicable channel at the present low water. Our chances of forcing the passage appeared to be doubtful, but the wind also becoming stronger from its compression between the high cliffs, we were at length successful, and found ourselves again in a broad expanse of water.

The view from a chain of hills visible in the distance must have been magnificent, looking down upon the titanic writhings of the vast river; but we had no time for so distant an excursion. We, however, put into La Piedra, which being marked a city on the maps, and situated upon the margin of the river immediately above the Vuelta, where the launches are frequently detained, we had expected to have found respectable at least. It was, however, nothing but a tame Indian village, plunged in the forest, consisting of a street of huts, prettily situated, at a short distance from the landing-place. The inhabitants were fishermen and small cultivators of a bare subsistence. Our Guide Bonifacio made a few purchases of fowls, which got away and returned to the village before we embarked, eggs, and yams, and bows and arrows, the latter very neatly fabricated for harpooning the turtles. The Alcalde or magistrate was a half-caste, rich in bows and arrows, and cassava bread, which latter I may here note may be more nutritious, but is certainly not more palatable, than saw-dust, and apparently highly respected in his village. There was an extremely graceful-looking Indian girl among the group who were assembled at his door to look at the strangers, perhaps such a figure as tempted Le Vaillant into so many chapters of romance about his gentle Hottentot. We had no time, if we had had the inclination, to loiter like the lively ornithologist, and bade the village farewell.

We anchored about sunset near some huts, well situated for fishing, at the mouth of a small tributary stream, which seemed to abound in wild-fowl. Three or four small canoes were drawn up along the beach, and a row of posts extended up the bank towards the first hut, along which was stretched, in several strands, the hide of a *manatie*, a species of amphibious river whale, cut into one long line. The proprietor and his family, Spanish creoles, lived quite *al fresco*, the house being simply a thatched roof upon poles, and one or two out-houses, which were simple excavations into the foliage of some thick bushes, upon whose stems there hung calabashes, and strainers of cassava, and fishing-tackle, and bunches of maize, and salt-fish. The furniture of the house was all constructed of the forked boughs of trees, some of which made excellent tripod supporters to tables and water-stands; the chairs were all tortoiseshells of

various dimensions, and hammocks crossed the apartments, suspended at every angle; the *peons*, in these remote shores, secluded from the society of their species, know little of the advantages of division of labour, and depend little upon the assistance of neighbours. They have all their resources within themselves; a calabash tree is their pottery or earthenware shop, the river and the garden furnish them with abundance of provision; the agave and the palm with cordage for their hammocks, and fishing-tackle. We saw here, however, a primitive sugar-handmill, which would have caused the tropical eyes of a West India manager, accustomed to the extensive apparatus of an English sugar estate, to be dilated as with threefold *sangarorum:* two wooden rollers revolving in two upright posts, worked by a handspike, and the receptacle being an inverted tortoiseshell, with part of the under shell cut away. I could not resist making a drawing of the machine, in order to exhibit it among the above gentlemen with the unholy glow upon their brows and noses.

With all these ingenious contrivances about them, the proprietor and his family were a lean and hatchet-faced looking party. With some difficulty we found our way to another worthy white man's establishment, about three hundred yards off, where the umbrella house, the furniture, and mode of living were much the same. After purchasing a few eggs, we entered into a negotiation about some fowls, of which the lady of the house asserted that she had none; but my companion, with an acuteness acquired in a long practice and study of the legal profession, having argued that the eggs justified the conclusion that the establishment could not be without fowls, the lady appeared much struck by that view of the case, and being at the same time ably plied by the patrone, who was an insinuating man with *soft-sawder*, one by one the rigid fibres of her countenance relaxed, and she became all a simper. The fowls were handed out, and each member of the household vied with the other in attending to our wants. These were few, and after a long dialogue, in which we stammered through a great deal of very bad Spanish, we made our way back to the launch.

We hoisted sail again during the night, and had made good progress by morning, having passed the mouth of the Coura. We were still upon the broad bosom of the melancholy Oronooka, scarcely a fisherman upon its waters, and the unfrequent cry of a lonely water-fowl alone testified the existence of animal life; not quite alone, for we passed a large, luxuriantly-clothed island called the I de Tigres, from its being infested with jaguars. These, however, showed themselves not upon its banks, and a lazy cayman or two, and a flock of vultures gloating over some drifted carrion were all that we noticed. Flights of birds became more frequent during the night, and certain little flies called coquitos became troublesome, more from their numbers than agility, in the latter quality being far inferior to the musquitoes; they had occasionally troubled us in the lower Oronooka, but had never amounted to a nuisance before. During the night we passed the small River Suata, which divides the provinces of Caraccas and Barcelona.

The moon is no longer the silver moon in Guayana, she is golden, her countenance is no longer pale, but flushed, and the Oronooka glows with a lurid splendour unknown in temperate latitudes, as her beams glance upon the waters. The next morning found us still stealing over the mournful current. Having cooked a turtle which we had procured at a

hut of much the same description as the others we had visited, we found the eggs bitter, although the flesh was perfectly good; the crew seemed quite familiar with the occurrence, which they attributed to the fact of the animal's having fed upon the guaco vejucho, a creeper which is found abundantly along the river, extremely bitter to the taste. This guaco is considered the only certain cure for the bites of the snakes of South America, and as these reptiles abound also along the rivers, the bane and antidote are together. The guaco is said to have a violent effect upon the nerves; and it is also said that a person who recovers from a poisonous bite by its use, continues for a long time with his nerves impaired; it is used both externally and internally, and the practice of innoculating with it is said to fortify the system against the effects of a bite.

The faith in this has, however, been latterly much shaken by a recent occurrence in Carraccas. A gentleman who had been innoculated with the guaco, and considered himself proof against snake poison, kept a pet rattle-snake, but leaving home for a few days, the animal was neglected during his absence, and not fed. When the master returned, he took the snake out of his cage, and laying him upon the table to caress him as usual, he stooped down to kiss him. The animal, perhaps ill-tempered from hunger, stung him in the lip, and the gentleman died. I should be unwilling to keep a rattle-snake as a pet, even if as much saturated with guaco as the turtle's-eggs which we rejected. A long line of sandy beach bounded our prospect on the right, along which a solitary deer was tripping, occasionally stopping to drink at the water's-edge. A party from a raft, which was sailing up the stream, made several attempts to avail themselves of the inequality of the bank, to send on shore and creep up to him, but to no purpose; the deer continued his graceful course till we lost sight of him. At an early hour we passed the town of Atra Gracia, and in the afternoon touched at some huts occupied by half-castes, who could scarcely muster exertion enough to get out of their hammocks and speak to us. They showed us a number of crocodiles' eggs, somewhat larger than a turkey's, white, and very much elongated, with a thin shell, which they said were very good to eat, but which we had not the curiosity to try. The Sierras Cabruta, Capuchina, and Caicara, boldly marked, became now visible. We passed the Manapire by night, and landed in the morning at the ragged city of Caicara, where two launches at anchor, one from Casanare, remote, among the sources of the Meta, several fishing-boats, and various washer-women upon the water's-edge, betokened a larger commerce and superior importance.

Chap. IV.

Cities of the Oronooka—Junction of the Apure—Caños and Crocodiles—Hosts of Wild Fowl—Howling Monkeys--Gigantic Vegetation—The abode of the Leper—Fishing Huts—Musical Crew—Arrival at St. Fernando—Hung up to Sleep.

The plan of the city of Caicara is of more pretension than its architectural superstructure, which rises from a goodly platform of squares and regularly traced streets, in all the glory of wattle and dab, or oftener in airy structures upon poles, thatched with palm-

leaves, where the wattle and dab being omitted, the internal economy of each house is open to the investigation of the curious, like the works of a skeleton clock, but in all there is an utter contempt for the perpendicular by no means in keeping with the regularity of the ground plan. Some few houses constructed of *tapia* had a less ruinous appearance, but afforded by no means favourable specimens of that mode of constructing walls. The Sierra, which we had seen the evening before, here tapered down to the river, and, in its present low state, made the navigation rather intricate from the numerous granite rocks in which it terminated at intervals. On some of the flat surfaces of these rocks in the Sierra are seen rudely sculptured figures, among which one is supposed to be intended for a tapir; it might with equal justice claim to be intended for a pianoforte, a four-post bed, or any other quadruped. The resemblance of the tapir however, would furnish but small evidence of a former high state of civilisation unless supported by more substantial proofs. The bushman of South Africa in the present day covers the walls of his cave with little drawings of men and animals, neatly executed in coloured clays, yet he has never been accused of high civilisation in any of its tenses.

A church, of no greater pretensions than the other buildings, graced the centre of the square. We entered a house where a horse caparisoned for a journey was standing at the door, and three cows were waiting to be milked. Whether the milk or milk-maids attracted us it is difficult to say, but the latter were a pair of fine creatures, with dark eyes and beautiful hair, plaited in two tails, the daughters of the proprietor of the house, which was also a shop. These damsels, and one or two more whom we observed in our ramble, gave us a more favourable impression of the appearance of the inhabitants than of their habitations. Those worthies of Venezuela who look at the prospects of their country through a *couleur de rose* medium, point to Caicara as a place of future importance from its central situation near the bend of the Oronooka, and the mouth of the Apure river; but as the philosophic Humboldt forty years since prophecied a similar prosperity for the same reasons, for the village of Cabruta, which a wooded island dividing the river into two channels shuts out from the view of Caicara, and that village still remains a wretched row of huts, these prophets must be heard with doubt, and due allowance made for the difference between the Spanish and Anglo-American races—the stationary genius of the former, and the go-ahead system of the latter. Sufficient time has elapsed since the termination of the civil war in Venezuela for a more perceptible increase of prosperity. The imaginative strain in which Humboldt foretels the prospects of the latter village would have led any traveller to anticipate that in describing the Oronooka of the present day he would but have to transcribe the glowing pages of Alison and De Toqueville upon the basin of the Mississipi. But certainly Cabruta and Caicara in their manhood have not fulfilled the promise of their early years. We passed the unhappy villages, as well as St. Rafael de los Capuchinos, equally wretched, opposite to the mouth of the Guarico, which after descending from Calabozo, joins the delta of the Apure.

We now approached a vast sand-bank, stretching several miles across, and whose limits as to length were lost in the distance. A sulky, solitary

heron at intervals, or a projecting bough of driftwood, alone broke the monotony of its surface. In the season of the rains this becomes a huge inland sea, stretching far over the river's banks, and over which the launches pass among the intervals of forest to avoid the force of the current.

Taking the channel to our right, we coasted the sandbank. The lazy crocodiles, roused from an apoplectic slumber by the ripple of our launch, slowly shook their fat sides and glided into the water. From a recess to our right, which in the vastness of the Oronooka we should scarcely have noticed, the Apure glided out at right angles; no furious meeting of the waters, fraught with perils to the navigator, ushered in the junction, as recounted by several ancient travellers, it was effected without an extra ripple. The immensity of the Oronooka must have caused a curious ocular deception, when a river 400 yards across, and which in ascending its stream, where out of the influence of the contrast, appeared a noble channel, is scarcely noticed, but even the forest appears dwarfish in the Oronooka. From a similar deception as to distance and size we had nearly fired at some Indians who were squatted on the shore as we entered, mistaking them for birds. These Indians had established a few temporary huts there for fishing; some impudent corbies (*vultur aura*) were wheeling and strutting about their abodes, disputing the causeway with the cocks and hens, the only pastoral care of the tribes of the Oronooka.

Entering the mouth of the Apure, what a contrast with the melancholy Oronooka. There all space and stillness, here instinct with animal life. Hosts of wild fowl rose like a snow-storm as we turned the first bend of the river, caymans innumerable lay upon the banks, and still more innumerable swam the brown waters, their snouts and ocular prominences, or occasionally the dorsal line, alone visible above the currents, and porpoises with leaden backs and blush coloured bellies, wallowed around us. From the colour of the waters, and the hosts of monsters that seemed to impede our progress, we might have imagined ourselves making our way through a current of magnified macaroni soup. The Apure flowing in the same direction as the lower Oronooka, the same breeze which had borne us up the current of the latter still carried us on. Myriads of delicate white egrets rose from before us, and multitudes of waders of the most elegant forms, among which the giant jabirus (*mycterius Americanus*) was conspicuous, with his black head, his body and wings of dazzling whiteness, and the scarlet pouch beneath his neck. The night came on, and found us still straining our eyes with gazing on the scene. During the night the screaming of the various fowls still kept up a musical dissonance. Long before sunrise we were roused by the continuous clamour from our hammocks, to clean our guns and prepare to shoot and enjoy the scene. The roar of the jaguar now lent its startling wood note wild to the concert, and the long continued howlings of the araguata or howling monkey, gave a fresh character of frantic chorus to the discord.

The Apure is certainly far more exciting in scenery and circumstance than the Oronooka. The grandeur of the forest is no longer abashed by comparison with the vast breadth of the waters of that dreary river, and each lordly trunk towers aloft or stretches forth its huge boughs laden

with their gorgeous burden of many-coloured foliage. Amid all this uncouth magnificence the beautiful little egrets are seen now descending in multitudes like a drift of snow, now singly perching upon the snout of a cayman as he stems the current, or upon his head and back as he slumbers unconsciously upon a bank. Whether these liberties proceed from the good humour or unwieldiness of the cayman is uncertain, but there appears to exist a mutual good understanding. The wind failing us, our *patrone* had again recourse to the slow operation of warping, which deprived us of the use of the boat, and there were here no sand-banks on which to land. The forest reached close to the banks, whose sides were margined with *chiguire* grass. This, at a short distance, had the appearance of a carefully clipt hedge; it was four or five feet high, and the roots and stalks running along the ground and entangling with each other, made it almost impenetrable, even where the experiment was safe.

The wild fowl continued numerous along the stream, though their chief force seemed to linger about the Caño de Manatie, where we had remained during the night, and so called from its still, deep waters abounding with that herbivorous whale which at certain seasons of the year attracts numerous Indians to fish, as well for the flesh as the oil, which they dispose of in barter. Both the fish, the birds, and the slimy saurians, are far more numerous about the mouths of the Caños or natural canals which intersect the low country about the confluence of the Apure with the Oronooka, the last especially. In entering one of these gloomy recesses the flesh creeps at the ghastly hideousness of these monsters, crowded together upon the mud-banks, and with their scales rustling as they wake up and glide into the water.

The larger birds seemed to carry away a great deal of shot, and a large duck, the *pato real*, about the size of a wild goose, having been brought down by a ball, its stout cuirass of feathers fully accounted for this. Had we been able to spare time, and could have detained the launch at this spot, we might have spent a fortnight here most agreeably in shooting, and exploring the Caños. The eye is never satisfied with enjoying the beauty of the deep forest, enlivened by the strange aspect of its various inhabitants, and every bend in the fine river reveals new beauties; the mud banks, however, are the stronghold of both the musquitoes and the miasma; to the first we opposed our musquito-nettings during the night, and with the latter, on this occasion, at least, cigars and sangaree were successful. The next morning, before sunrise, we commenced warping through a long bend; the guacharaca (*phais paraka*) whose noisy crowing is imitated by the name, and the crax alector and pauxi, were numerous among the tree-tops; some of these are occasionally domesticated. Several brilliantly glittering crimson macaws crossed above us in pairs, the first of that colour that we had yet seen.

The howling of the monkeys had continued from the time we had entered the river without intermission; the term howling, however, does not do justice to their orchestral powers; but if any one for his sins has tarried in the good town of Waterford, what time its quays have been vocal with the embarkation of pigs, and can imagine the leading characters of that fragrant and playful cargo hoisted up into the cross-trees,

that their tuneful voices might he raised, unmuffled by hold or bulwarks, he may imagine the discord, the note of the araguata and that of the pig in a state of extreme excitement being strikingly similar. The principal trees here were the gigantic ceiba or silk-cotton, with its huge arms supporting a weight of parasites, the lignum vitæ, the sassifras, the copaibæ, and the huge zamang, spreading out its boughs to a circumference that would shame the largest of park oaks. Close to the water's edge were the Brazilletto, the sousso willow, a small but elegant bamboo, and a few graceful fan-leaved and slender cabbage palms, all mantled with luxuriant creepers.

Our launch drew three feet, or half a *braça* of water, but was rather down by the stern. The banks and shoals were abrupt, for although the man at the bow kept constantly poking with his stick and singing out the soundings, the lifting of the rudder was generally the first intimation that the steersman had of the shoaling of the bottom. On one or two occasions the rudder was entirely unshipped, and much difficulty was experienced in getting off the launch. At a bend in the river we found a launch made fast to the shore. The crew had slept on the bank, and had not yet turned out, although the sun had risen. They lay in their hammocks, which were festooning the boughs of a large spreading bush, and a *muchacho* or two were blowing up the fire and preparing breakfast. The bivouac was primitive enough. We shortly afterwards passed a large launch descending the river laden with tobacco from Varinas; the cargo was piled three or four feet above the vessel's sides, and supported by upright posts, which served also for oarlocks, and by wattles, she was said to draw six feet of water, and to be 100 tons burden ; her crew were eleven, eight of whom, standing upon the cargo, were working at the oars, two strong pulls, and then a double interval for a rest. She too had a *toldo* like ours, but, as it was piled high with cargo, there seemed to be scarcely lying down room between the cargo and the roof. We passed two more small launches laden with hides from Nutrias, a town higher up than St. Fernando de Apure, on the same river. These launches had their masts and rigging unshipped to descend against the wind, and at the bows of each was perched, cormorant like, the chaunter of the soundings. Judging by the frequency of our grating along the bottom, the launch which drew six feet must have had a dangerous navigation, but the deep channels are well known to experienced *patrones.*

The wind being fresh we went along gaily bumping against the sands, and once unshipping our rudder near the Caño de Manatie Secundo, where we first observed several rose-coloured spoonbills, we were finally brought up by the Vuelta mala di Manatie, and obliged to recommence warping. We landed to circumvent some wild fowl ; the spoor of the chiguire and of a panther was thick along the landing-place ; the latter must have been a mere kitten from the size of the footmark, but our *patrone* and Bonifacio insisted upon returning after the first shot, the jaguar making it a practice to pace up and down along the water's edge looking for supper, and being dangerous to encounter in the dark. No doubt they were right, the eyes of all the feline tribe are adapted to the darkness, those of our own species deficient in that respect. In Humboldt's time (see his personal narrative), the jaguar and chiguire paced the beach by day in all the confiding simplicity of the golden age,

as he quotes from one of his party: "As they did in Paradise." The former were not at all above abusing the confidence of the latter by eating them up with the least possible scruple, but now neither one nor the other leave their places of concealment till the night. The thick grass along the river, called chiguire grass, is as good for cattle and horses as for the animal from which it derives its name.

In spite of the anthropophagous character of the crocodiles, and their numbers in this part of the river, our boatmen continued to take to the water whenever the launch was aground. They only on one occasion took any precaution against the monsters. The launch being moored at a short space from the land, a boy was made to swim on shore to fetch a duck which one of us had shot. As he struck out the men kept stirring the water under him with their punting poles, and the boy, having found the game, returned in the same manner. There seems to be much mutual forbearance among the inhabitants of the Apure while employed in their various methods of seeking their prey. The cayman and the jabirus fish in the same pools without interfering with each other, and the heron thinks nothing of availing himself of the snout of the cayman when he wishes to fish in deeper water than his long legs can assist him in, nor does the other seem to object to render such assistance, as a dive would at once ease him of his burden.

Our fare was becoming daily rougher; Bonifacio had neglected to lay in any vegetables or any provisions at Caicara, the last town we had stopped at. We met no fishermen, and the game that we shot was tough beyond the management of our very unsophisticated artist. If we passed by a solitary hut and hailed them to buy provisions, the answer was "*Nada*," and we were always in too great a hurry to land upon the remote chance of procuring any thing from such abodes of misery. *Tasajo* is certainly no delicacy, and yet our friend at Angostura had taken great pains to select the best that could be procured, and he had assured us that he had succeeded in providing for us a treat. In appearance *tasajo* resembles scraps of old harness that has known no blacking from its infancy, and musty with most ancient grease. The methods of cooking it were threefold: cut up into wedges and boiled, and served up with its own calde or broth, or a piece about the size and appearance of a saddle-flap was flung upon the embers and toasted; both these viands would have baffled the jaws of a baboon. But the triumph of the Flor d'Apure's caboose was the result of such another piece of harness, torn into shreds and pounded upon the sides of the launch till it assumed the appearance of tarred rope ends. With the addition of a little *monteca*, and a due application of fire, the whole affair looked so tempting and so tarry as to produce an instantaneous smile upon the morosest countenance among the crew. The mastication of this ragout requires a four-horse power pair of jaws, and its digestion the gizzard of an ostrich.

There was in the water a disagreeable musky flavour, proceeding from the immense number of caymans, besides the mud, which was only clean dirt. Our stock of wine being on the wane, while our thirst was increasing, we were obliged to economise the former, by using an increased quantity of this water. The addition of limes and sugar somewhat disguised from us the unpleasant fact, that what we drank was little better than crocodile broth, to which the rolling porpoises contributed the

flavour of their peculiar sliminess. The constant use, or rather attempt at using or gnawing the *tasajo*, had produced a craving for vegetable food, of which we had had none for several days, a deprivation which I had never before experienced. The various varieties of green meat which pass for excellent vegetables in the West Indies, but most of them like the fruit, eminently nasty, I had hitherto disliked, but in our present destitution, I more than once found myself lingering over the memory of a roasted plantain ; and late one night, when nightmare held sway over my faculties, I dreamed *proh pudor*, not of love, but of an English cabbage, and awoke sniffing with unholy relish the savour of the swinish esculent.

Our onward progress was slow, and the wind, when fair, too little. We came one morning suddenly upon what appeared to be a human figure of colossal stature, which seemed to stand upon the waters, and wave its long gaunt arms over the current. It was not till we had approached quite near that we could ascertain that it was a huge deformed trunk, from whose boughs the drifted sedge was hanging fantastically, and marking the height to which the floods of the rainy season had reached. Late one evening firing into a cayman of more than ordinary dimensions, I thought I had found the way to his heart ; he rolled upon the banks, and with difficulty dragged himself into the water ; he soon reappeared, getting out at the same spot, climbing up the bank painfully, as if to die in peace, or to avoid the caribes, who had tasted his blood. The canoe was disengaged, and paddled towards the spot, but upon our approach he had still strength enough to betake himself again to the water. Landing, however, and penetrating a short way into the bush, I found half-a-dozen splendid scarlet macaws on the top boughs of a zamang. I was loaded with ball, my right barrel snapped, and the left was not put straight enough for the distance, and the macaws got off. The nipples of guns for river shooting should be bored large. I had often had experience of this before our present excursion, but neglected to have mine adapted to the purpose before starting. I need but hint at the inconvenience of one's gun snapping at a jaguar within springing distance. After a short stroll I returned on board, my companion had dined ; having heard of some huts along a side channel of the river, he and the patrone immediately on my return got into the canoe to explore and procure supplies.

They returned on board late, with plantains, maize-cakes, and eggs. They had found the channel swarming with *zincudos ;* and at the house which they had entered, the proprietor of which had a carnivorous eye and a very big knife, four fires were lighted, one before each side wall-plate—for wall there was none, to keep out the *plaga* with the sharp smoke of the green wood, nearly as bad as the insect's sting. My companion described the establishment as still more barbarous than any thing we had yet seen, and the inmates more savage. The next morning we were going along with a fair breeze, the guacharaca (*phasianus paraka*) as usual sounding the *réveille* with their loud crowing, and the monkeys numerous, and howling like mad. Vast flights of güire-güire rose from a sand-bank in the centre of the river, and wheeled about us for more than an hour; their wariness showed that they well knew that their flesh was highly esteemed. This beautiful little duck is about the size of

a widgeon, and equally good. We afterwards saw several domesticated.

In a secluded recess along the river lay the habitation of a leper. The locality was such as a misanthrope would have selected. Here the unhappy leper dwelt with his squalid family avoided by all; the boatmen hail him as they pass, but never land upon the unclean ground. The guacharaca di agua, a bird with a handsome plumage, somewhat resembling the pheasant, is among the noisiest and most troublesome along the Apure; having a disagreeable rank smell he is never molested, and is proportionably familiar, seldom moving till he is almost struck, and then only to a neighbouring bush, where twenty or thirty will sit chattering and displaying their plumage. These will follow any one who lands for the purpose of shooting, from bush to bush, frightening away the game. They are generally seen seated in the bushes close to the water's-edge, always noisy and restless; in some places they are innumerable.

We landed among a community of these, where we were directed up a dry channel thickly grown along the sides with grass and willows, which we heard was much traversed by chiguires. We saw nothing, however, of these animals but their footsteps, which were numerous enough; we were at length checkmated by the impervious forest and a sudden bend in the river. The Flor d'Apure having taken us up, we found a wide sand-bank to the right, with several Indian huts at its extremity, evidently a fishing station; on the other side perpendicular banks and thick forest, through a recess of which appeared the Rio Nuchata, a small tributary, the birds, as at every junction, being innumerable. Landing at the bank we found the huts abandoned, a few corbies and yellow-legged vultures alone remaining about the ruins. The cause of their lingering was soon apparent. The heads and skeletons of fish were strewed upon the banks, from three to six feet long; they were of a species called *balanton*, of which we saw abundance afterwards at the market of St. Fernando, striped brilliantly, like a zebra; the fish was rather rank in flavour. The *zincudos*, thick and numerous, drove us on board again after sunset. The general reply from all the houses which we hailed for provisions, was still "*Nada, nada*"—nothing; the houses were, however, becoming more numerous.

We reached St. Barbara di Arechuna, somewhat imposing in the extent of wattle, and dab, and mud walls. The Rio Arechuna just above the town is one of the channels by which the Apure disgorges its waters; it joins the Oronooka by the Boca Cabullare. Late in the evening we passed the Caño di Tigrera, and anchored before a habitation, where the inhabitants, though rough in appearance, seemed to have more ideas of comfort and industry. Several European plants were in their garden, of which they seemed not a little proud. A species of gourd, with long fruit, the shell of which is used for powder flasks, was trellised up before the house. We made a few purchases and re-embarked, sailing all night.

The houses now became frequent; we passed a sugar plantation, with a rude cattle-mill, and ruder works. One of our crew was suffering much from calentura, particularly when there was much to be done in warping or towing. He was the same individual who had distinguished

himself so much in robbing the gardens of water-melons, and generally after gorging himself with stewed fish and pumpkins, would commence the most horrid grunting and groaning, which he attributed to calentura, and lay down rolling his half-naked and extremely filthy body about; he aspired, too, in his better moments to the character of poet and musician, by which performances he earned from our boy Bonifacio the title of Guacharaca di Agua. Our party were all musical, one would generally produce his guitar at night, and another would extemporise a song, the rest would join in a wild chorus; the performance, when not spoiled by the above Guacharaca di Agua, was not deficient in barbaric melody, and formed a fit accompaniment to the scenes. We were now approaching St. Fernando. We passed a hacienda or plantation of sugar called the Diamante. The cultivation of the canes extended half a mile along the river, and was three or four hundred yards deep. There were two mills and several tiled buildings, surrounded by cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees, which latter being exotic, showed an advancement in civilisation; the groups of plantains were numerous. The proprietor of this farm was an inhabitant of St. Fernando.

Further on, opposite the Island of Diamonte, the vast quantities of fish seemed to have collected a few families of Indians. I fired several long shots at the jabirus who were stalking along the shore, but succeeded only in cutting away a brace of divers who were at their feet; the latter we found an extremely tough bird, though the crew pronounced his flesh to be "*mu sabroso.*" Large herds of cattle now began to appear upon the banks; we were fast approaching the village or city, and the little *muchacho* shouting with delight, the *patrone* seemed to suffer much, lest the boy's buoyancy of spirits should spoil the dignity of the Flor d'Apure's entrance into the harbour. It was dark, however, before we anchored, under what appeared to be a raised crescent of well-lighted houses. We immediately landed upon a sand-bank, along which were moored several launches, and which at low water forms the wharf. Passing up several streets and lanes with Bonifacio, we found out the house whither we had been directed for lodgings. The very brown hostess declared, she had no room, fortunately, for it was a wretched cabin. We then proceeded in search of a gentleman, to whom we had letters of introduction. He happened to be absent, attending the sitting of the chamber of representatives of Caraccas, of which he was a member. His partner, however, received us, and after providing for us a slight repast of eggs, chocolate, and cheese, conducted us to our share of an apartment, in which his brother's hammock was already swung; there were hooks, too, for ours, which we soon procured from the launch, and we were shortly all three hung up to sleep after the custom of the country. Thus we had attained the second stage of our excursion, after toiling fourteen days up the river.

BORN UNDER THE DOG-STAR.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

Dogs are very useful animals. The sentence might begin a chapter devoted to canine matters in a child's natural history. Nevertheless, people may call the mention of the fact a truism, without appreciating one-half its truth. In all the volumes we have ever seen upon dogs, their merits have been treated of philosophically—physiologically—sportingly—domestically, with a view to their services in the cause of savage man—of civilised man—of the dweller in towns, and the inhabitants of fields and forests. We have read much of dogs considered physically and morally—have applauded canine attachment, and shook our heads at canine hydrophobia—but we doubt whether the claims of dogs have ever been properly advanced in a philological point of view—whether their service to our language has ever been properly pointed out—whether among the various kinds of assistance they render us, there has ever yet been demonstrated the aid they afford in constructing figures of speech—in rearing up and pushing into bud and blossom some of our most common flowers of rhetoric, and alas! also the fatal effects which sometimes arise from the practice.

Many, certainly, are the services we exact from our four-footed friend. Some of them jump into the water after our sticks; others are laboriously instructed in the accomplishment of sitting on their hind-legs with a piece of bread upon their noses; a pointer aids us in getting hold of a few plump partridges; and a turnspit helps—or used to help to cook them. Formerly, a poor man used to have his cart dragged by dogs—now a rich one thinks his equipage incomplete without a white animal with blueish spots running in front, or bringing up the rear. Dogs watch our houses better than the new police; and some elderly ladies patronise dogs instead of babies. Well-bred dogs bark alike at beggars, duns, and thieves. Dogs lead blind men about the streets, and fly at murderers' throats on the stage. In minor exhibitions we are regaled with the view of dancing dogs, and we frequently see them serving as steeds to red-jacketed monkeys. Cats devour rats, but dogs administer poetical justice by worrying cats. Dogs are the most ubiquitous of animals—they haunt the lady's boudoir and the thieves' garret; they can make themselves comfortable on the rug before the fire, and the step before the door; we have made them fight with rats and fight with lions; they chase little wretches of hares and grim monsters of boars; the smuggler's dog trots past the *douanier* fat with lace wound round him, between his real skin and his false hide; the French shoe-black's dog dirties every gentleman's boots he can come across; we have dogs with sharp noses to smell game, and dogs with long legs to chase it; we have dogs to bait bulls, and dogs to lie in ladies' laps; we have dogs beautiful from their grace, and dogs beautiful from their ugliness; dogs fight for us, play with us, bark at us, bite at us; dogs furnish comfortable livelihoods to enterprising individuals who steal them, and pleasant forenoon's amusement to committees of parliament indignant at the theft; dogs amuse us, perplex

us, form the subject of innumerable disquisitions, point unnumbered morals, and adorn uncounted tales; dogs are at our heels at every turn, sometimes for ornament, sometimes for use, often times for neither; where men are, dogs somehow get; what men do, dogs somehow aid; the dog watches by the child's cradle, and dies upon the old man's grave; dogs and men are inseparable; our dogs are our servants. But not always—they may sometimes prove our masters. Generally, they lick our hand, sometimes they bite it; their mission here is to help, but sometimes they hinder. We have said that among other services, they perform; they influence our language; we owe many a phrase to them; our epithets are particularly indebted. Sidonia solved a problem by a phrase; we describe a character among men, by a species among dogs. By their help we concisely express our affection—our sympathy—our anger—our contempt. But sometimes this has its unpleasant effects. Dogs generally fawn, but they sometimes get mad and bite. Their influence in parts of speech is sometimes as fatal to the individual, morally, as their existence is to the individual, physically. And how this is—and that this is—will be shown and proved by the annexed short biography of Thomas Lidler.

When Tom was a baby, he was very like other babies—that is to say, he had a face like a dumpling, and little fat mottled arms and legs. Nevertheless, his mother said that he was the image of his father—as doubtless after the way of women she would have said—had he been born with the back of his head turned to the front. Tom crowed and chirped, and chirruped, after the manner of other "pledges," and Mr. Lidler, senior, taking him in his arms, swore he was a "hearty little dog—a jolly little dog—a rosy little dog—a plump little dog." Here was the beginning of Tom's fate, dimly foreshadowed in being called a dog. He was ever afterwards a dog of some kind or another.

Years passed on. Tom discarded petticoats and took to trousers. His favourite pursuit was breaking windows, playing truant, tumbling into the river, and tumbling down from trees. His mother was always in hot-water about him; but Mr. Lidler, taking a comprehensive view of the matter, only laughed, paid for the broken glass, and interceded with the schoolmaster.

"Wild young dog," would Mr. Lidler say, after bestowing a semi-serious lecture upon his son and heir—"wild young dog—no managing him—never mind, he'll sober down—a frisky young dog—we were all young once."

But the frisky young dog did not sober down—on the contrary—the metaphorical tipsiness increased. Tom went to a public school—he never learnt his lessons.

"Careless young dog," said Papa Lidler; "must be more attentive next year—very bad accounts of you from Dr. Wakboy—you're an idle dog, Tom—an idle dog."

Sent home from school for thrashing the usher, Tom was only scolded as an incorrigible young dog; and caught winking at the maids—was half flattered as a sly one. Presently Tom set up for a man on town—the peculiar requirements for the character, being a capability for doing any thing but what is respectable, and becoming any thing but what is useful.

In this distinguished profession Tom made much progress. He lounged in tobacco-shops, and loitered in billiard-rooms—he cut respectable "fathers of families," and became intimate with fighting-men—he ran up unheard-of bills for fashionable Chesterfields, and maintained that no gentleman could exist without three dozen pair of boots—promising to pay was so easy. However, to prevent the boots from wearing out too soon, he was careful to keep a tandem, and if he went into suspicious company at nights, it would keep him out of worse. Add to this, that he let his moustaches grow, and never came home till three in the morning.

"And pray how does my friend Tom get on?" inquired a respectable oil-merchant of Mr. Lidler in the latter's counting-house.

For the first time on being asked such a question, Mr. Lidler half shook his head and half sighed.

"Aha!" said he, "Tom is a sad dog—he is not at all the sort of thing—not what I hoped—a sad dog—a sad dog."

Now let it be remarked that there is a wide difference between a wild dog and a sad dog. Of the wild dog you have much hope—of the sad dog, far less—the latter is a deep step in the downward progress.

Tom's companions, however, entertained very different opinions as to his character from those so sorrowfully held by his father and Mr. John Jarr, the oil-merchant in the city. Although his first aspiring to their society had been checked by the information that he was a "young whelp," yet at length they condescended to talk of him as a "devilish gentlemanly dog." Tom had money at his command—his jokes were therefore listened to with ringing applause—and he was a "funny dog." He paid tavern bills, and he was a "jolly dog." Had he not had money, he would have been a "low dog," and had he refused to throw it away, he would have been a "stingy dog."

The old term "dog" was not now, however, always applied to Tom. Although the invariable progress of the four-footed animal itself is—puppy first—dog afterwards—its nominal fellow-being, man, may pass through his doghood first—into his puppyhood afterwards. So was it with Tom. Miss Arabella Jarr, the rich heiress of old Jarr, had been once Tom's flame, and she still entertained a sort of sneaking kindness for her old dancing-school partner—but an apparition of Tom—be-ringletted, and be-moustached—swaggering about with half-a-dozen youths of the same kidney, talking loud, laughing louder, and behaving in every respect very unlike well-conducted young gentlemen—shocked her. Miss Arabella liked quiet young men—she hated "puppies." Mr. Tom was a "puppy," and so she excluded him from a chance either of her heart or her fortune.

But Tom cared not. He continued to unite the "puppy" with the "jolly dog." His father died. His mother had done so before. Now ought Tom to have been a "sorry dog," but he was not—that was to come at a future stage. He set industriously to work to make less of the little he inherited—and was pronounced an "unfeeling dog."

And now was our hero approaching that fatal term when the appellation of dog which he had so long borne in so many senses—which his father had called him when crowing in the innocence of childhood—when frolicking in the carelessness of boyhood—when rushing on destruction with the impetuosity of manhood—must be exchanged for

harsher terms. He got through the puppy stage and his father's property together. The three dozen pairs of boots were marvellously diminished—his coats were fashionably cut, yet threadbare—his air had all the swagger of old and none of the lingering respectability. His quondam friends cut him as a "shabby dog." He was seldom seen in the day, but at night he frequented flash billiard-rooms—conversed confidentially with markers, and with his napless hat slouched over a keen eye, watched for a symptom of "greenness" in any of the company.

Sometimes he would single out a stout, jolly-looking gentleman, with fresh rosy cheeks, a country accent,—and a sort of clovery smell, with a dash of new milk in it—about him, a "hearty dog" in short, and manage to engage him in pleasant conversation. If he had not much wit, Tom had sharpness and readiness—the country gentleman was delighted. Tom would put him up to all the sharpers in town—of course he would—although the marker did irreverently stick his tongue in his cheek—champagne corks would fly—a game at billiards be proposed and accepted.

"Tom Lidler, that, sir," whispers the marker to the country gentleman, "regular top-sawyer—jolliest dog alive."

Now to be occasionally called a "jolly dog" by our equals is very well—but the appellation has a widely different meaning coming from our inferiors.

Well, the game would go on—the click of the balls responded to by the chink of the gold which sparkled brilliantly upon the tight green cloth—below the flaring gas-lights. More champagne—that is for the country gentleman. Tom somehow preferred water just then. Higher stakes—more agitated strokes—the country gentleman in a perspiration—Tom cooler and cooler.

"Damnation. Twenty pounds gone in half an hour. Never played so ill in all my life—by the way, Mr. Lidler—"

But Mr. Lidler, seeing all that had been lost and won likely at the moment to change hands, had quietly slipped away.

"He is gone, sir," the marker would say. "Never stays after a good hit—knowingest dog alive—Lidler."

But Tom had not always such luck—or if he had he squandered the proceeds as soon as he clutched them. His face was bloated—his eye bloodshot—his clothes, seediness struggling with smartness. His haunts became lower and lower, his habits worse and worse. His quondam friends knew him no more. Where he lived, or how he lived none could tell. Sometimes however, as he hurried along nameless bye streets in the dusk or at night, he would meet former acquaintances—people whose tavern bills he used to pay—and in humbled, broken accents would implore a small loan—a little assistance—any thing. How these applications fared, the following dialogue will show:

"I say, Hawkins, guess who I met the other night when I was going to the Opera?"

"Not the slightest idea in the world, Wilkins, my boy. None of your creditors, I hope."

"No—that fellow, Lidler—and, as I am alive, he had the impu-

dence to make up to me—of course I would have nothing to do with him—a low hound."

"Oh, of course. I say, poor devil, what a dog's life he must lead of it—eh?"

And Tom, as he had always been called a dog of some sort, did lead a dog's life.

At length he mustered up courage, and determined to make one last effort to retrieve his fallen fortunes. Miss Arabella Jarr was still a maiden heiress—Hawkins was a suitor for her hand.

"If once I could get on my legs again," soliloquised Tom, "I feel I could be an honest man. I have sinned, but I have suffered—Arabella may pity me yet, and pity is akin to love. Yes, I'll make the dash—old Jarr was my old friend—I'll try it."

So Tom furbished himself up as well as he could, and sent in his card to the domicile of the Jarrs. Miss Arabella was knitting Berlin wool, and Hawkins was making love after his fashion—that is, talking nonsense—but Arabella liked love-making after any fashion.

"Mr. Thomas Lidler," she said, reading the card.

For a moment something like hesitation came over her features.

"'Tis five years since I saw him," she murmured.

"You would not know him, he's turned such an ugly hound; besides, quite disreputable," said Mr. Hawkins, carelessly.

Miss Arabella tossed the card into the fire.

"Not at home."

Then both peeped out of the window to see the unfortunate Tom retire.

"Did you ever see such 'a hang-dog look' as that, my dear Miss Jarr?" questioned the lover.

"Never," replied the loved one.

Though wellnigh hopeless, Tom determined to catch at one straw more. Miss Jarr would do nothing for him for love, would old Jarr do any thing for old friendship—for pity?

Tom wrote a dismal, penitential letter to the (now) retired oil-merchant. It was straightway deposited where the card had been consigned before.

"The fawning spaniel," exclaimed old Jarr; "he used to cut me when he dashed about in his cab."

"An ill-conditioned cur," said Hawkins, the bridegroom.

"I always thought he was an impudent puppy," chimed in Arabella, the bride.

What became of Tom for several years thereafter is not well known. An old acquaintance put the question to Hawkins.

"How the devil should I know," answered that gentleman; "he went to the dogs long ago."

Alas, poor Tom! he had never been from the dogs.

He was found half-dead upon a door-step, and Wilkins' footman drove him off for an idle dog. Could he find no place to lie down at but *their* door.

At length he died in a ditch—like a dog.

An inquest was held, and Hawkins was on the jury. The verdict was brought in, "Death from exposure, and starvation."

"Ah," said Hawkins to the coroner and his fellow-jurymen, "I knew him once when he was a gay man on town—nothing but dash, and glitter, and show—spent hundreds in white kid gloves, and *Eau de Cologne*. Well, well, those were the times—but every dog has his day."

On Tom's Tombstone was written.

BEWARE THE DOG.

Tom, in reality, died of moral hydrophobia. His case is a specimen of the evil we must expect to reap along with the good. There are many dogs useful and rational—there are a few mad and noxious. Tom's was of the latter class. He was a victim to canine influence over the parts of speech—to the general aid in phraseology, furnished by the genera and individual peculiarities of the inmates of the kennel.

We have proved the rule by the exception—but let no one deem the exception the rule. Our language pays homage to our canine companions—so may our fortunes and our lives. The Dog-star is the most potent of its compeers—we have seen the career of the man born under it.

ASSOCIATIONS OF A SHELL.

BY ANDREW WINTER.

Can I forget that calm long evening
When last we walk'd together by the sea?
Can I forget? Ah no! Each image clear
Remains of that glad season in my soul,
As did our footsteps then upon the sand.
It was the flooding of the great spring tide,
And she would have me to the headland stroll,
To watch the white spray showering o'er the rock.
It was a glorious sight as we pass'd on,
The sweeping bay with golden sands lay rimm'd,
On which the imperious sea advanced
With heavy murmurs each translucent scroll.
Now can I picture, as 'twere yesterday,
How fair she stood, as through her summer dress
Faintly the breeze her slender figure sketch'd.
Her curls (almost too heavy for the wind)
Beneath her chin she held with one white hand,
Laughing so merrily with half-closed eyes
When the gusts thicken'd. Then, as I said
(What I had said a thousand happy times),
"Dear Letty," whilst her willing hand clasped mine,
A clear-neck'd wave impetuous on the strand,
Urged with a singing sound its thin smooth flood,
Glassy the sand on its retreating shone,
And there, neglected by the tide's reclaim,
A curious shell upon its spines stood poised,

I was the servant of her eager eyes,
And ere the foam-bells from the sea-gift died,
The prize was hers. 'Twas the last evening,
Ere she sail'd from us in that fatal boat,
How long that time ago. All the old haunts—
The shallow pools for the fine sea-weed famed—
The limpet rocks, where first her gentle hands
She bade me help to pluck the stubborn cones,
And the tall fishing stakes—Long gone are they
Deep merged in the overwhelming sea.
This little shell alone to me remains
Of all that vivid scene of long past years;
There lies it on the polish'd mantel-piece.
Its pink lip turning to the marble chill,
Fit image of that miserable noon,
When passionate my lips to hers death-cold
I press'd, and the awed fisherman knelt by,
His rude hands (corded as his own strong net)
The sea-weeds plucking from her drowned locks.

* * * * *

How my life centres in that cheerless day,
And how this little shell brings back again
That clear bright picture and its heavy shade.

THE LATE MR. LAMAN BLANCHARD.

Our readers will miss from the *New Monthly Magazine* a writer whose contributions have long graced its pages,—a writer whose ready pen has continued month after month to furnish them with a pleasant portion of their periodical entertainment in those light essays illustrative of character and manners, which must have led them to regard the name attached to them as one to which they were under no common obligation. Mr. Laman Blanchard is most generally known as the author of the very great number of amusing prose papers which he published in one or two leading periodicals. They were characterised by a playful ease, which sported with the foibles of human life in a spirit of perfect good fellowship, and with an evident object rather to create pleasantry than to find fault. Indeed the sympathies of the man were so plainly with his species, and his humour seemed always so controlled by them, that it might have appeared to the unobservant as though he wanted wit, when his only deficiency was a desire to raise a laugh at the expense of humanity. This inclination, which seems so powerful an influence with the most successful humorists and the most famous wits, he never on any occasion exhibited. Malevolence gave no sting to his imagination—misanthropy threw no cloud over his ideas. His thoughts were kind, his meaning good, his feeling happy, and his jest social. In private life there was the same friendliness in his pleasantry so conspicuous in his writings. In short, it was his nature that his humour should be good-humour, and his facetiousness tend as much to happiness as to mirth.

Yet, strange as it appears, these eminently philanthropic natures are

the most prone to exhaust their cheerfulness in such public distribution, and leave their own hearts without a hope, and even without a consolation. And thus it has been with the amiable object of this brief notice; who has been snatched away from a circle of which he had long been the ornament and the delight, by one of those terrible depressions of spirits which unhappily too frequently visit these finer organisations when suffering under domestic calamity. Mr. Blanchard within the last two months had to endure the loss of a wife to whom he was tenderly attached. They had been married very nearly one and twenty years, and she had been so affectionate a partner, and so admirable a mother, that her loss was irreparable. This he felt so acutely that his nervous system became unable to withstand the blow, and he sank under it, leaving a void in his circle that must remain a void till his friends are so fortunate as to meet again with the same rare combination of benevolence and pleasantry.

Samuel Laman Blanchard was born at Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk, on the 15th of May, 1803, the only boy of seven children. His father was in respectable circumstances, and removed to London when his son was about five years old; here he received his education at St. Olave's school, Southwark, and became distinguished when a youth for an exquisite appreciation of the English poets.

Mr. Blanchard married in 1824, Miss Anne Gates, a young lady of considerable personal attractions and good family. His first literary undertaking was a small volume of poems, published in the year 1828, called "Lyric Offerings," a collection that exhibited unquestionable evidence of high poetical talent. Indeed, as a poet, Laman Blanchard deserves to be placed in a front rank; for some of the lyrical pieces he has since produced possess the highest merit. This work made him favourably known. He began to write for one or two periodicals, and as at this time he had been appointed Secretary to the Zoological Society, he had sufficient employment for his leisure in cultivating his literary talents. The secretaryship was given up in 1831, and almost immediately afterwards he was engaged in editing both the *Monthly Magazine* and *La Belle Assemblée.* This employment brought him in connexion with literary men of different parties, among whom his talents and his sociality exercised an irresistible influence. He rose rapidly in the estimation of his more influential friends, and was selected to assist in establishing a new evening paper called *The True Sun*, in which he wrote for nearly two years with remarkable liveliness and spirit, and from which he withdrew a little before it ceased to exist. He was soon engaged upon other papers. *The Constitutional* and *The Shipping Gazette*, he tried in vain to establish, but there was no hope in a struggle with such competitors as already possessed the field. He was also editor of *The Courier*—this was when the Whigs were in office, and he fought their battles for them with great energy and talent; but the days of *The Courier* had been numbered, and this infusion of vigorous Whiggery only retarded its doom. The Carlton Club purchased the expiring newspaper, and sought, by a complete change in its politics, to give it new life. Mr. Blanchard consequently ceased to have any connexion with this journal, and very shortly afterwards it was found necessary to abandon the publication.

We next find him editor of the *Court Journal.* Here he was rather

out of his element. Fashionable literature was of much too light a texture for him to manufacture successfully; nevertheless, he endeavoured to meet the wants of such a journal, and for a long time continued to write graceful trifles in a style that charmed his elegant readers, and made them believe that a second Addison had been created for their entertainment. After a year or two, he left the *Court Journal* for more congenial employment. He became a constant contributor to the *New Monthly Magazine*, edited George Cruikshank's *Omnibus*, was engaged on the *Examiner*, and furnished occasional papers for several other publications both political and literary.

From what has been stated it will be seen that Mr. Blanchard was so occupied by contributing to the periodical press, that he could have no time for the production of any work in which his genius might have had fair scope; and consequently that his writings bear an evanescent character, by no means in accordance with the real quality of his mind. He was always occupied, and in such a variety of ways as must have been destructive to the hopes his friends entertained of a true developement of his genius. Now engaged upon a leader for a newspaper—now upon a paper for a magazine—a poem for an annual, or a review for one of the principal journals. The only volume that was completely his own was his first; but there were two works to which he contributed materials; these were, "The Literary Remains of L. E. L." in two volumes, to which he contributed the "Life;" and Dr. Maginn's posthumous work, "John Manesty, the Liverpool Merchant," in three volumes, of which he wrote occasional chapters.

Mr. Blanchard's social and intellectual qualities were highly appreciated by the most distinguished literary characters of the day, with many of whom he was on terms of the most friendly intimacy. The lamented Miss Landon was an ardent admirer of his genius, and named him her literary executor previously to her quitting England, which duty he fulfilled by collecting her hitherto unpublished poems, and presenting them to the public, accompanied by a well-written memoir of the accomplished poetess. To a circle of habitual associates, his eminently social spirit had been a source of delight for the last twenty years.

The remains of Laman Blanchard have been deposited in the grave occupied by his affectionate partner in the cemetery at Norwood, to which he was followed by many sorrowing friends. He has left four children to lament his irreparable loss.

LITERATURE.

PRINCE PUCKLER MUSKAU'S TRAVELS IN EGYPT.*

In spite of his princely, as well as his personal peculiarities—or, it may be, in consequence of them—there is no denying that Prince Puckler Muskau is a pleasant writer in his way—"pleasant, but wrong"—the "wrong," however, being decidedly the pleasanter, as well as the more instructive portion of his qualities as a writing traveller. The Prince evidently travels not merely for himself, but for other people—not merely to see and hear, but to tell the world what he sees and hears. He obtains, by the *prestige* of his name and rank, personal communications with all the celebrities of the countries he visits—communications which the ordinary customs and courtesies of life, mark "private and confidential;" by the *bonhommie* of his manner and bearing, he invites that full freedom of intercourse which nothing else can engender between comparative strangers, but which *that* never fails to induce in those minds which are worth the trouble of looking into; he treasures up the results for after use and study; and in due time puts them into a book for the benefit and amusement of mankind in general.

And who shall quarrel with this system of composition? Certainly not we who profit by it. And, if the truth were known, quite as little will those who are benevolently said by the rest of the world to be aggrieved by it. People now-a-days do not tell the secrets of their souls over their claret-jug, as they did over the port-wine decanter, "when George III. was king;" and there is no little of cant in the outcry that has been raised about certain travellers—our jovial prince among the number—violating the sacred relationships of social intercourse. In any case, what the reader has to inquire on such occasions is—are the disclosures worth the paper and print which is employed in their record? And if the answer be in the affirmative—as in most instances it undoubtedly will be in the case of Prince Puckler, and especially so in the work before us—let those look to it who cannot keep their own counsel; let them remember that when they lionise this prince of literary gossips, if they will be so inconsiderate as to say or do any thing worth remembering, he is the man to remember it, for others' benefit as well as his own.

It must not, however, be supposed, from what has now been said, that there is much of mere gossip in this new work of Prince Puckler. It is in fact the most grave, steady, and well-considered of all his productions—that in which he has taken the longest time, and the most pains to weigh and ponder the political, social, and personal opinions, which the course of his wanderings calls on him to put forth, and consequently that which will best stand the *test* of time and of critical examination.

The title of the book—"Egypt under Mehemet Ali"—will speak its general scope and object—that of giving a comprehensive picture of

* Egypt under Mehemet Ali. By Prince Puckler Muskau. 2 vols.

the pasha's dominions, as they and their inhabitants have been moulded and modified by the efforts of his genius, and the results of his rule. But there is an individual feature of the work which we must regard not only as fraught with more of immediate interest, but with more of permanent value and importance than the result just named: we mean that personal portrait of Mehemet Ali himself, which has the air of being more true and trustworthy as a likeness than any other that has yet been given to the world. For the deeds of this extraordinary man, and their visible and tangible consequences on those immediately affected by them, and on the rest of the world, speak for themselves, and will continue to do so for ages to come. Whereas the personal character of the agent by whom these have been brought about will presently pass away from the scene, and none will be left to estimate or record it but those who can have no object in doing so, but personal ones, and no interests but those which are less likely to elicit the truth than to distort their views of it.

It appears that Prince Puckler's work was written four years ago, when the pasha stood on a higher pinnacle of power and glory than he does at present, though one by no means so safe, or so likely to be permanently secured to his descendants. On the other hand, his position at that time was one much more calculated to draw out and illustrate the peculiar features of his personal character, and therefore to afford a better means for that historical portraiture of it which we hold to be far more worthy of present record, because more likely to escape such record from the fugitive nature of the materials, than any general or particular estimate of those results which have sprung from it.

It follows from what we have just said, that we hold in especial favour those chapters of the present work which relate personally to Mehemet Ali, and chiefly that which records the incidents and conversations occurring in a journey made together by the pasha and the prince into Upper Egypt, and during which they held together the most perfectly confidential conversations, all of which are recorded with the minuteness, and, to all appearance, the fidelity of an English Parliamentary reporter. There is no part of these conversations that might not be cited as a favourable specimen of the prince's skill and tact in this popular and interesting class of composition; and the sterling historical value of the record as a whole can scarcely be overrated—always supposing, as we do, that faith may be placed in the fidelity of the report. Here is a specimen of the more personal portion of it.

During supper he related many interesting details of the period when he, for the first time, definitely attained unlimited power over Egypt, of which I have already given a short sketch in another place. On my expressing my regret that he had not dictated these interesting memoirs to some European, in order that they might be preserved to history, he uttered these memorable words:—"Why should I do so? I do not love this period of my life; and what could the world profit by the recital of this interminable tissue of combat and misery, cunning and bloodshed, to which circumstances imperatively compelled me? Who could derive pleasure from such a disgusting detail. It is enough if posterity knows that all that Mehemet Ali has attained, he owes neither to birth nor interest—to no one but himself. My history, however, shall not commence till the period when, free from all restraint, I could arouse this land, which I love as my own country, from the sleep of ages, and mould it to a new existence."

"How strange," he exclaimed, "that of seventeen children I should be the

only one who survived. Nine of my brothers died in their infancy, and this induced my parents to bring me up like a gentleman. Hence I soon became effeminate and indolent; my young companions began to despise me, and used frequently to cry out, 'What will become of Mehemet Ali, who has nothing and is fit for nothing!'

"This at length made a deep impression upon me, and at the age of fifteen I resolved to vanquish myself. I often fasted for days together, or compelled myself to refrain from sleep for a similar period, and never rested till I had outstripped all my companions in bodily exercises. I well recollect our laying a wager one very stormy day, to row over to a small island, which still remains in my possession. I was the only one who reached it; but although the skin came off my hands, I would not suffer the most intense pain to divert me from my purpose. In this manner I continued to invigorate both mind and body, till, as I have already told you, I afterwards found ample opportunity in a graver sphere of action, to prove my courage to myself and others during the petty warfare in our villages.

"After the death of my father, and when I had attained my nineteenth year, a still more favourable occasion presented itself. The Greek pirates began to commit various depredations, and my uncle, at the instigation of several of the wealthy Turkish landholders who were bent on his ruin, was appointed to the command of a small man-of-war belonging to the sultan, with orders to go in search of the pirates and destroy their trade. My uncle was forced to go; but he first waited on the pasha, and represented to him that his property and business must inevitably fall to ruin, should he be thus suddenly called upon to abandon them for an uncertain length of time, there being no one in his family to whom he could entrust their charge. At the same time he pleaded his own incapacity, and took the opportunity of proposing me, as an enterprising young man, and accustomed to war. He succeeded in persuading the pasha; nothing could be more to my wishes; and I had the good luck to give chase to the robbers, and after a short pursuit, to board their vessel and take the survivors prisoners. For this action I received the commission of a captain in the Turkish navy, in my twentieth year. My rapid promotion, however, excited the envy of many, and even of my uncle, who soon after, possibly not with the best intentions, sent me to Egpyt. How little did I then anticipate the destinies which awaited me in this country!—but God's ways are wonderful."

"You may esteem yourself highly favoured," said Artim Bey to me after I had taken leave, "to learn particulars like these from the lips of this great man himself; I assure you that even we have not heard them before. Indeed, I have never seen Mehemet Ali so communicative with any one."

The following, relating to the son and successor of Mehemet Ali, is of scarcely less interest than the foregoing.

As soon as he was sufficiently recovered to pass the day upon the sofa of one of his summer-houses, he gave me permission to pay him a friendly visit, free from any ceremony. The hero of Konieh scarcely awakens less curiosity than even his illustrious father. Ibrahim also was unlike the ideal I had formed of him from the representations of others. Yet all are agreed that his intercourse with Europeans has had considerable influence over him, and softened his former somewhat savage character.

He still bore traces of his recent tedious illness, yet every thing bespoke the simple, hardy soldier, who knows but few wants. He has a fine eye, full of character, and a pleasing cheerful manner; but, though free from coarseness, he does not possess the polish and kingly bearing of his father, nor yet his marked and winning courtesy. It is said that he does not like Europeans, but that he most admires the English, for their distinguished solid qualities, which are more congenial to his own practical taste than mere outside appearances. In his public conduct he appeared to me to act as most befits the warrior of renown, observing a due sense of importance without vanity, and a manly modesty as regards his own achievements.

When I told him, that of the most recent military events, none had excited a more general topic of conversation in Europe than his last campaign in Syria against the locusts, he related the circumstances with much humour—how he had opened the attack in person by filling his tarbush with these formidable animals, and throwing the contents into the sea. The whole army, provided with sacks, followed his example, and by bivouacking for three days in the neighbourhood under

aggression, they completely attained their object in destroying them. In fact, the preservation of an entire province, which would have been desolated for years, is solely owing to this novel attack of Ibrahim. The accumulation of the locusts thus destroyed amounted to several ships' cargoes.

Ibrahim understands how to employ his soldiers in peace as well as in war; and notwithstanding considerable opposition, in the first instance, on the part of the Turkish officers, he has ordered them to be employed upon roads, canals, and other public constructions. I have already alluded to Ibrahim's passion for agriculture and every species of cultivation, which he pursues with the utmost avidity upon all his own estates. He is also very liberal in helping others to carry on these plans, although he is, on the whole, far more particular than his father, and is what we should call a good landlord. I have often heard him reproached, both in Europe and in Egypt, with being addicted to drinking. This was certainly true at an earlier period of his life, but he is entirely reformed in this respect; and I know from undoubted authority that, although he is fond of good wine, he is not more so than every wealthy Englishman, and that champagne is his favourite nectar; and in this respect his taste resembles that of the fair sex. He is at present restricted to the water of the Nile, which I much lamented, as he is said to give capital European dinners, and to keep one of the most distinguished French *artistes* in his kitchen. I am not without the merit of rendering some service to his cellar, by furnishing, at his request, his factotum, M. Bonfort, with the addresses of the most famous houses for procuring hock, Hungarian wines, champagne, and Bordeaux—an act which was not altogether without some little egoism on my part, as I hope to enjoy the benefit of it when I visit Syria next year.

Ibrahim was very anxious to understand the organisation of the Prussian *Landwehr*, or militia, which is so erroneously represented by foreigners as a mere national guard; while, in truth, the *Landwehr* constitutes our actual army, for which the lines, if I may so speak, only serve as the preparatory school; for to it are attached all the permanent teachers, as well as the ever-varying recruits, till the whole nation, after passing through this wholesome discipline, attains to the finished soldier.

He at once caught at my explanation, however imperfectly conveyed, and seemed to approve the system; but he clearly discerned that it was not adapted to oriental modes of government, and that its adoption, even in many European states, would be attended with risk. He expressed his surprise that, notwithstanding this arrangement, the expense of our army amounted to nearly one-half of the revenues of the state; but when I explained that we were thus enabled, in the event of a war, to take the field in a few weeks with 300,000 to 400,000 men, whereas a standing army of this strength would cost infinitely more than could be raised by the whole country, he did not consider the result purchased at too dear a price; for it seems that Ibrahim Pasha is not one of those who look for an unbroken peace.

His description of the siege of Acre was animated and full of interest, and I was much struck with some of his remarks. Though six or seven of his Turkish generals and superior officers were present, he was exclusive in his commendation of the Arab soldiers, and said, "It is impossible for any troops in the world to display a spirit of more enduring bravery than mine, and whenever an instance of indecision or cowardice occurred in the army, it was invariably on the part of the Turkish officers; I know of no such example among the Arabs." These words are remarkable as indicating what I had previously heard asserted, that Ibrahim inclines decidedly to the policy which regards the dominion and dynasty of Mehemet Ali as Arabian, a revival of the ancient caliphate; from which alone it expects permanence and greatness, and not in any way as a branch of the Turkish sovereignty.

This work may be regarded as the most complete hand-book that has yet been presented to the world by any European traveller, of all that demands notice and examination in the country to which it relates. It is unusually well translated from the German by Mr. H. Evans Lloyd.

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON CONSIDERED AS MINISTER AND STATESMAN.*

A BOOK, good or bad, about a great man, is a great fact. We can well remember the effect produced on the public mind by the appearance of Colonel Gurwood's "Collection of the Despatches and General Orders of the Duke of Wellington." The fame of that illustrious man as a military commander, was then universal: it seemed to have reached the highest point of human admiration. The greatest minds of his age had pronounced their judgment upon him. By the most severe critics—by those who estimate human character and endeavours upon the models which history has left and which philosophy creates—he had been admitted into the ranks of the chosen few: he was of his age the hero, and deservedly took his place by the side of the greatest men who have adorned the past. If this were the opinion of the higher minds among his cotemporaries—of those who knew him well—had seen and watched the workings of his mind—had experienced the difficulties his steadfast purpose encountered only to subdue—had fought with him in the field and shared in his military councils—not less great was his reputation—not less brilliant his fame with the mass of the people. They only knew him through his public acts; they heard of him as the conqueror in every battle where he had commanded; they saw that his was the strong, brave mind which had delivered enslaved Europe, his the iron hand that had dashed asunder the chains of French tyranny, and ultimately laid the arch-despot himself in the dust. All this they felt and acknowledged with pride, but it was only from the blaze of the triumph that they knew the greatness of the conqueror. They looked on at a distance: they counted the battles fought and won, and they said—he must be a great man who has defeated warrior after warrior, the ablest and bravest of his time, or perchance of all time.

But Colonel Gurwood's book threw a new light on all these things. If the public admiration of the Duke could scarcely be increased, the grounds on which it was really founded might be made more generally apparent. They saw him standing on the topmost pinnacle of fame; they knew not perhaps the steps by which he had arrived there. The book supplied this want. To use the words of the editor of the volume the publication of which has led us to these remarks, the despatches of the Duke "convinced the world that he is not a mere soldier winning battles by superior tactics, but that he is also a man of a very high order of general talent, with an unusual insight into human nature, and possessing almost an intuitive knowledge of how mankind are to be governed. By that wonderful exposition of the comprehensive, wise, and philanthropic mind of the man, even his enemies were subdued."†

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* Maxims and Opinions of the Duke of Wellington, selected from his Writings and Speeches during a Public Life of more than half a century. With a Biographical Memoir. By G. H. Francis, Esq.

† Maxims and Opinions of the Duke of Wellington, p. 66.

The editor of the "Maxims and Opinions of the Duke of Wellington" appears to have endeavoured, though at a modest distance, to do for the political character of the Duke what the other book did for his military character. His volume, in fact, is scarcely less necessary than the work of Colonel Gurwood to those who would form a correct and comprehensive judgment of the Duke's whole claims on his country.

The Duke of Wellington, in his character of minister and statesman, can scarcely be said to have had full justice done him. His political reputation is by no means equal, in the minds of the great bulk of his countrymen, to his military fame. Twenty long and important years of external peace and internal contest, have passed since his brow received the laurel for his services abroad. They have been productive of much party strife, and have engendered more of its concomitant, party prejudice. The Duke of Wellington has entered with more or less activity into most of the contests that have distinguished the period since the peace. He could not help doing so. His position almost demanded it. His opinion was looked for; nay, for a long time it was almost law. Although he seems never to have courted publicity as a politician, he could not expect to be allowed to subside into private life. He had shown a capacity for government in India and Spain—his sovereign was a firm believer in his fitness for the office of minister; the country, though with the old English dread of being ruled by a soldier, felt a sort of curiosity to know what he would do; how he would adapt the experience of the camp to the regulation of civil affairs. He was drawn into active political life, whether he would or no.

As a necessary consequence of a life passed in the atmosphere of party, the Duke has been much misunderstood. Our own opinion is that he has in some respects been too much blamed, while in others he has been too much praised. Every man will, of course, form his own opinion upon this point, according to his political prejudices, or his general means of estimating character. This work, "The Maxims and Opinions," at least, will afford him the most ample materials. For our own part, though we think that there are some points in the public life of the Duke of Wellington upon which party controversy is not yet exhausted,—though there may still be many who think that the probable future evils of concession to the Catholics were not sufficiently weighed amidst the alarms of the hour, or that Reform was accelerated by rash denunciation, still we are inclined to agree with Mr. Francis in his observation that there is really no man in the House of Peers so independent of party as the Duke of Wellington.

> The Duke (he says) is above party. He entered the House of Peers with an overpowering reputation, which enabled him from the first to take high ground. He does not need to curry favour with any man; nor does he fear to offend even the most powerful of his supporters when his cause is just.

But whatever may be the views of those who may take up this volume, which has been compiled by the editor with much care and evident political knowledge, they will find much to gratify them. Conservative or Liberal may equally draw advantage from its pages. Until we looked through them, we were ourselves unaware of the extent or the profundity of the Duke of Wellington's political know-

ledge. We had been too apt, to use the words of the editor, "to set him down as a mere blunt soldier, with a few fixed ideas, and a disposition dogmatically to insist on their adoption."

We are now convinced of our error, and ready to acknowledge it; but we shrewdly suspect that there are many who still share in the opinion we then held; and to them we recommend a perusal of the work, which contains not only what is instructive, but also what is amusing. They will be surprised, as we were, at the immense mass of subjects on which the Duke has brought his mind to bear, and at the amount of sound sense,—nay, even of wisdom, to which he has given utterance when called upon to deliver his opinion as a senator. We are inclined to coincide with Mr. Francis in his summary of the parliamentary character of the Duke. He says—

> The Duke of Wellington has as much of the true spirit of the statesman as any man who now affects the destinies of this country. There is scarcely a subject that has come before parliament since the commencement of his political career into which he has not fully entered. The character of his mind is to grasp every question. Less than mastery of it—so far as the formation of a decided opinion according to the lights afforded to or by his mind—will not satisfy him. With the exception of one or two questions of high constitutional principal, the "*cui bono?*" is the view his mind naturally takes. He is a practical utilitarian, seeking in every measure the utmost quantity of good of which it is capable; not always as much as he would perhaps wish to see, but as much as circumstances allow the hope of securing.
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> This mode of dealing with subjects is not well calculated for oratorical display, or for the parade of extensive information, even if the unaffected character of the Duke of Wellington would allow him to avail himself of them. They are cast aside, in pursuit of a less brilliant, but more useful, mode of treatment. Accordingly, the speeches of the Duke are brief, clear, pointed, and in one sense, dogmatical. After having canvassed details, and brought to bear upon them his long and varied experience, he states his conclusions, accompanying them with the general principles that have guided their formation, in a few brief, authoritative sentences. He is very careless about catching stray listeners, or drawing in his train the prejudiced or the inexperienced; but rather addresses himself to those whose age and wisdom entitle them to anticipate consequences, or to those to whom experience of the value of his opinions may have taught a predisposed deference.
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> At other times, however—for instance, when making ministerial statements on matters connected with finance, or foreign policy, or important changes in the law—this short, abrupt, devil-may-care style is changed for one eminently adapted to the object. No one can then complain of a want of the proper information. All the historical facts, or figures, or principles, or general details, are then marshalled forwarded with a regularity and precision only to be equalled by the military arrangements of the Duke. There is not a word too much or too little: you are made thoroughly to comprehend the whole bearings of the question, without being overburdened with the useless details that so often figure in the speeches of orators of the red-tape school. The natural superiority of the Duke's mind is never more exhibited than in the masterly way in which he separates the wheat from the chaff, and weaves a clear and connected statement from masses of facts, on subjects so foreign to the military pursuits of his youth and manhood.

Some of the "Maxims" of the Duke have, to use the expression of the editor, in his advertisement, "sunk into the national mind." Although they have been thrown off at heat, in the hasty composition

of a despatch, or in the momentary excitement of unpremeditated public speaking, they instantly arrest attention. They are concrete sense. History will make some of them the foundation stones of her alluring didactics. All these remarkable passages of brief, blunt, unpresuming wisdom, the editor of this volume has, with lynx-eye, picked out of the vast heap of written and spoken matter which has emanated from the Duke during more than fifty years of public life. For these, and for the "Opinions," Mr. Francis has evidently searched through the whole of the despatches, as also through all the reports of his Grace's speeches in parliament and elsewhere; so that the reader has presented to him in a reasonable compass, and assisted by an idex of reference, the cream and the marrow of the Duke's mind. He appears to have performed this part of his task with great fidelity, care, and judgment.

Besides the materials thus supplied to the reader, that he may form his own opinion of the Duke's claims as a civilian, Mr. Francis has also added a biography, which includes, besides a rapid review of his Grace's military services, a full account of the chief events of his political life, written in an impartial spirit. Appended to the biography is an estimate of his character, written in a spirit of admiration, yet at the same time of just criticism, and a graphic account of his personal and parliamentary demeanour, which shows, from internal evidence, that the writer must have studied him well.

Altogether, for so unpretending a volume, these "Maxims and Opinions" are of great value. Whether as a record of military exploits, or of political opinions and civil services, the work goes far to justify the motto the editor has placed on his title-page. The volume is another tribute to the genius of that great man.

Cujus gloriæ neque profuit quisquam laudando,
Nec vituperando quisquam nocuit.

MARGARET CATCHPOLE.*

Since the appearance of "Pamela," there has appeared no publication in which the adventures of a humble heroine have produced the impression likely to be created by "The History of Margaret Catchpole;" but the work now before us possesses many advantages of which its far-famed predecessor could not boast. Indeed, the two works have little in common save being narratives, founded upon the trials of a young female domestic—for one is an exaggerated picture of virtuous distress, such as it is quite impossible could have existed in any state of society, and the other is a delineation of the lights and shadows in the life of a Suffolk peasant-girl, who lived almost within recollection. Such of our readers, therefore, who might expect to find in Margaret

* The History of Margaret Catchpole. A Suffolk Girl. With Illustrations 3 vols.

the spurious sentimentality which forms so prominent a feature in "Pamela," will be completely disappointed. The characteristics of the former were homely and rustic, alike becoming her station and her sex; yet with this homeliness and rusticity there were much of that fine feeling and genuine delicacy, considered to belong exclusively to a position enjoying the highest state of education and refinement. She was the daughter of a farm-labourer, living in the parish of Nacton, in Suffolk, who bore an excellent character. The best portion of her life was passed in the service of different farmers in the neighbourhood, till she was engaged in the large establishment of an eminent brewer, whose lady noticed her intelligence, and gave her such instruction as greatly assisted in developing a mind of extraordinary activity. Margaret, although almost entirely without education, had previously distinguished herself by those virtues which are but too frequently the only riches of their possessors; but unfortunately for her peace of mind, she had formed an attachment to a young fellow, whose daring exploits, as captain of a band of smugglers, had made him notorious all over the coast. Towards the conclusion of the last century, the extent to which the revenue was defrauded, and the desperate spirit which was exhibited by the men engaged in the contraband trade, made it imperative on the government to use the most stringent measures to put down smuggling, and collisions were frequent between the people concerned in it and the coast-guard. In these the lover of Margaret was more than once implicated; and although she had constantly endeavoured to detach him from such illegal pursuits, his evil reputation occasioned her the deepest uneasiness, and her known intimacy with him was a continued source of unhappiness to her. It is believed that the disquiet and annoyance she had to endure from this cause, affected her naturally strong intellect, till her notions of right and wrong became so confused, that she was induced by an artful villain—on the powerful plea with her that it was the only way in which she could have an opportunity of again beholding her lover—to take a valuable horse from her master's stable in the dead of the night, and in male attire ride it from Ipswich to London, which she did without stopping—a feat no woman but herself could have attempted. She had been directed to sell the horse on her arrival in the metropolis, and was detected in the very act of offering the animal for sale. For this crime she was tried, found guilty and condemned to death; but in consequence of the interest excited for her throughout the country, her sentence was commuted to imprisonment. Margaret had established for herself so excellent a character during the first year or two of her confinement, that her numerous friends were assured of her speedy release. Unfortunately, her lover contrived to communicate with her, and at his instigation she broke out of prison: they were pursued and overtaken, and in the scuffle that ensued he was shot dead, and she was carried senseless back to gaol. Margaret was again tried, again condemned to death, and again by the interposition of powerful friends had her sentence commuted. She was transported for life, and sailed in a convict ship for New South Wales.

In this important colony Margaret's many good qualities were speedily recognised; she distinguished herself in a very honourable manner, and

speedily acquired many powerful friends. She gained one, who it was ordained was to exercise an extraordinary influence over her fate. He was a gentleman of great possessions and high character in the colony, whom, such are the strange changes of actual life, she had previously known in England, as her fellow-servant—an estimable young man, whose honest affection she had rejected in favour of the daring smuggler who had rendered her life so unhappy, and this repulse had caused him to emigrate to the new colony, where his talents and probity in a few years created for him an immense fortune. He had remained a bachelor, and Margaret having obtained a free pardon through his agency, was induced to afford him the reward he still considered the most covetable in the world. They were married, and at his decease Margaret was left sole possessor of his very considerable wealth, and was recognised till her death as one of the most lady-like, as she was one of the richest females in Sydney.

Perhaps the most singular of the very singular facts of Margaret's history is to be found in the narrative of it now laid before the public having been written by a son of the gentleman whose horse she was condemned for stealing—then an infant in long clothes, and now a beneficed clergyman, who, besides writing three remarkably entertaining volumes about her, has illustrated them with several very clever drawings.